for men who should know better

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SARA COX

pasta la vista, baby
England dazzle while Rome burns

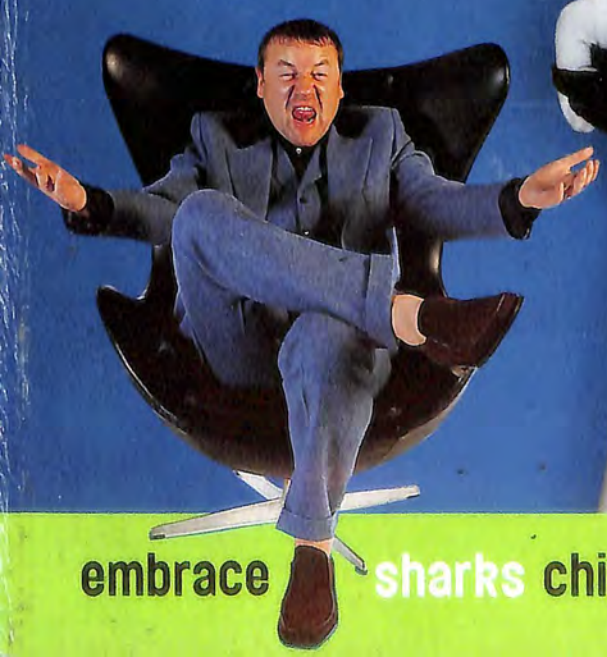
egg, bacon, stephen
yes, it's an enormous Fry

new boats and panties
a woman in underwear, er, on a boat

shaun's show
hiding in a cupboard with Black Grape

he's the daddy now
Ray Winstone talks, and we listen

FULL ON OPEN OYSTER SHOTS PAGE 164



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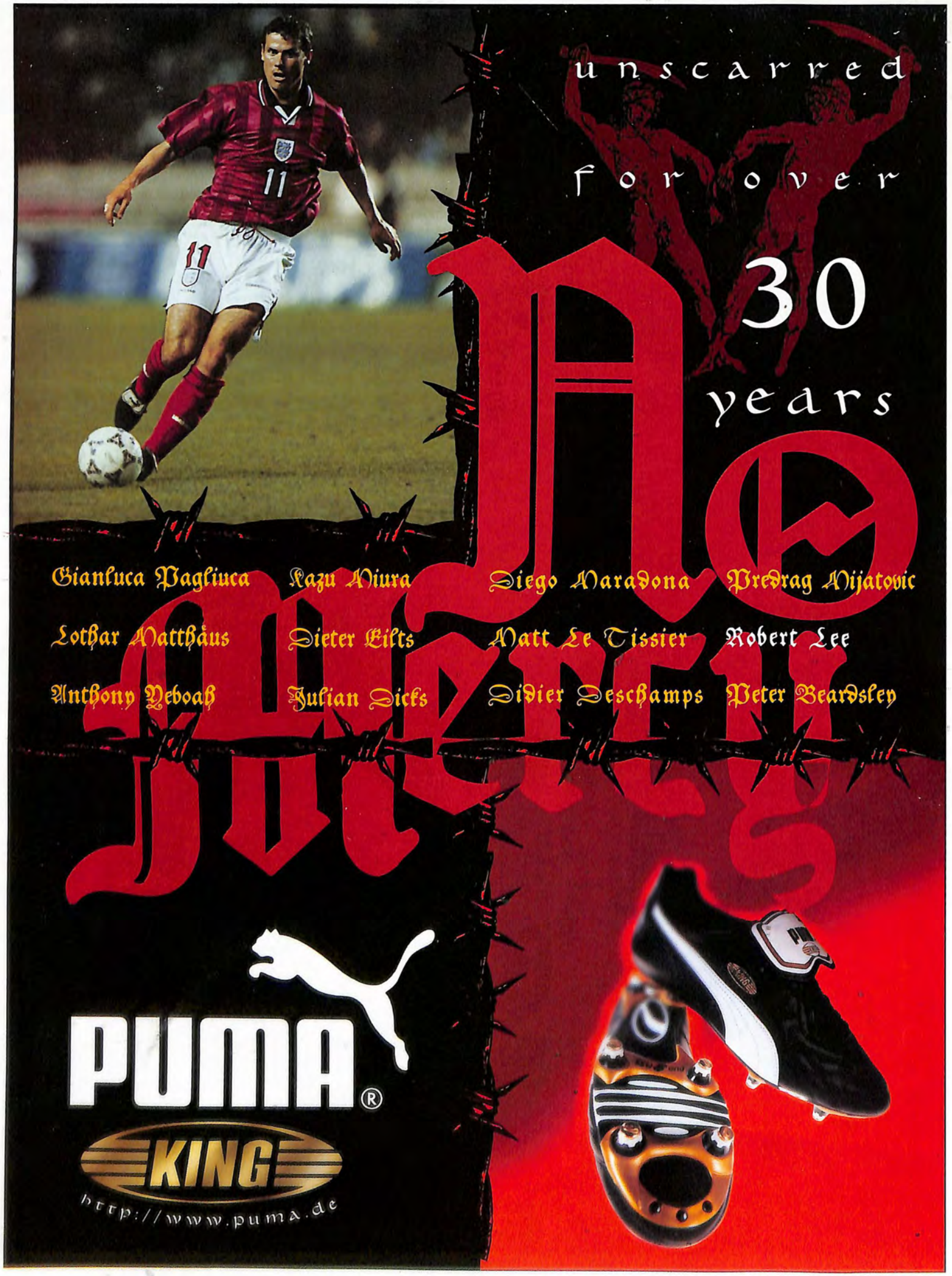
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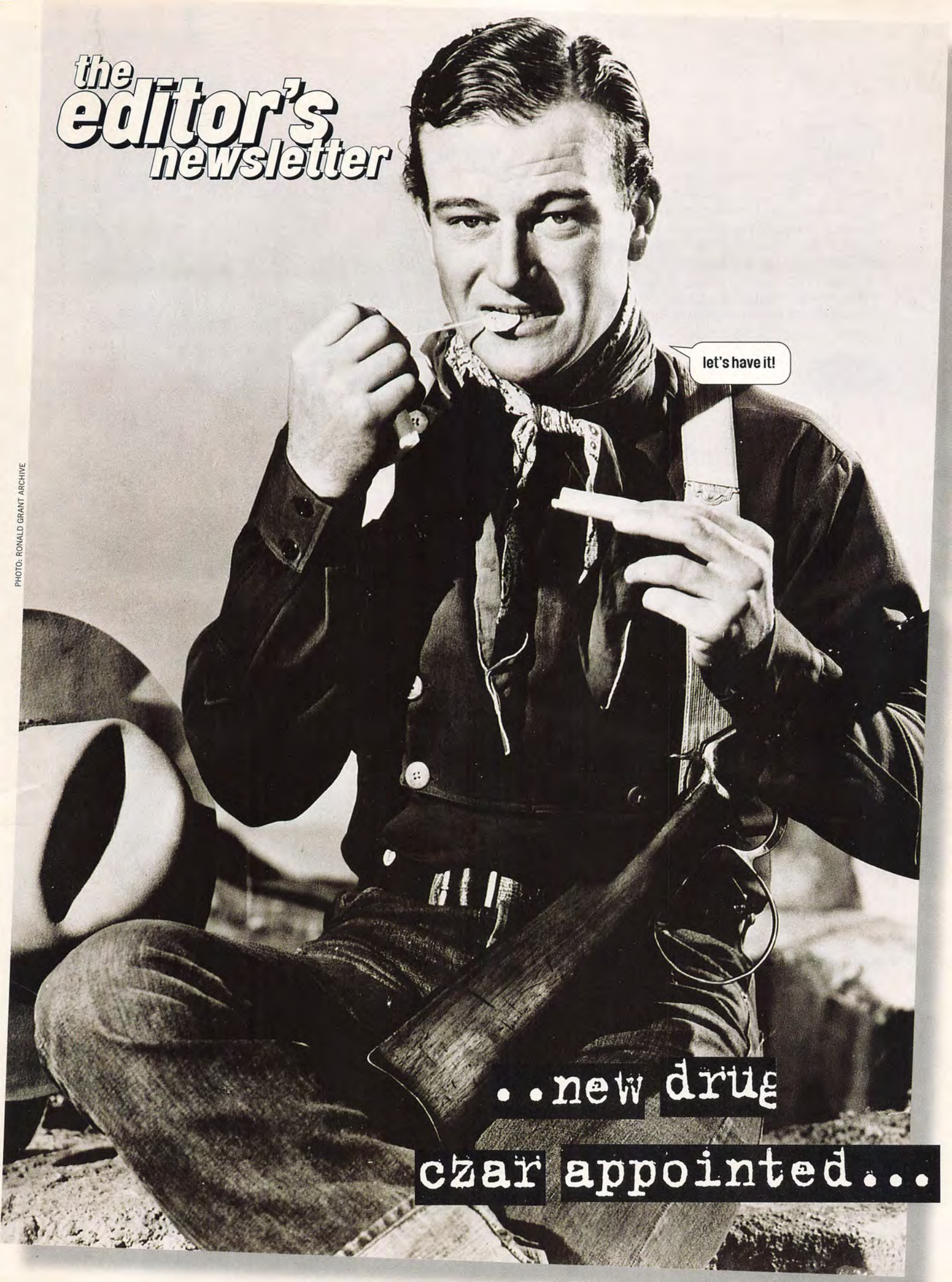

PHOTO: RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

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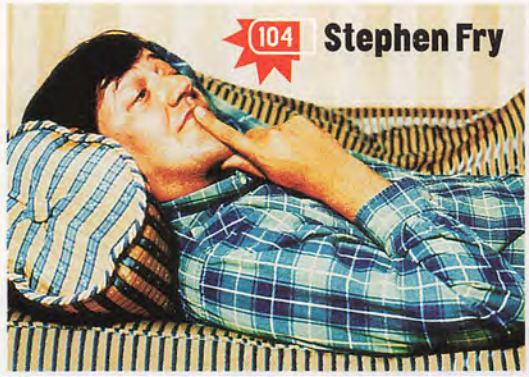

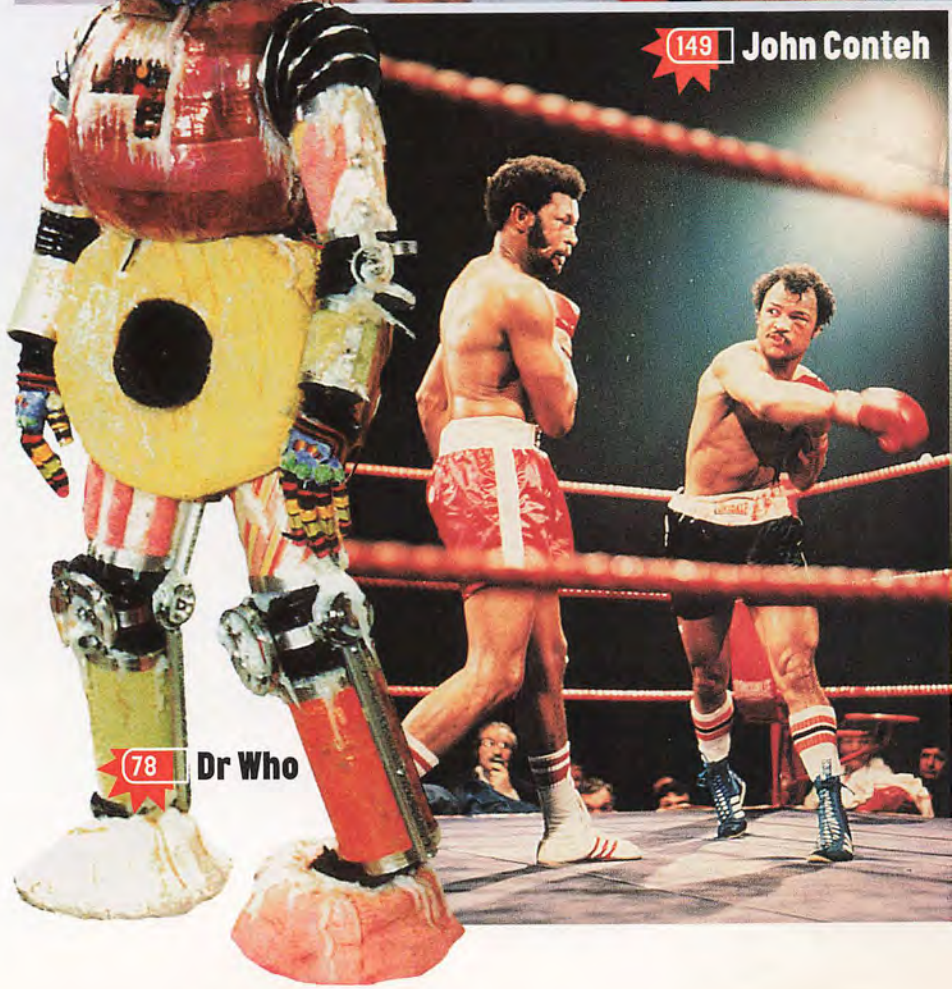

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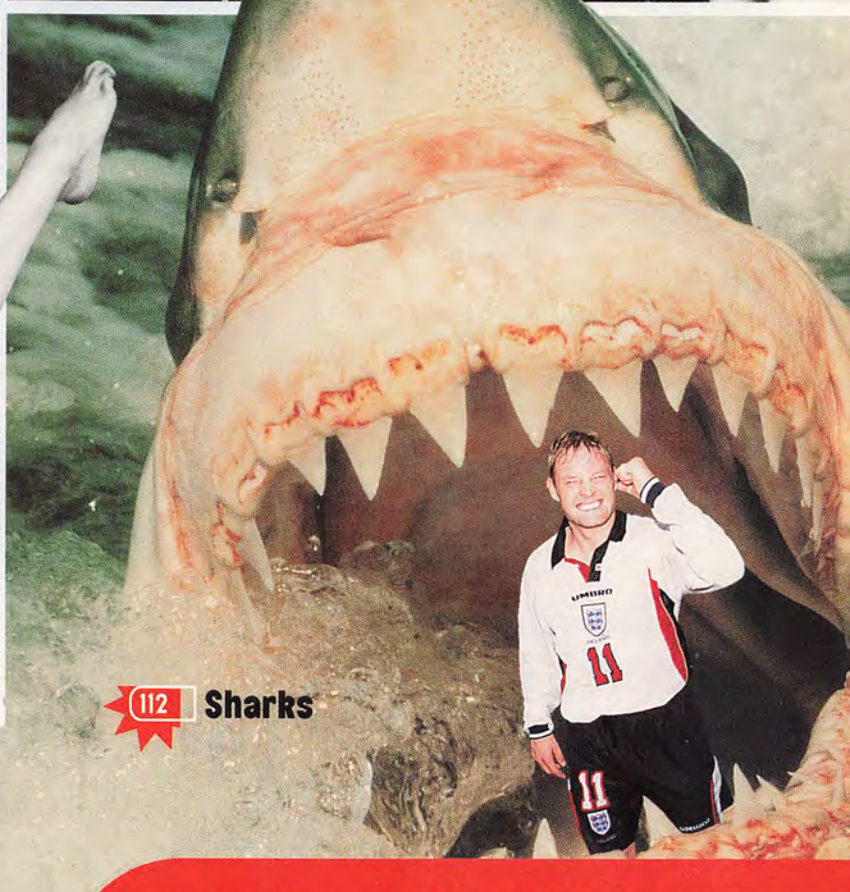

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this month's tool bag

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meet the staff Phil Robinson is arrested at the Insane Clown Posse gig in St Louis for having the most offensive face paint in the stadium.

issue 44 December 1997

Cover photo of Sara Cox by Steve Perry; styling by Marcella Martinelli; hairdressing by Adam Feehan at Bramwell O'Donnell for Spike & Violet Salon; lace top with matching skirt by Sue Rowe at Hype DF, Bra & Briefs by Gossard

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The Sex Express pulls in at Ladyville. Toot! Toot! Next stop: Britain and the USA

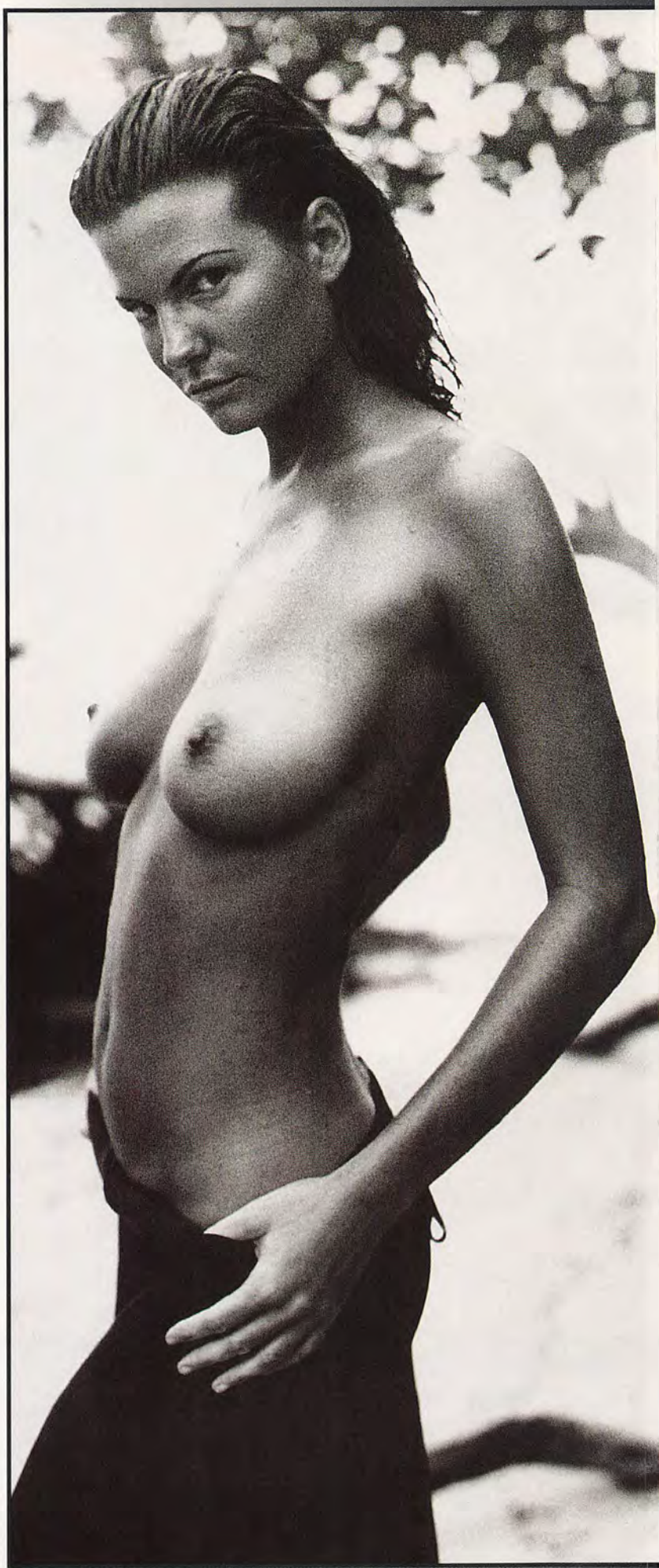
Emma Noble (far right) Ask Desmond Morris about *these* body signals!!! Emma Noble, top model and ex-Brucie *Play Your Cards Right* dolly bird, wants it nudged right up her mind till her ear falls off. "I've had Bruce's ageing showbiz so far up my back I was screaming for help," said an insider. "Then Bernie Clifton came in and stuck his cabaret ideas in my brain."

Becky (right) Is she putting those clothes on or taking them off? Has she just washed that hair or is that fudge? "I look like a woman, which is funny because of the Italian food I crave," sayBecky's eyes, rasta music forming little lumps around them. "If you want, we'll turn out the lights and I'll pretend your spirit is an Ice T album. Mind my head though, it's packed."

Jackie O' (below) All you want to do is sit on the sofa. But there's a woman sat there ready to stroke that wine glass till it makes a noise. Take the stem from her greedy hand and she throws food in your eyes. "Stick a relay duvet into my hand and rub it like a caveman," says Jackie's aura. "It's the only language I understand." We are fluent, baby. Pray to Jesus I'm in a good mood.

Send your nominations to World Of Women, loaded, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

PHOTOS: TOSI/ERCOLI; G PERIGO/ERCOLI; EMMA NOBLE BY STEPHEN PERRY WITH HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY KATE BAMBER



rogue

platinum rogues

The Premier League of bad behaviour: high rollers and low life

new entry **1**

Lord Nelson

Lord Nelson, without whom we'd all be speaking French and drinking pastis in dimly lit Geordie bistros, has been alleged to be a monumental drunkard. Recent historical research indicates that he bought 375 gallons of Port at a cost equivalent to £50,000 (half his year's pay), six weeks before fighting the Battle of Trafalgar. He must have been planning a big victory drink up for the people of England. Other than that, what could be more fun than getting hammered, taking a large frigate over to Spain and letting loads of cannons off?

new entry **2**

Piers Merchant

Married Tory MP Piers Merchant was forced out of the Conservative party after it turned out he'd spent most of his time enjoying a bit of nookie with his mistress, something of a conference tradition. Anna Cox, an 18-year-old Soho hostess, later moved into his family home, shortly before being driven away in an ambulance because she was upset. Newspapers noted that he'd only spent five hours on party conference business. This severely embarrassed Party bosses, who had only managed to rack up three hours between them.

new entry **3**

Amy Wesson

Model Amy Wesson is being sued for $5million by her former agency which is claiming that her abuse of illicit substances made her miss assignments and led to her having to be propped up at fashion shoots. Her present agency has refused to comment on the drugs allegations, which come shortly after President Clinton's very personal attack on fashion's so-called heroin chic. Sources close to the President note that he only made the comments because he likes his women with something to grab hold of.

new entry **4**

Cock Monster (sent in by Paul Barkley from Truro)

Bolivian election candidate Carlos Bregara was sent severed cocks (some human, some animal) through the post accompanied by notes saying: "You're a prick, so here's one to keep you company." Initially he thought it was a joke but in subsequent weeks he received 33 more and withdrew from the election. Pundits note that with 34 pricks in his command he may soon be in a position to start his own party.

new entry **5**

Little Dog

A Yorkshire terrier had a terrifying brush with death after being sucked up in a mechanical street cleaner. The pooch got too close to the machine's brushes and was swept up, only to be spat out of the back end after two minutes of canine Hoover-bag hell. Humourously the dog was nicknamed Sweep by local shopkeepers. "I had no idea the suction on street cleaning machines was so strong," said a passer-by. Well you wouldn't, would you?

new entry **6**

Moonshine Man

A prolific amateur brewer escaped jail after a court heard that 600 gallons of vodka produced from a home-built distillery in his garage was "just for friends". The 44-year-old father from Nottingham escaped with a two-year probation order after pleading guilty to fraudulently evading duty on batches of his garage-produced vodka, some of which was 87 per cent proof. Police still haven't found the peanuts.

new entry **7**

Psychotic and Bizarre Monster

A man is suing Camden and Islington Health Authority for £5million after being given trial drugs for nasal congestion which, he claims, reduced his life to that of a psychotic mad bizarre monster. He started visiting hostess clubs and buying £100 bottles of Champagne, bought a Bentley turbo, and moved office unnecessarily. "I was acting like a madman and it was the drugs that made me both a stupid businessman and obsessive sexually," he said.

new entry **8**

Harold Robbins

The undisputed king of airport fiction, violence and buggery, has died aged 81. Around 750 million of his books were sold during his lifetime, the royalties allowing him to live the lifestyle of the sex-mad playboys he wrote about. He claimed to have started taking drugs at the age of eight, his first job was running errands for prostitutes and Jamiacan drug dealers – at one point he even delivered cocaine to master songsmith Cole Porter. After finding fame he only ever drove a Roller, swore like a pissed fishwife and surrounded himself with loose women. A Godfather of roguery.

new entry **9**

Tony Banks

Tony Banks apologised for calling bald Conservative boss William Hague a foetus while speaking at a Left Wing fringe rally during the Labour Party conference. Instead of his insanely clever joke concerning the pint-sized Tory leader's age, Banks might have been better off simply shouting out, "Oi! Strange-looking boring munchkin! Disappear!" It's just the latest in a series of verbal gaffes made by the new Minister for Sport, who's shot himself in the foot more times than a petrified First World War Tommy.

new entry **10**

Gas Boss

Former gas boss Brian Clegg, 75, wed Joom, a pretty Thai bride of 23, in a secret Far Eastern ceremony. The twice-divorced septuagenarian, whose hobbies include playing on his organ and ice skating, insisted that he's not a dirty old man and that the girl will be a big sister for his 11-year old boy: "My young son knows what's happening and is looking forward to meeting Joom." We bet he is.

new entry **11**

Miser

A husband buried his devoted wife in a pauper's grave because he wouldn't pay a penny for her funeral. Tight-fisted Donald Cooper (weird, foul-mouthed and nasty, according to his neighbours) refused to attend the send-off and said: "You can throw her in the river for all I care." June Cooper was buried at the states expense 300 miles away from her home in Leicestershire. "I know I'm being a bastard, but I'm just being honest," he said later.

new entry **12**

Phone Pest (sent in by Vella from Aberystwyth)

A sex-obsessed security guard has been locked up for two months after running up a telephone bill of more than £24,000, making calls to filthy telephone lines. Obviously he hadn't asked the permission of the person responsible for paying the phone bill. Asked by prosecutors for an explanation, the hapless wanker claimed all the women (based in Chile and Guyana) were his girlfriends. He asked for 2,726 similar cases to be considered. Very much a case of I'll rub my tits while you do time!

key: romp, bonkers, ruck, hotel, food, high as a..., animal cruelty, singer, car trouble, marriage, football, fish, booze, slammer, dosh, nice tits, lots of books, bad language, dead'un, shocker, phone, shooter, tipple, urine, ding dong, rozzers, fags

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new entry **13**

Scarlet Bum Trumpet

Teachers of Form 5L at Haddon Primary School, Notts are on the hunt for the mystery fart pants who has been filling their classroom with billowing clouds of brown guff. Letters have been sent home to parents asking them to check the amount of fibre in their children's diet, and keep checking their young offspring for unusually angry farts.

re entry **14**

Prince Naz

Super Middleweight fop Chris Eubank arrived at Heathrow to see manager Frank Warren, and ended up going a round with Prince Naz. Annoyed at the attention Eubank was receiving from autograph hunters, Naz allegedly started to wave his championship belts around. Eubank, the monocled Count of Brighton, seized the belts from the pint-sized boxer and threw them into the air. Naz apparently retaliated by punching Eubank in the mouth. A large-scale scuffle ensued, which resulted in the minders of both fighters having to separate the pair.

re entry **15**

Mark Morrison

Brit rap guru Mark Morrison got some flak off the Sunday papers following a saucy, no-holds-barred romp in the back of his BMW. Aggravated fan Kandice Ferguson was abandoned in a nightclub car park by music genius Morrison after they had made the beast with two backs. She should have taken his coat with her as she got out of the car. Not only would it have kept her warm while she waited, but he might have driven back, demanding the return of the mac.

re entry **16**

Roy Keane

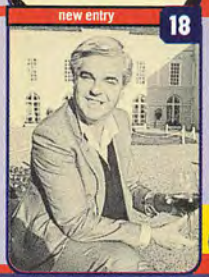
Roy Keane was allegedly involved in a 4.30am bar-brawl with fans following a boozy session at a hotel near Old Trafford. During the late-night session, Keane, who was drinking with friends, asked some fans whether they were going out to Italy for the Juventus game. When they said they couldn't afford it, Keane is reported to have told them: "You are not proper United fans." All hell then broke loose. One fan got a black eye and the other received a bloody nose and cut lip. The fans later withdrew their complaint.

new entry **17**

Old Robber

Ray Boeger, a 77-year-old bank robber, limped into a Los Angeles bank, whipped out a gun and demanded $2,500 in cash. Despite secreting himself behind a comedy moustache and beard, it only took elite Los Angeles robbery squad detectives a couple of hours to track him down at home. When cornered, Boeger claimed he only did it because he was pissed on four pints of English beer. God only knows what he would have done on French beer. Made babies probably.

new entry **18**



Robert Carrier

The foppish godfather of modern eating has rewritten his classic cookbook *Great Dishes Of The world* and excluded that most vainglorious of desserts, The Rum BaBa. Sunday Lunch favourites like the Raspberry Pavlova and the Prawn Cocktail have also been sacrificed in favour of so-called modern foods in the latest edition of his posh grub bible *New Great Dishes Of The Western World*. Pundits are already counting the days before we see the end of Desperate Dans favourite, The Cow Pie.

GET STUCK INTO UPLOADED'S INTERACTIVE ROGUES ON THE INTERNET AT
HTTP://WWW.UPLOADED.COM/SITE/PERVS/ROGBULL.HTML

face rogues

1 Cliff face

Oi, coastal chops! Congratulations Devil Woman, you're a virgin! (so you say). All over Dover? Not much of a holiday is it? I'd rather stay at home. New balls! You haven't even used the old ones.

2 Whey faced

Oh tragic Nell, you lost your oranges and red ribbon fancies, turned to the castle for shelter this winter. But the Baron's tenderness had a price. 'Twas he who drained the colour from your maiden's mouth. Now you look like Mister David Bowie.

3 Poker face

Which is it, the fireside dagger stick or a tough guy's card game? Either way, your ugly chops make God weep in the mirror. From the cradle to the grave, your face is as stupid as it is long. Wait till it's dark. then chat me up backwards.

4 If the face fits

Wear it!

5 Face that launched a thousand ships

The notion of a Glaswegian fearlessly nutting an entire fleet from the shipyard to the ocean – picture this in your mind's eye. For every Grecian beauty there's an ugly man with a bleeding nose, face wrapped round a tugboat's stern by the bosun's indecent hand. Och aye! She's afloat...

6 Man of a thousand faces

Ugly shit! Where does he buy his hats, and where for passport pics, grand face.? And whither the pillow that can soothe the flock of features till the morning light, clock head? "I am not an animal! I've just got a lot of faces"

7 Face value

Who can hazard value for this brain visor we have come to worship? We're all familiar with faces, but how many faces are familiar with us? Who's fooling who in the queue for the head till? "Cashback Sir?" "No, just my face please."

8 First time ever I saw your face

I thought the sun shone out of your eye. I was wrong.
It was a reflection.

9 Lose face

A careless Chinaman's nightmare. Proud villainy never tolerates the naked skull of hopeless shame. You're better off killing yourself. And when was the last time you were threatened by a skeleton?

10 Cut off your nose to spite your face

Civil war erupts on the kisser. You're your own worst enemy. At least you know what you're gonna do next. Surrender, make piece with your features in the form of a face pact, and heck buddy, smile. It's already happened.

COMPILED BY MICHAEL HOLDEN, PHIL ROBINSON, MICK BUNNAGE AND NIALL HAMPTON

come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Big angry nob

I write to you disgusted, distressed and upset after seeing my picture printed in the October edition of **loaded** in the article, 'Cheeses, Christ' on page 216 regarding the Nantwich International Cheese Show. Not only was I concerned and upset to hear that I was in the magazine, but consider my horror when I saw the caption 'Nob's cheese' written across my dress. As a representative of a country movement in Cheshire, I was very offended as it doesn't create a good image for the movement or myself.

I was shocked that the picture was printed without my first being consulted. I thought that it was common courtesy to ask permission, particularly in such a large organisation as yours.

I do hope all your business is not conducted in this manner.
Caroline Bell, Cheshire

A town-like malice

Thanks for putting my dreary little home town of Faversham on the map. I do basically have to agree with your description of it, unfortunately – the pace of life is slow – but then again it's the kind of spot where most old people who can't afford to go down to live in Bournemouth or Brighton decide to spend their last few years. This, of course, has the opposite effect that students have on a town.

However, if you'd done a bit of investigative journalism, you would have found out a couple of interesting things about Faversham. Just within a few 100 yards of the Phoenix Tavern is rumoured to be the home of a porn actress. The Page Three 'stunna' Belinda Charlton is also from Faversham and her dad runs the local 'weigh and save' shop.

There's also a lot of history here, but I'm not going to go into that because I know you don't really care for that side of things. But don't forget that there's usually a lot more to those little places than most people are aware of.

Top mag, keep producing the goods and I look forward to more in-depth, little town, claims to fame.
Dave Wills, Preston

Bunch of Kents

I used to think your mag was the bollocks – there was a interesting mix of birds, drugs and alcohol-induced interesting articles.

However, I have a bone to pick with Mr Jon Wilde regarding his Brando in Kent article ('Greetings from Margate', October issue). You see, I come from Faversham, and describing Faversham as a 'snoozy Kent town' is a load of shite. If you come down the Hole In The Wall on a Friday or Saturday night, you'd see one of the most lively pubs in this country.

We've got drink, drugs and fuck-loads of pubs here, so what more could you want out of life? But after your comment which likened Faversham to a glorified cabbage patch, you'd be lucky to survive 10 minutes in here. If myself or any other Faversham geezers ever see you in our town again, we'll kick the living shite out of you. So, all you **loaded** cunts, come and have a go if you think you're hard enough.
Dan R 'Don't Fuck Wiv Me' Pennuto, Kent

Drum kids

It's good to see that Tony McCarroll has found a new job since being booted out of Oasis. It looks like his drumming has improved as well.
Jo, Middlesbrough

All members to stand up and be counted

Does your magazine of free speech extend to free expression? If so, why do you lamely persist in censoring quite normal and natural parts of the human anatomy in line with sexist (you can show a dick as long as it's flaccid, but not a cunt), pointless, wrong and anachronistic censorship laws, without even using your free speech to campaign against it.

Is it just the fact that, as free speech is guaranteed, as long as your lawyer gives it the once-over for libel, it's an easier thing to do than anything where you'd actually have to get off your arse, fight the system and drag the country into line with the rest of Europe. I'm not saying that you would be able to, but judging from how far you go at the moment, if you could use it, you would. You've got a good magazine. Use its power to make it better.
Chris, Oxford

Fat's my mate

I am required to send you proof that the fat blokes fashion spread ('How To Look Alright On Nine Pints A Night', July issue) featuring John Thomson is all too eerie for me, as despite having a full ocean and half of the American continent between us, you have somehow replicated my pal Brian. That model, the clothes (I should say *style)* and those fuckin' poses! It's all blimmin' Brian – check it out.
Mimi the lonestar gal

Veiled thanks

Thanks for Emma Harrison's fantastic tits in August. They were a great distraction from things such as these (see below).
Andy, 125 Staffordshire Field Squadron

Water wank

I thought I must reply to the letter sent in by R J Heron ('A Man With Too Much Time On His Hands', November issue). If the dozy arse reads his words again and looks at the big picture, he would realize why use-by/sell-by dates are printed on bottled water. If people were to believe that the water did not go off, they would keep it for years. Manufacturers would then

pornalikes

It's Dennis Bergkamp stabbing home yet another effort for Arsenal with a possible assist from an in-form Ian Wright.
Dunc, Alan, Jim and Roy, Chelmsford

This snap of Liam swigging a brandy at an after-show party turned up in the office, but we lost the sender's name. Sorry.

Here's David Batty about to shoot from outside the box. Looks like he's already scored.
Groover & Coco, Edinburgh

Good Work Fella!

Big mates of **loaded** this month:

Benson & Hedges and Jordan F1, who took the Editor away to the Austrian Grand Prix with the added attraction of free booze and fags. Good Work Fella!

Umbro, for tickets to the Man United/Juventus game at Old Trafford. Good Work Fella!

Johnny Vegas, for being the best comedian in bloody ages. And certainly the only one with a potter's wheel. Good Work Fella!

Thanks to Ian Taylor of Giant Bikes UK and Roy Harris of Orange Bikes for kitting up **loaded** with the latest in mountain bike technology, and thanks to Red Bull for supplying the mountain on which to race. Good Work undulating contour Fellas!

Pertex and Sprayway for keeping our puny bodies protected from the elements. Good Work nice and dry Fellas!

Madison for all the Shimano SPD shoes which, with the Giro helmets, help to create and save you from a bone-crunching, blood-spattering cycling accident. Good Work intact body Fellas!

Renault, for providing Commissioning Ed Adam with an Espace. Good Work Fella!

That thing on the telly about Salvador Dali. Completely and utterly mental. Good Work insane Spaniard Fella!

Bunch Of Arse!
Anything to do with looking for, renting, buying and moving into a flat. Bunch Of Arse!

Rowan's new haircut, curiously looking like a bunch of arse hairs. Bunch Of Arse!

Saying bloody tubes/buses/trains in a loud voice as you walk into work two hours late and expecting anyone to actually believe it. Bunch Of Arse!

Foreign countries, for being really good fun but too far away to go for lunch. Bunch Of Arse!

Anything to do with cabbage and that includes cauliflower. Bunch Of Arse!

produce huge stockpiles all over the world and create bottled water mountains, knowing that their product would be as fresh as the day it was bottled.

The finite amount of water on this planet would then be depleted, as what human being would empty out the bottles and redress the balance? Thus, a world-wide drought would ensue and every living creature would die (apart from those bastard air plants – how do you kill them?), all because there wasn't a use-by date printed on the fucking bottle. Think big, think ahead. Bunch of arse.
R Graham, Tyne and Wear

Three for halfwit

Whilst driving home early the other Sunday morning after a good night out clubbing, I spotted a magpie on a post, said, 'One for sorrow,' looked around for another to qualify for 'two for joy'... and drove into a ditch. Bunch of bloody bent van arse!

I'll soddin' run all the bloody, black-and-white feathered bastards right down next time.
Micky Hamilton, Oxted

Shit speaking, no really...

I found this recently in the *Yellow Pages*, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea (right). And believe it or not, this guy ran in the local elections here earlier this year (under the same name). Hope it amuses you!
Rich and Dom, Port Moresby

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Come in, number two

I thought you'd like this, seen in Poole, Dorset.
A Donkey traditional

And it gave us Xmas

Sorry, but I just had to write a reply to Barry Foster's letter ('Theological Debate Rages', November issue) in this month's mag! Ha! So, the great theological debate continues. Good edition! They taught me in Oxford that the mark of a good sermon should be like your girlfriend's dress; short enough to keep your interest, but long enough to cover all the essentials.

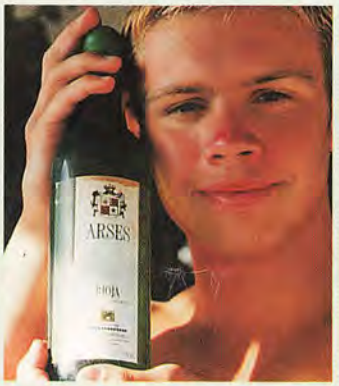
Bloody good effort Barry Foster; I enjoyed reading your letter, even if you did send me to the best seats at the back of the class. At least Ian Donaldson and myself could get our heads down and sleep through all your very imaginative 'Big Bang' lectures!

Ha! I can't agree that religion is mere belief to cradle our weakness. It's far more complex than that. Was it not Karl Marx, the German philosopher, who said 'religion is the opium of the people'? Religion helps us both in our strengths and our weakness. And together, science and religion help me to understand the meaning and purpose of life. They've always worked together for me but, of course, you may be different. Sounds like it.

Anyway, I'll stick to my overdose of religious crack, which after all is the best gift at this time of year. Happy Xmas!
Reverend Mike Brotherton, Pembrokeshire

Cheeky number

I discovered this fine vintage (below) whilst participating in a lad's tour on the Costa Del Sol. Keep up the good work.
Thomas Owen, Nottingham



Marks of a madman

Good work fellas, from all us men who need a good read more than most. Oh yes, and tell that Howard Marks bloke he's off his rocker and we love him.
David Jones, HMP Garth

Game bird

In September's issue, you referred to Sky TV's Helen Chamberlain (presenter of *Soccer AM*) as a 'Cockney'. There's three things that viewers of the show know about Helen: 1) She's from Torquay. 2) She supports Torquay United (and watches from the stand banging her famous drum). 3) She has quite a strong Devonshire accent.

I suggest that you immediately reel her in for a feature on footie-mad, geezer-birds.
Andy South, Hemel Hempstead

Barnet update

It's cup fever time at block rockin' Barnet. Everyone's favourite Third Division groovers will be in the first round of the FA Cup this Saturday (15 November). We demand, nay ask, that you to get down to wherever it is that the Bees are playing and eat the opposition. This year it's Wembley time... kind of, possibly, sort of. After that, it's home to Torquay (Tues 18 Nov), Darlington (29 Nov) and away to Hartlepool (22 Nov) before the big one arrives – the London derby they all want to stroke in a slightly suggestive way. Yes, it's Leyton Orient away (Tues 2 Dec) followed by the second round of the cup where Barnet will comprehensively trash the opposition before Gordon Banks draws them out of the bag to play Manchester United at Old Trafford. We are Barnet, super Barnet etc. Barnet's Ground is Underhill, Barnet Lane, Herts, EN5 2BE. Admission is a piffling £7 to stand, or £12 to sit.

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Greatest Living Englishman

No.41 Lewis Collins

When my mum first told me that she wanted me to be a professional I got the wrong end of the stick. I was diving around the front room of my Auntie's house in Basildon on Christmas Day, pretending to be Lewis Collins, Bodie to be precise. I had all the gear. Tooled up with more plastic weapons than Ann Summers, and giving it some to forces bent on the destruction of merry England's moral fabric. Namely the cat. I swear, even now, that if any Arabs had walked through my Auntie's front door with an idea of using her house as an HQ from which to rob the Bank of England, I'd have took 'em to pieces. And I wasn't the only nipper saving the world that morning. There were thousands of us who thought that *Who Dares Wins* star and Britain's premier action hero Lewis Collins was the best thing since *Bagpuss*.

Collins began life in Birkenhead, Liverpool, rolling straight out of his mother's womb to bring a gun to bear on the midwife. Sixteen years later, following a spectacular dive through the schoolroom window, he took his first job, crimping at the Andre Bernard Salon, socking it to blue rinses and vanquishing unwanted Perms. Early demos of 'She Loves You', played to him by Paul and his brother Mike McCartney, encouraged him to down his clippers and make the short step from hairdressing to rock'n'roll. As a drummer and bassist in a flower power cash-in band, The MOJOs, he spent the mid '60s noncing around dressed like a vaguely homosexual cowboy. Three top 10 hits later the band went belly up, and Collins was forced to abandon the good life, and hand back his slinky Knightsbridge flat, flashy roller and topless models.

Acting seemed to be the next fastest route to fame, bags of cash and the requisite cheeky Suffolk villa. One of his first jobs was the role of playboy fop and syrupy bird charmer Gavin Rumsey in hit sitcom *The Cuckoo Waltz*.

"I was poofy in that," said Collins later, also maintaining that he could never see the humour in it.

By February 1977 he'd bought himself a trailer, which he was living in on theatrical tours:

"I can eat there, drink there, and... well just about anything, if you know what I mean..."

Before long he was pulled over for suspected drink driving.

"I gave the WPC the customary tour of the mobile home. We even ended up spending part of Christmas together."

Fame continued to lift its skirt in his direction, and later that year he auditioned to play the part of Mike Gambit in *The New Avengers*, losing out to coffee bean knuckle-shuffler and housewives' favourite Gareth Hunt. Instead he took the part of ex-SAS man Bodie in a new action series *The Professionals*.

Britain's answer to *Starsky & Hutch*, *The Professionals* (first aired on ITV, 1978) were part of a spurious Government crime fighting unit called CI5. The motto of the unit was, "Meet violence with violence." With his ex-copper partner Doyle, played by Martin Shaw, the action lived up to the mantra. Plots were wild and furious. One week might involve German terrorists holding Bodie and a vicar hostage, the next might feature a band of bank-robbing South African mercenaries. Action-wise it made every series that had gone before look and feel as exciting as QVC with the sound off.

Everyone from Joe Public to Princess Margaret thought *The Professionals* was top trumps and loved Collins because he literally took his work home with him. He'd pop up in the papers every week with his gun collection, gobbing off about the 16 birds that he liked to have on the go at any one time. A crack shot with his own armoury of weapons and an expert in unarmed combat, he'd slipped into the Bodie role with ease – managing to convince large numbers of impressionable punters that he was the living embodiment of James Bond, John Holmes and Fritz the cat. A year after joining the series, he got sick of pretending and joined the Territorial Paras. By September 1980 he'd proved himself a mean enough bastard to win a coveted red beret from the regiment. Later, rumours abounded that he'd tried to join the territorial SAS, but was apparently rejected on the grounds that he was a celebrity. You can't very well burst in a window just to have three terrorists turn round and say, "Fuck me, it's Lewis Collins!"

He convinced punters he was the living embodiment of James Bond, John Holmes and Fritz the cat

Later he was unsuccessfully proposed as a new Bond, though it was his role as Captain Skellern in the ropy SAS-ploitation movie *Who Dares Wins* that left his indelible boot print on British culture. Months were spent training with ex-SAS officers, yomping through the Brecon Beacons in preparation for the part. It was all a bit unnecessary.

"I'm ashamed to watch it, you can't take it seriously," he said later. "It's a joke... some officers of the SAS watched it and just laughed."

Now firmly typecast, he had lots of money, but nothing other than charity work to take up his time. With his massive fame starting to test his nerves, he was turning up on the front pages of the Sunday papers every other week, often claiming that he needed to be saved from all the birds. Once he arrived at a charity do with six minders, and was fined £300 for attempting to clear two workers from his own charity out of his house by firing a shotgun at his living room wall. "Everything got on top of me," he said.

Soon his boozing and eating had grown out of control. A writer who lived with him while preparing a screenplay attested to his epic roast dinners, gargantuan fry-ups, and midnight double curries.

At a party at his country retreat in 1985, his girlfriend walked into the bedroom and found two barmaids snuggling up together. When she asked them if they wouldn't mind moving so she could get some sleep, Collins apparently came out of the bathroom and shouted, "How fucking dare you tell people what to do in my house! Get off my land!"

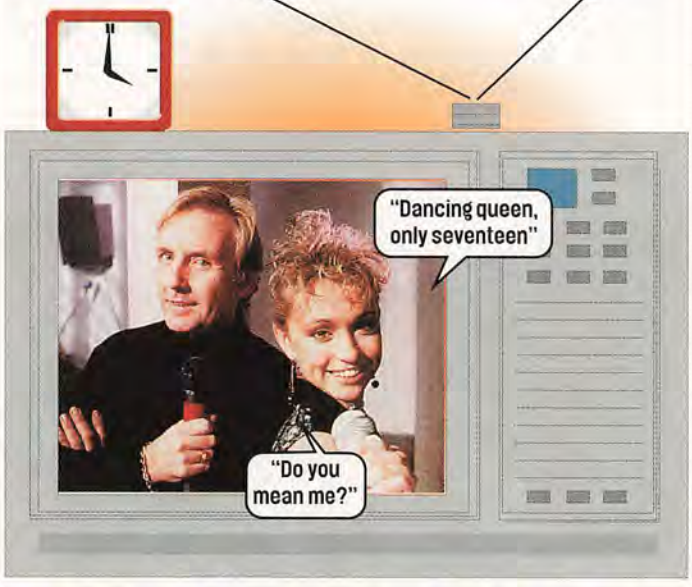
Soon, old conquests started to fall out of the trees like drunken monkeys. Ex-girlfriend Jessica Graham told the papers: "Lewis was great friends with the MP Norman St John Stevas and was often invited to his house when Princess Margaret was there. Once, when Lewis was the worse for drink, he kept saying to her, "Why do I have to call you Ma'am? Why can't I just call you Margaret?" Everyone held their breath but the Princess just laughed."

In 1992, the 45-year-old hard-drinking womaniser married a 24-year-old blonde school teacher called Michelle Larret. 1985's Sexiest Man, the geezer with the motto, "A bird a day keeps the blues away", had packed it all in and tied the knot. It still isn't known if he entered the Church via the stainglass window and punched the vicar out, but it would have been cool if he did.

PHIL ROBINSON

PICTURES: RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

Great Moment In Life



The Hitman And Her

Booze, kebabs and quality late-night telly

Smells. It's said in scientific circles that memories are strongest when triggered by smells. Personally, I can't pass my local Kebaborama without the heavenly aroma of rotting lamb whipping me back in time to the dark days of Autumn 1989. It's a Friday, two o'clock in the morning, and I've just got home from some Godforsaken Sheffield pub/club/whippet-flogging arena. I plump down on the tasteful red vinyl sofa and stick on the telly, cunningly closing one eye to prevent double vision. And there *he* is. Pete 'The Hitman' Waterman. That's 'hit' as in Hazel Dean, Sinitta and Roland Rat, and 'man' as in fat, sweaty uncle who insists on riding you on his knee 'like a horsey' despite the fact you're 28. His fat, sweaty face looms out from the screen like a fat, sweaty 3D shark, spouting fat, sweaty Cockney drivel, peppered with embarrassing 'youth-friendly' words like 'wicked' and 'top one'. It's your dad, and he's caught you touching the cat's arse.

But the nightmare isn't over; next to him is some skinny bint who looks like a frozen stalactite of piss hanging from the overflow of a Gulag khazi. She's not only dressed in appallingly revealing Lycra but is wearing a headband. You want to run to a church and confess, but you're glued to the sofa with kebab juice. Then the picture zooms back and you realise that you're not in Hell. It's worse; this is actually Ritzy's discotheque in Hanley, near Stoke. And this is someone's idea of a good night out.

And therein lay the genius behind *The Hitman And Her*. It was just like going to the zoo, only with more flashing lights. You could stare open-mouthed as grotesque beasts stalked in the shadow of the strobe; flabby, tattooed lads hunting in packs of 15, circling cheap scrubbers in January-sales Dorothy Perkins as they reared on their haunches and howled at the moon. *The Hitman And Her* was an early-hours safari to all the clubs you'd never visit unless you fancied three broken ribs and/or an unspeakably horrific one-night stand where you'd wake up next to your Auntie Maria.

And thus, the show became compulsive viewing, simply because, watching Pete Waterman shouting and perspiring copiously while desperately trying to convince you that Cairo Jackz in Doncaster was the 'happening place', even the lowest yellow-bellied worm would feel superior.

Pete Waterman's hilariously inept efforts to get the party going were made all the more ironic by the fact that the programme started in August 1988 at the end of the Ecstacy-fuelled Summer Of Love. *The Hitman And Her*, of course, always came from the only corners of the country (Rotter's in Bradford, Cherryz Nitespot in Middlesbrough) that had been completely bypassed by rave culture, unless you count playing 'Trip To Trumpton' by Urban Hype or 'Sesame's Treet' by The Smart-E's. And the bland, easy-to-absorb EuroHouse that always made *The Hitman And Her* so blissfully undemanding after a night mortally wounding yourself with alcohol, was magnified by dancing dishmop Wiggy. There was always something quite disturbing about Wiggy, as if his oiled muscles, head-dress and loincloth were actually painstakingly designed to make him resemble a native bearer from the Tarzan films, who'd yell, "Bad ju-ju Bwana! Bad ju-ju!" and head for the hills at the slightest provocation.

There was Pete, a frustrated mobile disco whale convinced he's cool, and Michaela, the impossibly plain girl from school

And that was it. That was the programme. A stroke of programming genius; play a song, film some dodgy racial stereotype leading a troupe of stage-school escapees and scabby smack addicts in some hopeless dance routine, add Pete, a frustrated mobile disco whale utterly convinced he's cool, Michaela, the impossibly plain girl with braces from school who was good at maths but was doomed to a tragic relationship with a suicidal midget, and then get Everyone In The Place waving their arms about, desperately bellowing 'wicked' and 'top one' at two in the morning. Magic. Of course, as time went on, the programme-makers obviously became terrified that someone sober would chance upon *The Hitman And Her* and angrily ring *Right To Reply*, so they decided to add a spot of class. Yes, they invented 'Pass The Mic', a sort of grotesque Karaoke competition that involved luring four of the fattest girls out of the crowd with a bucket of bacon fat and forcing them to sing along to any popular tune, preferably one they'd never heard before, until the crowd literally shrieked in pain.

There was also a game that involved people taking off each other's trousers, but that's all become rather hazy with the passing of the years. See, the thing about this show was that it was an early experiment in late-night TV, when no one gave a shit. They just wanted to fill up time, reasoning, with closing-time logic, that they'll never remember it in the morning.

There is, however, the niggling suspicion that something sinister was afoot during those golden years. You see, each episode allegedly came from a different poxy disco in the hindarse backwoods of Cumbria or Essex, but even an expert on white towelling socks – perhaps someone who works at British Home Stores – couldn't tell one poxy disco from the next. Every single one had the same multi-coloured, split-level dancefloor, the same Iron Maiden lighting rig and the same punters that Pete would haul from the dancefloor and yell into their ear:

"Are you having a good time?"

"Waurgh?"

"[*Grinning, nodding*] Good time! Are you having a good time?"

"WoahARRGGH!!"

Inspiring stuff, but for all we know, it could have been literally the same programme every week. In four years, absolutely *nothing* changed, not even Pete's slimy attempts to lure Michaela back to his 'pad'. But the one overwhelmingly, downright weird thing is that you never saw anyone smoking, drinking, or having uncomfortable sex in the stairwells. Maybe they were all actors, maybe there's no such place as Ritzy's, maybe I dreamt the whole thing.

Whatever, just by making vast mistakes in viewer taste, *The Hitman And Her* was exactly what people just getting back from the pub, wanted: colourful, moving pictures and something to shout at. Oh, and Michaela Strachan.

Incidentally, a straw poll of the office has revealed that at three in the morning, roughly half the **loaded** staff found Michaela Strachan stomach-churningly sickening, rather like a dancing dole advisor, while the other (more easily-pleased) half found her rampantly horny and wanted her then and there on the wonky coffee table. And in a sad, messy, one-handed, eyesight-endangering sense, a good many of them did. Urgh.

JOHN PERRY

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sex news

come again

Behind the valley of the dolls

Diddling a blow-up doll is like having sex with a cheap inflatable dinghy. It's no surprise that the sex-starved Americans have stepped in to develop a state of the art imitation woman for the millennium. The manufacturers, Abyss Creations, claim that their 'Realdoll' is the "most realistic" attempt yet to produce your best sexual/non-sexual experience ever.

Made to order from solid silicone, 'Realdolls' have seemingly endless specifications to choose from. Punters base their order on five models, including Leah ("Body 2 and Head 4") and Natasha ("Body 1 and Head 2") – just like ordering a selection of corpses from a graveyard. A double-entry Realdoll can cost up to $3,999, whilst the triple-entry type with a lockable "Poser Skeleton" – to enable complex sex – comes in at $4,499. For further info, check out: http://realdoll.com.

Sexhibition time

Sex freaks can indulge themselves in three days of depraved consumerism at The Erotica Exhibition, from November 28 at Kensington Olympia. Attractions include tattoos, a fetish market, fat dildos, and dirty pictures. The climax is the Erotic Ball on 29 November, which should attract strange predatory people like **loaded** photographer Derek Ridgers. The event features DJs including Judge Jules and Tony De Vit. Call the Olympia II box office for more info: 0171 244 7774.

The smell of success – or not

Sufferers of beer goggles can take heart from research that suggests it's not only the ale that impairs our judgment of the opposite sex. Scientists in Austria have found that men totally lose their sexual discretion when confronted with the smell women produce whilst ovulating. Doctors gave 106 male testers a vial of pheromones – the mixture of fatty acids contained in vaginal secretions – to sniff. When the men inhaled, they found the attractiveness of the women they were looking at in photos increased by the minute, leading the sex boffins to conclude that a saucy body odour can overpower your judgment and common sense – much the same as mixing whisky and lager. Scientists believe that these pheromones could be bottled for sale to lusty, sex-crazed women.

NIALL HAMPTON

TRIPPING YARNS

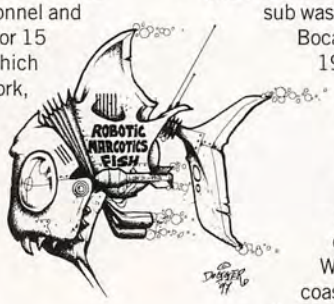
drugs news

Neighbourhood watch

Living in a High Intensity Drug Trafficking Area (HIDTA) might deter relatives coming round for tea. The DEA have increased operations, personnel and federal funding for 15 targeted zones which including New York, Houston, Los Angeles and Miami. To qualify, your neighbourhood must be a centre for drug production, distribution and consumption, directly have a negative effect on the region, and pose a recognisable threat to law and order. More than a few kids nicking hubcaps. Other contenders to HIDTA hall of fame are the Midwest, the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains. See if they put that in tourist information.

Sunken drugs

Since the first unmanned drug submarine was captured in 1988, more sophisticated versions have been seized. Remote controlled and computer-aided subs capable of carrying over a ton of drugs, or anything else for that matter, are now being used. The cost of the technology indicates the risks and profits the smugglers are dealing with. For remote control you'll need to fork out the half million dollar price tag. The original 20 foot drug sub was sunk on a reef off Boca Raton, Florida in 1989 and is now a diving attraction. Minus it's cargo.



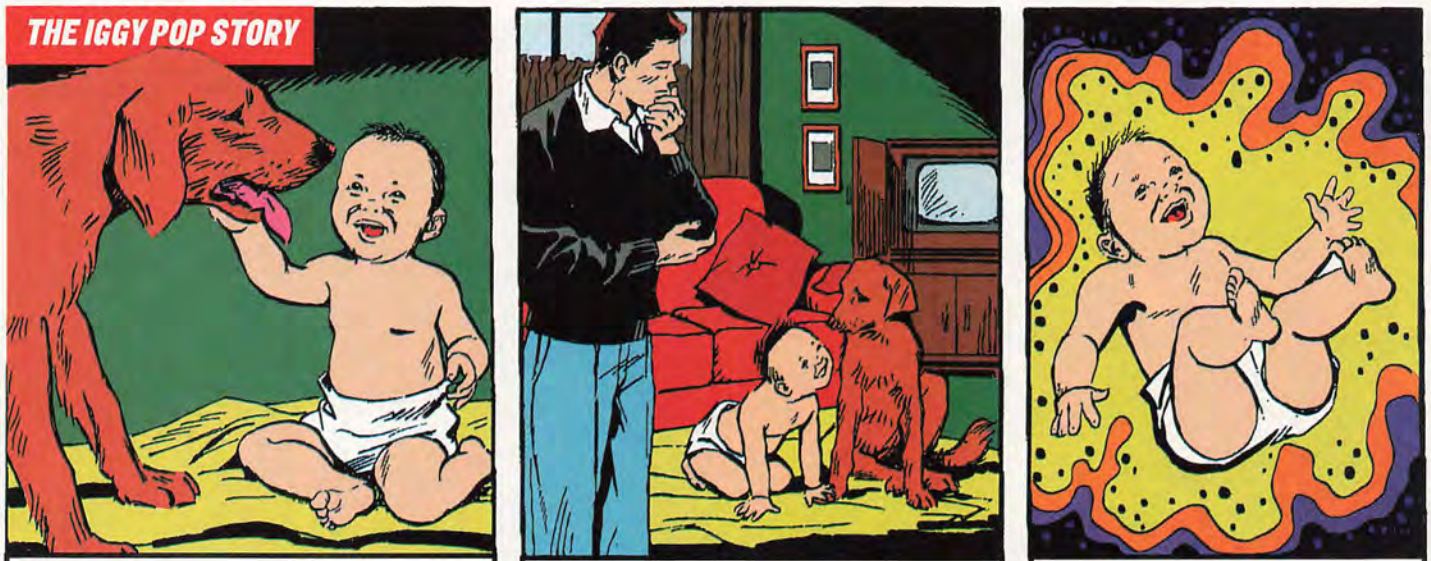
Floating drugs

Smuggling drugs by sea has created offshore no-go areas. Warnings issued by coastguards highlight the current danger zones; the San Juan River bordering Nicaragua and Costa Rica and the waters near the Venezuelan border. The high concentration of smuggling and airdrops has made piracy common. The demand for boats used in drug running has also soared over the last three years. Vessels needing to sail in these locations risk violent small arms fire from the shores, mortar attacks and combat patrols. Frequent boarding by bandits also happens, so pack a phrase book. Confusing "of course you can take my boat and wife senor" and "your sister has the face of an epileptic donkey" could prove problematic.

PIERS TOWNLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS: DOGGER

THE IGGY POP STORY



June 1947 and young Jim is already making new friends

"Sometimes," thought Mr Osterberg, "I swear that boy wants to *be* that dog..."

But little did he know, his son would one day be IGGY POP!

to be contd...

MICHAEL HOLDEN/PHIL GASCOINE

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SPORT WATCH

MORAL DILEMMAS

This month: Mark Wingett, AKA Sun Hill's DC Carver, enters the interview room

1 You find that DC Scase has been blackmailing PC Garfield into wearing little white knickers while on the late shift. Do you get involved in the sex or do you just clam up?

"I think I'd get photos of it and pass it round the CID, because Garfield's uniform and he deserves all he gets."

2 Your wife has your tea on the table. It's chops. Do you risk killing pedestrians by sticking the blue lights on and driving home like a maniac, or do you let the edges of your mash get cold?

"Carver's quite law abiding actually, and seeing that he hasn't got access to a Panda car, he'd have to suffer like everyone else and shove it in the microwave."

3 You find yourself in a nightclub with your foot on the owner's neck. He's broken many health and safety regulations. Do you take the £500 he's just given you to keep quiet or do you give him another slap as well?

"I'd give him another slap, but not just for fun – that's more DS Bolton's sort of forte. Bolton dresses up in Nazi regalia at the weekends and drives tanks and stuff like that. Carver would be dead straight and report the guy for attempted bribery."

4 You find out that Sgt Bob Cryer has been forcing confessions out of suspects by making them sleep on crushed biscuits. Are you going to the boss or will you keep quiet and assist the prisoners by blowing the crumbs from their bedding?

"I wouldn't stitch up Cryer – he's like my father. No, if I had my way, I'd force-feed the suspects as well. They deserve everything they get. I'd also take more extreme measures, like forcing loads of bread up their orifices because crumbs are too small."

5 As you jump out of your car, you slam a police horse's leg in the door and render it lame. It won't be able to take part in the operation and you're very embarrassed. Do you hide the horse and tell the sergeant in charge it ran off, or do you say that it broke its leg tap dancing?

"Oh, it broke its leg tap dancing – definitely. Carver would own up to it and he'd admit when he was wrong, but he'd try to make a funny quip out of it."

6 You find out that PC Stamp has been orchestrating dog fights in the station between animals seized under the Dangerous Dogs Act and police Alsatians, fights which often end in fatalities. It's only a bit of fun and dogs like a fight, but would you leave them to it?

"Not at all. He'd have a very serious word with Stamp. He's not averse to hitting his colleagues, Carver, if they do any wrong. He'd flip his lid."

7 An opportunity arises to do some genuine good. Could you be arsed with it?

"Oh, absolutely. Carver would do the best he could. He's sort of looked after prostitutes before. Kids have been forced into prostitution and he's sorted them out, getting the numbers of hostels for them."

8 You slip into the locker room for a quick plate of biscuits and find your colleagues wrapped up in woolly hats and gloves trying to bite lumps out of each other. Do you join in?

"Depends if it was one of the WPCs or not. I don't think Carver's ever been a cannibal, but it depends which bits they were biting. He's got a thing about WPC Norika Datta; he's saved her life twice, but she's always spurned his advances, so he'd definitely bite her. Below the waist as well."

9 You're in a pub after work. A fight kicks off near you and you feel obliged to try to stop it. Just before you steam in, you realise that you haven't got your warrant card on you. What do you do?

"Carver would steam in anyway, because he's a police officer and this happens off-duty quite often. He'd certainly break up the fight and he'd tell them he's a policeman."

10 In the course of duty, you come across Suggs allegedly involved in some minor criminal activity. Being a policeman, you idolize him in a strange homosexual way. Would you arrest him?

"If he's done wrong, Carver would have him down the station like a shot. I don't think he'd let a matter of sexuality come into it. He probably liked Madness when they were about, but now he likes heavy rock and plays a few Nirvana songs."

NIALL HAMPTON

Mark Wingett appears in The Bill *and will also be starring in* Lone Star *with other cast members from* The Bill *at the Red Lion Theatre, Islington, from 28 November.*

A DOCTOR'S VERDICT

By simple dissection of the Moral Dilemma questionnaire, an eminent psychologist attempts to guess the name of the celebrity…

"Is it Meryl Streep? What about Michael Jackson, Lester Piggot, Sharon Stone? Is it Cheggers? What about Chris Waddle? Is it that French bloke Marcel Marceau? Fuck it, he can't even speak. Is it a Dalek? Or Castro? What about the little creature off Thundercats who used to make everyone laugh at the end, Snarf? No? Could it be Liza Minelli? Or is it Basil Brush or Jack the Ripper? Bollocks, I always get this wrong. Don't tell me… it has to be Pacino! It's not? Well it must be Matthew Corbett then? No! Er… what about Holly Hunter and her strong arse? Or that bloke who played Colonel Trautman in *First Blood*. "He can eat things that would make a Billy Goat puke". That was a good line. But it's not him is it? It's not Lovejoy? Or that funny old cunt Tinker Dill? Lloyd Brides? Beau Brides? Jeff Bridges? Rod Jane and Freddy? Is it Cat Weasel? The spirit of Odin, er… William G Stewart from *Fifteen to One* or Forsyth's dancing shrew, that Rosemary Ford? C'mon, don't tease. I know, I know! Ray Clemence! Or is it that ugly bald weasel Lee Hurst, the one with the iffy back? Fuck it, is it Nanny?"

NEWSAGENT PROVOCATEUR
IT'S THURSDAY 5.50PM AND PROV'S WELL WORKED UP FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN
20 Superkings and my telly paper, love
Why don't you just fuck off?
Come back Mum, I was just mucking about
STRAIGHT AFTER
Hello Dad?... yeah I've just had Mum in the shop, she's run off crying. I might have upset her with my ironic backchat...
...yeah... well if that's how you feel you can fuck off as well you soppy old cunt
contd...

CREATED BY TOM. PHOTOS: BILLY. SCRIPT: MICK, JON, PHIL. STARRING: TOM, JOYCE. COUNTER CONSULTANT: MR PATEL. SUNGLASSES: CUTLER & GROSS

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As part of our famously rigorous product checking procedure and the results of tests carried out by numerous consumer associations, the entire Krakensnacks range is being withdrawn from sale.

Over time, it has been discovered that all Krakensnacks products reach critical mass and dissolve into a hideous paste that kills. This is with the exception of Krakensnack Happy Fish children's range, which was toxic from the outset.

Due to circumstances beyond our control, the Krakensnacks disposal hotline has been disconnected. Consumers must contact the authorities instead. No Krakensnack products should be handled, especially if opened. Whatever you do, don't eat them.

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what we have received...

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As a treat for the end of the working day. Not that we violate the strict non-smoking office policy, you understand.

4 Subbuteo
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5 Biscuits
McVities chocolate biscuits. The nicest thing to have in your mouth next to fizzy booze, tea and fag smoke.

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7 Volsk
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8 Cocktails
Alcoholic, coloured mixtures of booze in test tubes. Perfect for children who wish to drink heavily during chemistry lessons.

9 Lager
Thanks to Carlsberg, whose lager is probably the best in the world. Next time can we have six or seven trays? Boss.

10 Cakes
There is nothing like cake and lager, except perhaps lager and biscuits. Though lager and crisps is nice. Taa very much, Sarah Lee

11 Vitamins
These tasty health pills have banished scurvy from the office forever. That just leaves rickets and beri beri to deal with.

12 Boddingtons
Manchester bitter in a flash new bottle. We can't get enough of 'The Cream of Manchester'. Very tasty.

13 Jeans
Levi's jeans, a perfect extra barrier between your warm pants and the harsh winter. And fashionable too.

14 Wine
A fine wine that added an element of sophistication to the whirlwind of can-based beverage chaos.

what we want...

Do you make any of this stuff? Want some free publicity? Then give us some free gear and we'll prattle on about how brilliant it is. Simple

A framed picture of the Queen
Personal stereos
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Wrigley's Vapour Wave chewing gum
Leffe beer
Alcohol (in all forms)
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Anything edible
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A sandpit
Bully's star prize
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A nice surprise for Derek
Mittens for kittens
Trainers
Wall map and roadmaps
Electronic Organisers
A caravan (large)
Christmas decorations
Slippers for 27
Fashionable watches
Old-fashioned cash
Anything by Meatloaf
Decent acoustic and electric guitars
Glasses/disposable contact lenses
A pool table
Animal-tested razors
Old Stones CDs for 10
Five Jags, since we're askin'
Pies and sandwiches
MOT and tax discs

rogue

IRVINE WELSH

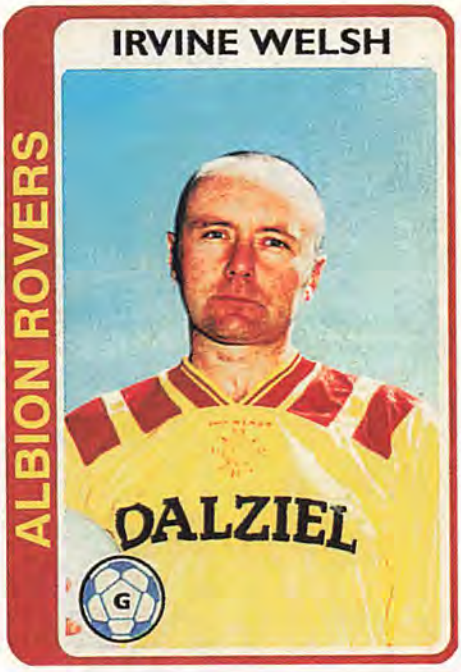
The Trainspotting author returns to Leith and throws up on a train

It's great to be home after myriad adventures in South America, the recounting of which has no place in a respectable journal such as this. A lot's happened while I was away; Scotland got its own parliament, Princess Diana died, as did Mother Theresa, and Hibs were briefly at the top of the league.

It's always good coming home after a long break, but I must admit that my carefree feeling of *joie de vivre* didn't last long. Specifically, it failed to survive an embarrassing moment on the Edinburgh-London train. I was attempting to recover from the Hibs v St Johnstone one-all draw at Easter Road and the attendant drinking and clubbing binge which ended at my mates Paul and Rosie's gaff on Leith Walk at some unspecified time. Tribal Funktion and some hip-hop had got into the mix somewhere and my legs were almost too weak to get me onto the train.

The comedown was kicking in and gone was the swaggering air of bonhomie of the previous few hours. I hit the buffet to get some mineral water and tomato juice. At the bar, when I'd put in my order, the woman asked me if I didn't want any Champagne to go along with it. When I looked a little bit nonplussed, she informed me that she was on the train the last time I was drinking Champagne. With as much dignity as I could muster, I smiled non-committally and coughed out something suitably vague.

The last time I did indeed drink Champagne on the train was with my pal DJ Wiseblood from Brixton. We were on our way up to an Edinburgh gig. I puked up in the first-class carriage (the tickets were booked by the promoter just in case you think I'm a snobby fucker) just before we got to Edinburgh. I just about remembered as I lurched off the train that DJ Wiseblood was staying on to Glasgow and that she'd have to face the music. As I was staggering my way to Leith as surreptitiously as my condition would allow, the other passengers complained about the mess, so vociferously as it happened, that it led to the train being decommissioned in Edinburgh. Poor Wiseblood had to stagger out with all her tunes in their flight cases and load them onto another train in order to complete the journey to Glasgow. She commandeered a member of the BR staff to help her, telling him, with great conviction, that she didn't know me.



"Oh, he's disgusting, that Irvine Welsh. The only person I've seen worse than him on a train is Chris Evans"

Oh, he's disgusting, the conductor told her. The only person I've ever seen worse than him on a train is that Chris Evans, he sagely informed the South London hip-hop queen.

Anyway, it was great to be back in Leith. It seems as if the old historic port, my home town, has been mooted as the possible site for the new Scottish Parliament. Predictably, all the toffee-nosed wankers in Edinburgh have said no, it should be a part of the centre of Edinburgh, in the old East End of the city. For once I agree with them. Keep those politician fuckers right out of Leith! While they're at it, they can take back the Scottish Office which they dumped on us a while ago. I was also going to add that they could get rid of the yuppie wine bars, but they have to make an exception for the one I was dining at with my accountant, ex-Hibs centre Alan Gordon.

Alan brought me a video of some great Hibs performances from his era, the pride of place going to that seven-goal thriller we shaded against Hearts on New Years Day in 1973. My accountant headed that seventh goal, and it was such a rout it looked like he was going to need all those accountancy skills simply to keep the score.

The video did take away the pain of losing the recent derby to Hearts. I was in Rio at the time and I phoned over to Leith on Sunday morning to get the score. My mate Paul told me the bad news: 1-0 to the Jambos. He then proceeded to go into detail on the games for about 20 minutes, adding in passing that, "That Princess Diana bird, she's died likes." I must admit that I was so pissed off at the result it took a couple of days for it to register.

Just when Di and Dodi's untimely end started to sink home, I caught the tail-end of the debacle about Jim Farry of the SFA trying to go ahead with Scotland's World Cup game on the day of the funeral when everything was shutting down. With diplomatic skills like that, I think that Farry would make a great Prime Minister of Scotland, or, if Tony Banks goes, a Minister for Sport. It's heartening that all those wasted skills of the SFA and the elected members of the Glasgow District Council can be fully utilised in their full glory in a new Scottish Parliament.

Strange but untrue

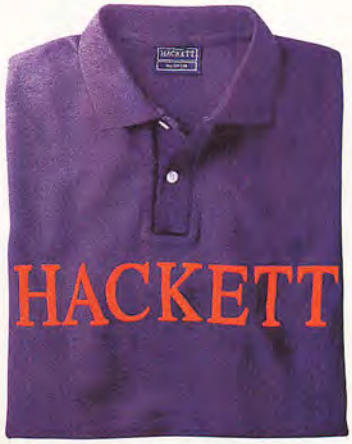
A Chinese peasant, one Ding Miou Po from Xang Xiang Province, recently sneezed violently, knocking out the town mayor with a 30-year-old bogie the size of a large grapefruit. The bizarre accident happened as proceedings were getting underway at the opening of the annual pepper festival, where Ding Miou Po, known locally as "the man with the biggest nose", was guest of honour. "It smashed his face like a cannonball," said one witness.

A Nevada Police Sheriff, observing Thrust 2's successful attempt to shatter the sound barrier was taken to hospital shortly afterwards suffering from extreme shock. Apparently, the Sheriff had been the only observer to notice that a neighbourhood dog was giving chase to the vehicle at over 700 mph. A *Guinness Book Of Records* official denied this was a record, claiming that a return trip of equal speed and two witnesses will be required next time if the attempt is to become official.

A vicar from Shropshire, who has been collecting the excrement from pigs for the last four years and freezing it, had a surprise when he returned from a week's holiday to find his electricity cut off and his congregation vomiting outside his church. On opening the freezer he was faced with "a smell I can only imagine the Devil's anus reeks of," he laughed.

A 40-year-old teacher from Norwich called Richard Head was so fed up with students abbreviating his christian name to 'Dick' that he had his whole name changed by deed pole. He's now called Phil Bottums and has been forced to take early retirement by the abuse that followed. "I wish I'd spent more time thinking of a name," said Mr Bottums afterwards.

PETE & PHIL



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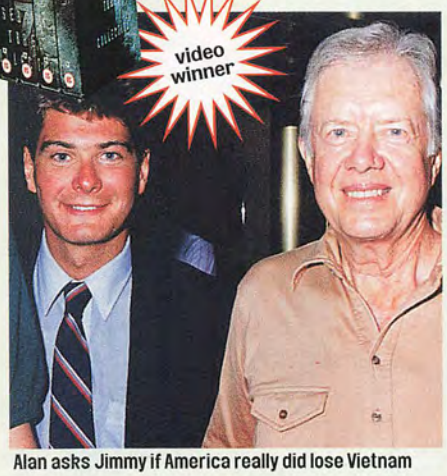
NOW YOU'RE STALKING

Time enslaves us all! This is why the winner will enjoy it more with this chunky hub of plastic and glass from G-Shock. MTV have added branding so it's now known as an **MTV Wheels G-Shock**. Three runners up can indulge their paranoia with boxed sets of **The X Files** (season three). Conspiracy theory suggests that we're in league with brewers because every runner-up gets a crate of a hops and yeast combination called **Marston's Pedigree**. All you have to do is pretend you've got famous friends by hounding celebrities and sending us the pictures.



Alan asks Jimmy if America really did lose Vietnam

Some Sunday League unknowns meet Dave

Sean got there just in time

Norah admires Mr T's cutlery ensemble, but she ain't goin' on no plane, crazy fool

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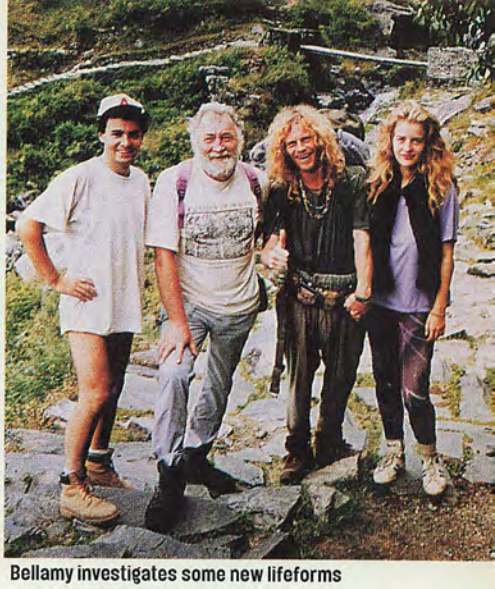
SMIRNOFF RUSSIAN ROULETTE: YOU COULD BLOW A

ut if that bird shows up we're gonna pluck it

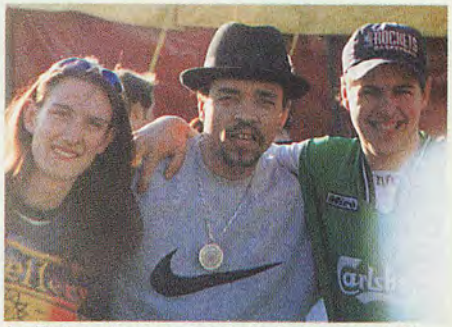
Tony's never a stranger to a pair of big tits



Bellamy investigates some new lifeforms

Jack stalks Kevin Keegan and Terry McDermott

Stephen's been electrified by Carmen



Ice T's home boys er... hanging out, doing rap stuff

PUTTING THE APERTURES UP THE RICH & FAMOUS THIS MONTH ARE: Alan McCrone of Edinburgh, John Henderson of Suffolk, Dave Simpson of London, Mark Richford of Kent, Tim Miller of Leeds, Sean Keeney of Cheltenham, Stephen Macaulay of Glasgow, Norah St John of Stirling, Tom Townsend of London, Andy Plumbley of Devon. Send your pictures to: Now You're Stalking, loaded, IPC Magazines, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS. Sorry, but we can't promise to send them back, so get a copy done or something.

NORTH & MOUTH

When Mark E Smith of The Fall starts an interview by trying to stub a fag out in your face, trouble can only follow. Here's what happened when loaded went for a 'chat'

Enter Mark E Smith. He looks like a melted muppet in Man At C&A. He's about half the size you'd imagine, twice as old and shockingly wizened. The Fall frontman and original grumpy old bastard of rock immediately begins to tell an anecdote about employing a Cheetham Hill drug-gang hit man to run The Fall fan club. Apparently, he used to write back to people who wanted to buy Fall T-shirts saying, "You don't want to bother with the Fall, they're shit." He seems in a good mood. If a little confused.

Exterior: In the street, waiting for a taxi. Mark E Smith sees two businessmen get into a car. There is an almost audible click and his apparent good mood suddenly disappears.

MES: Fucking hard cunts in cheap suits. Wankers.

*Mark starts staring at **loaded** writer.*

loaded: (*Thinking he's admiring his 99p McDonald's sunglasses*) What are you looking at, Mark?

MES: You, 'cos you're a cunt. *(Mark starts shuffling towards writer)* You're from Macclesfield are you? A fuckin' Macc Lad? Think you're fuckin' hard do yer? *(Attempts to stub lit cigarette out in writer's face. Writer grabs his weedy arm).*

loaded: *(Firmly)* Fuck off.

Taxi arrives. Inside, MES starts berating the driver for listening to Melody FM, despite the fact that MES thinks it's "quite nice".

MES: Fuckin' better than Radio One though, I tell yer! Fuckin' John Peel, he's the fuckin' worst, he's worse than Tony Blackburn ever was (*John Peel is The Fall's biggest ever fan, having tirelessly supported them for 20 years*). Bastard.

We arrive at the pub. Mark is suddenly apologetic.

MES: Y'alright John? Y'alright?

loaded: I'm fine, don't worry about it.

MES: You're a fuckin' cunt, aren't you?

Mark is momentarily distracted by the nearby Bavarian Sausage stall.

MES: That is fuckin' great, that place. German sausage centre.

Inside pub. Mark orders two bottles of Pils in a pint glass. Has big row with barmaid because they don't keep their glasses in the freezer.

loaded: Aren't you a beer drinker?

MES: What d'you mean?

loaded: You're drinking Pils instead of bitter.

MES: You get too many germs off London glasses. They don't wash down here.

loaded: Anyway, onto the interview...

MES: Aye.

loaded: The new album marks 20 years of The Fall...

Ignoring writer completely, Mark picks up a newspaper and begins to read.

loaded: Do you feel you've developed in that time...

MES: (*Suddenly*) **loaded**?

loaded: Um, yes?

MES: Never read it.

loaded: Have you no idea of what it's about?

MES: Flicked through it. Fantasy life. Bungee jumping, paratrooping. Birds in hotel rooms.

loaded: But about this...

Mark goes back to his paper. Starts mumbling as he reads the TV section.

loaded: Do you watch TV much?

MES: I never watch TV. Never. Only gardening programmes. I don't like 'em, but it keeps me peaceful. War videos. Last one I saw was about Culloden. Last battle on English soil. Prince Charlie.

loaded: And what do you get out of war videos?

MES: Nothing. I watch 'em with the sound down. Or I turn 'em up, then go out. (*Suddenly perks up*) Macclesfield? Full of people who pretend to be in Manchester groups.

loaded: Does that piss you off?

No response. Mark stares out of window.

MES: (*Suddenly*) You're a good lookin' lad. You should do alright.

loaded: Cheers. Why don't you tell me about this 'Inch' single?

(*The 'Inch' single was recorded in the first week of the sessions for The Fall's new 'Levitate' LP. At this point, Mark inexplicably 'fell out' with the producers and fired them. Allegedly, the producers sent tapes of 'Inch' to record companies with a covering letter purporting to be from Mark E Smith, asking them to put it out.*)

MES: (*After long silence*) We came to a compromise.

loaded: What was that?

MES: I'm not sayin'.

loaded: (*Trying different tack*) Do you like London?

MES: It's alright...

loaded: What do you like about it?

MES: Very tolerant, Londoners.

loaded: More so than Manchester?

MES: I can't stick Manchester either.

loaded: But you live there.

MES: I live in Salford.

loaded: So something must keep you there.

MES: You can go all over the world and nothing's ever any good, is it?

loaded: I travel all over the world and I see things I really like.

MES: Like where?

loaded: I like New York.

MES: That's a Macc lad who's moved to London talking now. You've gotta stick to your fuckin' roots. You don't desert the fuckin' barracks, alright?

loaded: As an artist, though, surely you could get inspiration from...

MES: (*Interrupting*) But YOU'RE not a fuckin' artist are you? And what's there to write about down here? Some nice clothes shops and some nice freaky people walking around. So fuckin' what?

loaded: So do you get inspiration from...

MES: It's all work! I never stop! It's a common fallacy that work is some kind of hindrance and you should live the rest of your life in pleasure. False peace and false fuckin' leisure. That's the problem with this country: retiring early, having a good time. The only pleasure in life is work.

loaded: But surely...

PHOTOS BY ROB WILSON

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MES: See? You don't fucking get it, do you? You're from Macclesfield, you're fuckin' cretins. You just wanna sit on your arse and fuckin' eat all day.

loaded: But if you're doing something you enjoy, that doesn't necessarily make it work.

MES: (*No response, stares at floor.*)

loaded: You don't necessarily have to work at it.

MES: (*No response, blows smoke at ceiling.*)

loaded: Do you have a rigid work structure to your life?

MES: (*Mutters inaudibly.*)

loaded: Do you go into the studio at a certain time?

MES: (*Suddenly*) Are you courting?

loaded: Yes.

MES: (*Ranting*) Yeah, fuckin' look at you, you don't wanna do any work, you're not interested in anything! See, you're just like every fuckin' fat-arsed middle-management cunt in Britain, aren't you? You just come out to work to get away from the wife. You're not interested in creating anything, and that's why the country's on it's back, PALLY!

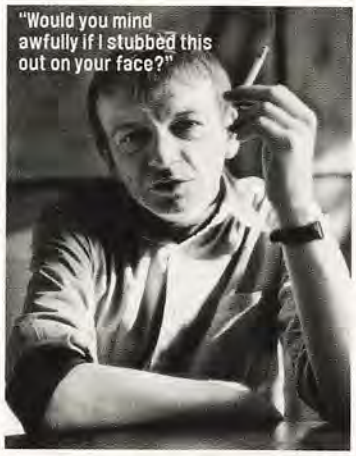
loaded: OK, but you and I enjoy our jobs, a lot of people have to do work they hate.

MES: (*Sarcastic*) Oh, and I should be grateful, shouldn't I? With the new Labour government, I should be very, very grateful for anything. Look at you, you haven't got your interview together, have you? Admit it. Face up to yourself, pal. I meet people like you every fucking day in the bank, in insurance offices, in record companies. There's gonna come a time when you're gonna have to face being a cunt.

loaded: And you're different?

MES: No. I'm just telling you what I think.

loaded: Well tell me what you think about this: even though The Fall have been hugely influential, many other Manchester bands have had much more success. Is that frustrating?



MES: (*No response.*)

loaded: Is it going to make any difference to your life?

MES: (*No response.*)

loaded: Did you vote for them?

MES: (*Viciously*) Did I fuck! I didn't vote for anything.

loaded: Do you never vote?

MES: I vote all the time.

loaded: So is it going to make a difference?

MES: It's not gonna make a difference at all, it's gonna turn us into a fuckin' Czechoslovakian state. We'll be like we're stuck behind the Iron Curtain if you ask me...

loaded: How so?

MES: (*No response.*)

loaded: (*Insisting*) How is Labour going to turn us into a communist country?

MES: (*No response.*)

loaded: Come on, Mark, give us an opinion.

MES: (*Sudden mood swing, becomes instantly conversational*) What did you think about the Princess Di thing? Were you upset?

loaded: Not really. Shocked, surprised. But I didn't cry. How about you?

MES: (*No response.*)

loaded: Are you pro-monarchy?

MES: Nah.

loaded: So why do you think so many people have got so upset?

MES: They've got nothing better to fucking think about.

loaded: Hasn't it got to be more than that?

MES: (*Long, long, long, LONG silence.*)

loaded: Are you alright, Mark? Are you just not in the mood?

MES: (*No response.*)

loaded: (*Concerned*) Is there something I've said to upset you?

MES: No. It's alright. (*Another long, uncomfortable silence.*)

loaded: Is it me? Do you just not want to talk to me specifically?

MES: I can't see the point. I've got work to do. I'm in a fucking band.

loaded: Aren't interviews part of being in a band?

MES: I don't particularly like your magazine, I don't fucking really wanna talk to you, I'm not interested. I don't see what it's got to do with my band. People who buy my records don't read **loaded**...

"Without me you'd be f**king nothing, you useless c**ts"

Mark E Smith bumps into pop combo Ash in the pub

MES: No.

loaded: But wouldn't you rather have had more chart success?

MES: No.

loaded: Why not, surely that's the normal way musicians get appreciation of their art, by people buying their records?

MES: (*No response.*)

loaded: Are you happy just being influential?

MES: (*Picks at Pils bottle label.*)

loaded: Pavement, for example, have cited The Fall as being a massive influence. Do you see that?

MES: (*Looks out of window.*)

loaded: Do you rate Pavement?

MES: (*Smokes fag. Exhales loudly.*)

loaded: So what do you want to talk about, Mark?

MES: I thought we were here to talk about the LP.

loaded: OK we will, but **loaded**'s not just about music, it's about life, I'd just like to get your opinions on a few things. You're known for being a man with opinions. We can talk about whatever you like.

MES: (*Aggressive*) Stop fucking about then, haven't you got it fucking worked out? You're just some fucking scruffy-haired pop star! Ask me some fucking questions!

loaded: I have been doing.

MES: All I've got from you is that you've got the flu and that you're a big fucking pop star! It's very endemic in this society. You're not fucking interested in what I've got to say.

loaded: (*Losing it*) I *am* interested in what you've got to say! But you're not saying anything!

MES: Well, fucking work at it then!

loaded: (*Tight-lipped*) OK, well you brought it up: tell me about the new Labour government.

loaded: But maybe **loaded** readers would buy your records after reading this interview...

MES: (*Raising voice*) People who read **loaded** are just frustrated perverts like yourself! I'm not interested in talking to anyone who can't have a drink like a fucking man!

loaded: (*Irritated*) What's that supposed to mean?

MES: (*Yelling*) What it fucking means is that you're a fucking dead-leg cunt and I'm not talking to you. (*Childishly*) You smell! (*Gets up and buggers off.*)

Enter Julia Nagle, Mark's girlfriend and keyboard/guitar player in The Fall.

JN: Don't take it personally. He gets like this.

As we chat, Mark is round the corner ranting and shadow-boxing the wall. When he smashes his fist against the woodwork, a scuffle ensues with the barstaff. Only prudent interception by Mark's PR prevents him being ejected. Suddenly he reappears and gestures at Julia's half-full glass.

MES: Are you not getting the woman another fucking drink? You fucking SLOB!

Julia and the PR separate us. Minutes later, top pop combo Ash enter and say hello. Mark reappears ranting about how Ash owe their entire career to him.

MES: You give them their start in life and do you get any thanks? Do you FUCK! Without me, you'd be fucking NOTHING, you useless cunts!

Tim Wheeler, Ash singer: How exactly did you start our career?

MES: (*Approaching Ash's table*) Look at you, with your pop star haircuts. (*Starts flicking at Tim's fringe.*)

TW: (*Menacing Northern Irish accent*) Fuck off!

MES: (*Wandering off into street, laughing like some washed-up meths drinker*) They all fucking owe me a fucking living, all of 'em...

*Fade on **loaded** writer, steadying nerves with stiff drink.*

JOHN PERRY

HOWARD MARKS

AFTER 30 YEARS OF TRYING, HOWARD GETS SHITFACED

Just when I was about to give up searching for my mobile, it rang from under the chair: "Howard, you would like to be our guest of honour, ja, in Castrop-Rauxel this weekend?"

"Where the fuck is Castrop-Rauxel, Hans, and what's happening there?"

"It is the CannaBusiness Exhibition. We have 140 exhibitors from 14 nations and expect 10,000 people to attend. It would be interesting for you, ja?"

Sometimes I get a bit wound up by all the excitement surrounding the use of dope as medicine, paper, rope, aftershave, fuel, etc. For sure, if that tosser Jack 'The Last' Strawbrain's bunch of National Health doctors betray their Hippocratic oaths and won't supply patients with the weed they need, we dope dealers will lay it on them for free the best we can. And it's clearly absurd for society to sacrifice legally permitted benefits of a plant just because people like to smoke the flowering tops. But we mustn't forget that 99 per cent of people who take dope are healthy and simply want to get stoned. And I'm fairly convinced most of them couldn't give a fuck what kind of clothes could be fashioned from their spliffs.For my part, fuck getting into textiles, fibres, and cosmetics unless it's as a front. Nevertheless, cookery's cool.

I was also a bit worried about the German pigs, with whom I've had my various confrontations over the years. In 1978, I had to leave in a hurry and forget about a stack of my money left in a safety deposit box under the name of Mr Nice. Worse still, at the end of the '80s, the German cops rather insultingly figured out that I'd sent them a load of Moroccan shite. The cops might think they had unfinished business with me. German cells are cold. And there's the Nazi vibe.

"We pay your accommodation, and there will be plenty of traditional cannabis use, ja? We just need an excuse."

"OK, I'm coming."

There was no problem at Heathrow and Düsseldorf airports, and no road blocks on the Autobahn. The exhibition hall itself was enveloped in a mushroom cloud of dope smoke. Tens of thousands of people were simultaneously smoking cannabis and running towards me...

"Suddenly I saw a picture of the Virgin Mary in suspenders, sitting sidesaddle on a drunken reindeer"

"Howard, you must try this. It's a hybrid of Northern Lights and White Rhino which we have cultivated in Rotterdam. Please to smoke it in our giant bong."

I sucked in loads of sweet, cloudy fumes and began an upward ascent. "This hashish we have made in Switzerland. Please!"

The bridge of my nose throbbed as the cannabinols raped and pillaged my memory cells.

"Fuck that home-grown crap, H. How long since you seen a piece of Nep like this fucker? A geezer I know brings in a kilo a month. Let's hot knife it, H."

The visual hallucinations took a steadier form.

"Finally, Howard, we have perfected the vaporiser. Made in Berlin. Try." Butterflies puked in my guts. For three hours, no oxygen entered my lungs, just smoke. I hate to admit this, guys, but I was fucking losing it. I know buckets of strong THC can shitface you more than anything, but this hadn't happened to me for at least three decades (and not for want of trying). The power of speech left me. My balls and dick shrivelled and froze. Shagging would be like wanking in ice-cold water. Three people were heading towards me with bongs and pipes. My street cred was about to evaporate. I prayed I could walk.

"I've got to dance. I really like this track."

I rushed to the dance floor and exploded my limbs. The music heaved comfortably. There was a huge screen surrounded by strobes. One mind-fucking image followed another. Suddenly, there emerged a picture of the Virgin Mary in suspenders, sitting sidesaddle on a drunken reindeer while wanking off with a complicated molecule. Jesus was smoking weed with a lamb. I started thinking about weird things like the Immaculate Conception. If Jesus the Son was God, and God the Father was the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit shagged Mary, then that makes Jesus the first documented motherfucker. And if he was the Lamb of God, the Holy Spirit was a ram. No wonder shepherds watched their flocks.

Mary had a little sheep.
And with the sheep she went to sleep. The sheep turned out to be a ram.

Mary had a little lamb.

But Jesus was a cool stoner. He turned water into wine, swallowed it, and asked to be remembered by other heads through their drinking it. He is the true vine. So let's have rivers of the Blood of Christ. Let it flow. Get plastered and see God.

The message from the screen was clear: "Do what you want, guys. Screw and sacrifice a virgin or two, drink your booze, let there be grass, smoke your Moses burning bush, eat your psilocybin mushrooms, get wasted."

A few Bavarian stallholders interrupted my THC euphoria.

"Howard, do you think you could get Richard Branson interested in our products. He has even said he would trade in cannabis if it was legal." I vomited on the spot.

"If Branson believed in dope, he would have traded in it years ago rather than sucking the kids' pocket-money for records and sucking up to Thatcher's crotch. He should stick to hot-air and insurance. We need him like a hole in the head." ■

You can e-mail Howard Marks at: http://www.weaveworld.co.uk/howardmarks

INNOVATE
don't imitate
HUGO
HUGO BOSS
eau de toilette
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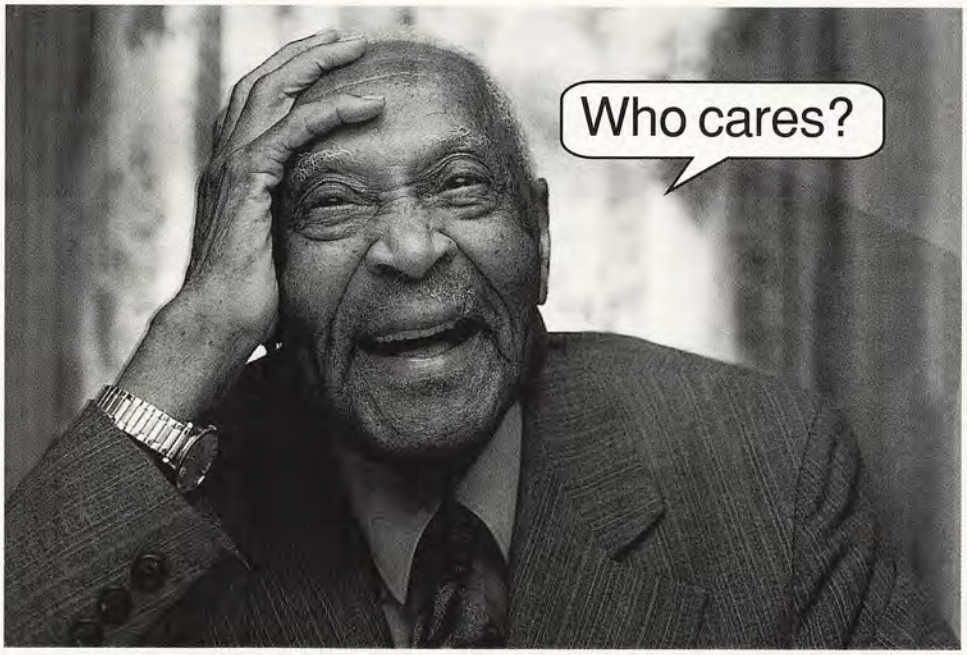
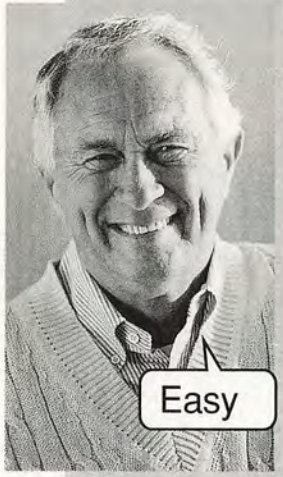
I'm not worried about the cost of my funeral

Because I'll be dead

I realised long ago that there was no point losing sleep over the cost of my burial because the whole thing means sod all. As a dead person I plan to pay no attention whatsoever to living. They can chuck me in the canal for all I care and donate my arse to science. The way I see it, folk worrying money out of the elderly by suggesting that even by dying they are somehow causing a problem is well out of order. You can bury my heart at wounded knee and pay for the shovel as far as I'm concerned. In fact, don't even bother doing that. See ya later kids...



IT'S SO SIMPLE!



For thousands of years other cultures have ignored their dead, thrown them in the river or simply burnt them. Now, by simply accepting your own mortality, you too can join the ranks of guilt-free corpses who realised they should live when they're alive and sleep when they're dead.* Look at this way, the living get all the perks. The least you can do as a dead person is give them something to worry about. Whichever way you look at it, you'll be dead and there's nothing you can do to change that.

* © Jon Bon Jovi

THE FACTS

Remember the facts of life? Well check these out – the facts of death. Death is absolute, and, whatever your religion, most experts agree that, once you're dead, your financial affairs are a thing of the past. Now consider these morbid truths:

- **You can't take it with you**
- **Least said, soonest mended**
- **It comes to us all**
- **You're a long time dead**

WHAT CAN I DO?

Absolutely nothing. Just die. Fill in the coupon below if you want. You could even send us some money. But if we wanted your money we'd have used pictures of Thora Hird to sell you a chairlift. When we receive the coupon we'll file it. Then when you die we'll put it into another file to demonstrate our 100 per cent success rate. Not that that's any good to you. BECAUSE YOU'LL BE DEAD!

Name_____

Age_____

How long do you give yourself? _____

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WE MAKE THE BULLET'S CASING.

Digital Barnyard

We all love chickens, particularly in food form. These strange birds and their 'monthlies' have been the staple fare of the British fry-up for almost six centuries. And the ancient Egyptians worshipped cat eggs as though they were god. What few of us realise is that aggravated battery farm chickens feasting on each other's guts rarely make good eggs. How can you "go to work on an egg" knowing the captive hell of the feathered prisoner that laid it?

Science brains have noted that it's better for animals to be outside as opposed to being indoors with no lights on and crammed into cells in some dismal chick Alcatraz. Happy is the bird who is outside, running full pelt at the farmer's bucket and pogoing around with her mates in a grain frenzy. Allowing the chickens out for brief periods every couple of weeks has led to a vast improvement in the quality of the yolk. This did nothing to convince farmers, who already knew to their cost that eggs laid in the fresh air are often stolen.

An answer to appease both camps has come in the form of the a virtual reality face implement designed expressly for British chickens by Yolk Tech. The aim is to provoke the big egg glands of demanding chickens by providing them with an ever-changing electronic vista.

Yolk Tech's scientists have upped the average yolk thickness from gravy to yoghurt. Tests with both the 2-bit and 64-bit versions of the Chick Vista@ have produced astonishing results - if only from saving the test chickens from the stress of watching their best friends' beaks drop off from melancholy.

No more though.

At £3, the 2-bit version provides a high-tech rendering of the horizon to almost NASA specifications. At £4*, the 64-bit version involves a rendering of Constable's classic work The Haywain. The chicken will be able to electronically drink from the wain or digitally bask in the hay. It's thought to be unlikely that Farmers will want to waste this extra pound. One commented: "I'm not wasting another quid on chickens."

Possible upgrades include the Weekend In Vegas package and the vaguely pornographic A Visit From Mr Fox, a tale of extreme hen sex with roosters trussed up as foxes. Sadly, this won't be available until Autumn 1998, when eggs are predicted to be the size of grapefruits.

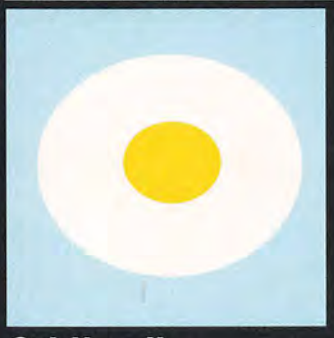
*miniumum order 10,000

WHAT THE CHICKEN ACTUALLY SEES

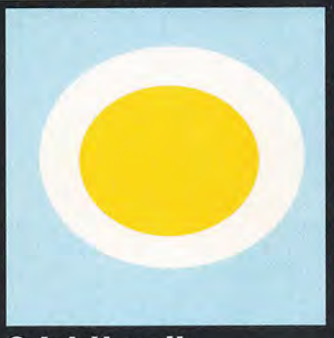
2-bit

64-bit

WHAT THE EGGS LOOK LIKE



2-bit yolk



64-bit yolk

NATIONAL GALLERY PHOTO LIBRARY

rogue

EDDIE LITTLE

This month, the LA crimewriter bobs and weaves, ducks and dives into the world of fast-talking, cool-handed 'booster' Roo Raging. Ya with me?

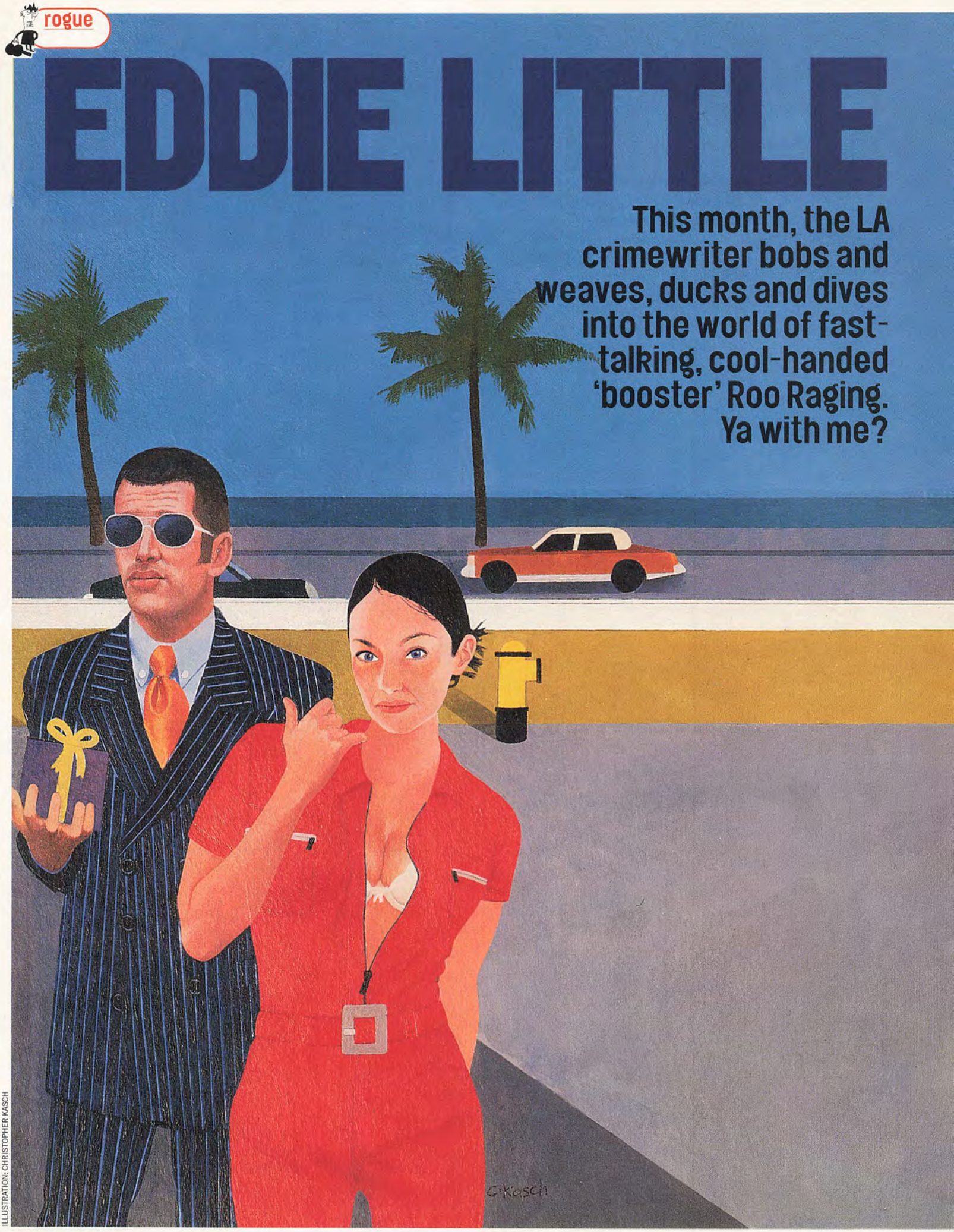


ILLUSTRATION: CHRISTOPHER KASCH

Roo Raging and Aussie Girl were on the job. Finding the right jewellery store took a week. Seven days of ongoing labour. Being together 24-7 like that, you have to really like each other, maybe more than like each other. Hundreds of miles logged on LA's crowded freeway system sitting in traffic jams and always the stash of cash shrinking, each day getting a little bit scarier, a little closer to broke. Wandering in and out of malls, through jewellery marts. On day six they found it, a store that was perfect: one guy on the counter at lunch, no video cameras, and the solid gold Rolex Presidential their client had ordered in stock. And, like the good Lord, on the seventh day, they rested. Doing coke, drinking, watching the idiot box and making love.

On day eight they stroll into the jewellery store, impeccably groomed. Great prospects for a big sale. Roo's dressed in a black Armani suit and carrying a gift-wrapped package. Aussie Girl is wearing a Kamali outfit – nice. These two are obviously in love; twinkling eyes and lingering touches while they look at engagement and wedding rings. As she tries on ring after ring, paying more attention to the clerk than him, Roo is obviously getting bored.

Tired of the shopping and his fiancée ignoring him, now wandering down the aisle and stopping at the target area, he asks if he can look at the watches as his honey drifts away from the ring case and to his side. The Rolex Presidential is kept safe, and it only hits the counter for a minute. Then for one, maybe two seconds, the clerk is confused as Aussie Girl obviously gives him the eye and adjusts her bra. That's all it takes, folks. In the second that he's watching her instead of Roo, the switch is made. Out of the hinged side of the gift-wrapped package slides a Rolex box and watch identical to the one on the counter, identical in every way, except the watch is a fake. Abracadabra. Hocus Pocus. Now ya see it and now ya don't. As the future newlyweds drift out the door discussing rings, the clerk puts the box with the fake in the safe, wondering why he didn't make a sale. Mr and Mrs Young And Prosperous, Roo Raging and Aussie Girl, made eight grand from that score. Four grand each for a week's work. Not bad. At least on the surface.

Boosting, or shoplifting, is technically commercial burglary, grand theft and/or theft by deceit. Roo says things just haven't been the same since his old lady got busted. His ace crime partner Aussie Girl is gone for a couple more years and it's already been over a year since she took a fall for her second felony charge. No violence, no threat of violence, just shoplifting, but she's gone. Up in the slammer with a girlfriend named Adrianne who's got huge arms covered with bad tattoos, who can definitely do a better job of eating pussy.

For a minute, Roo's bravado cracks as he feels the absence of Aussie Girl. This is a guy whose façade is the most important thing in his business inventory, but for a second, the loneliness and pain shows through. As he lights a cigarette, I ask him how he got into boosting and he says it was a game – almost a competitive sport – when he was a kid growing up in the 'burbs. Now it's a way of life. One that took his girl and will eventually take him...

As he's delivering his monologue, Mr Magic With Merchandise, AKA Roo Raging, is as animated as a cartoon character; hands flying, maintaining constant eye-contact. He wants to see his nickname in print, a form of immortality. And if Aussie Girl reads this story while sitting in the pen, it's a way of letting her know that life just isn't the same without her. I ask him how he got the nickname Roo Raging and he's off: "Cause my old lady is Australian, they call kangeroos Roos. Now Roos, they jump fast and are a rock'n'roll motherfucker to catch, and if ya catch one it'll beat the shit outta ya. Anyhow, she usta call me Roo and then Roo Raging because I'm raging 24-7, can't stop. Gotta live life full on, fast cars, fast lane and, until my baby gets out, fast women. Raging."

Roo Raging is doing OK – he's dressed a hell of a lot better than I am and definitely has a lot more dough in his pockets. A whole lot more. I ask him how he puts the big moves together, and he laughs, loud, real loud. "Sheee-it, 'now ya see it now ya don't' will get ya busted every time. It should be 'ya don't see it', period. End of story. Ya with me?

"Check it out, Rolexes, Brightlings, Cartiers, diamond rings... whatever. Ya go after stuff like that ya got two choices. Number one: bust the cases open, which gets real messy. Most jewellery store owners hate it when ya start fucking with their locked cases, ya know? The other one, and my favourite, is this: you name anything, watch, ring, whatever. If you know where to go, you can get a hook (counterfeit) that is almost perfect. I got this Israeli guy that's a fuckin' artist, makes perfect hooks. So you choose your scores, scope the store, work with a team. Have one person go in and check the security, rap to the people behind the counter see if they can be distracted, check for video cameras. All that kinda shit.

"Then ya get ya hook made, the good ones are made to order. This is class shit. Ya roll in with your team, maybe wearing a nice Armani suit with the pockets modified, maybe using the wrapped gift box with a hinged side, and *voila*.

"Aussie Girl was an actress. A real one. Man I do miss her. The best crime partner I ever had. She was wonderful, nothing corny or loud about her, bat her eyes and say, 'Excuse me', real demurely and would distract the guy showing me the watch for a second or two – that's all it takes. See ya. On to the next score, now that's magic with merchandise. It's all in the set-up, making sure you have the correct replacement. Clocking the employees, doing your homework.

"Diamonds are good, too. There's fake rocks that no one, and I do mean *no one* can tell are fake unless they loop them or use a scope. So you determine what you're after, and use a spy camera so your replacement is perfect. There's all kinds of trick shit you can pick up, cameras that look like lighters, cameras that look like a pin in your lapel for Chrissakes. Get a picture of what you're after and get it made up. Do your homework and take it down like clockwork. Boo ya. Tell the counter person you'll think about it, or have one of your team call ya on your cellular with an emergency and roll on out. 'Thanks, see ya later.' And you're gone with the goods."

I ask him, "How did ya learn this stuff, ya got a shoplifters' union, start as an apprentice and work your way up? What's the story?"

And Roo Raging, Mr Magic With Merchandise, gives that maniac laugh and says, "Just good old American ingenuity. If there's a will, there's a way. You know? Right man?"

Below Roo's 1,000 mile-an-hour façade lives the hope that he and Aussie Girl will get another shot of making it. He says he'd even get a job, go for the white picket fence, a couple of kids and the Cocker Spaniel, the whole deal. Stranger things have happened. Right?

That's if he doesn't end up inside before she gets outside.

Ed Little's debut novel, Another Day In Paradise, *is available to* **loaded** *readers at a discount price of £8.00 inc p&p (rrp £9.99). To order one call the TBS order line on 01621 819596 and quote* **loaded** *Ed Little offer'.*

"Check it out: Rolexes, Brightlings, Cartiers, whatever. Ya roll in with your team, maybe in a nice Armani with the pockets modified, maybe using a gift box with a hinged side – and *voila*"

Can you tell who it is yet?

Didgeri-wobble-Stylo-huff'n'puff-quick-draw artist Rolf Harris

He's the cuddly Australian Uncle with the dangly corks. The beardy asthmatic with the huge didgeridoo and the extra leg. The man who taught a generation to swim, brought us the electronic joy that is the Stylophone and invented ambient techno on his day off. And now, not content with poking injured crows on *Animal Hospital*, Rolf Harris is releasing his second album of amusing cover versions played on the wobble board. Ladies and Gentlemen, Sheilas and Cobbers, we give you the man who laughs at everything.

Is it true that Koala bears spend all day monged out on drugs?

Yeah! Heh-heh! They're all out of their heads! The eucalyptus they eat is like a drug, it has a narcotic effect and they sleep 18 hours out of every 24. They don't actually fall out of the trees, but Koalas are high most of the time! And their fur smells so strongly of eucalyptus, no vermin can stand it, so they don't have fleas or ticks. Very clean.

Have you ever been badly bitten?

I've seen other people bitten, like an old lady who was bitten by a feral cat she'd brought in. Right to the bone! Oof! I haven't had anything bite me apart from a little parakeet. But that was a nasty bird, it would have bitten anyone who put their hand near it! Heh heh! But usually wounded animals will only yelp or snap at you if you cause them pain. They're rarely aggressive; even lions and tigers. The bigger they are, the calmer they are. It's the little ones that are snappy.

What's the most exotic creature you've had your hands on?

A great big scaly green lizard about two foot long. That's certainly weird when you're used to dogs and cats. I've got a big black poodle and four cats: two Devon Rexes, one Sphinx and one Bengal. Now they're exotic.

Have you ever scoffed ants in the bush?

Oh yes, honey ants are quite incredible to eat. And if you take a red ant nest, dunk it in a bucket of water, drown 'em all and drink the water, it tastes just like flat lemonade!

Any animals that give you the willies?

Poisonous snakes I'm very, very scared of. I used to get panicky around snakes, thinking they'd be all slimy. But then you actually touch them, feel the muscles moving under the skin, feel the power, it's still a mystery how they manage to move, to skate along the ground, it's absolutely fascinating. They're certainly not cold and slimy, though. They feel like shiny high-gloss paint. I'm not too thrilled with spiders, either. [*Shivers*] I draw the line at spiders. The only way I can go near them is by putting a glass over them – heh-heh! – slide a piece of cardboard under the glass, so you've got – heh-heh! – the spider sittin' on the cardboard and you can set 'em free in the garden. Sometimes – heh-heh! – I throw the glass away with the spider! HAHAHA!! Hooowhoo!!

Have you ever tied a kangaroo down?

Heh-heh! I tried! It was for a publicity photo when 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport' first came out in 1960! I tried to tie one down, but it was absolutely ludicrous, leaping about with the rope, getting all tangled up with this other kangaroo. Absolutely terrible waste of time. Actually, it wasn't even a kangaroo, it was a wallaby – they're much smaller and I couldn't even get a rope around it.

Are you ever worried about presenting a bad Australian stereotype, that you're all jolly swagmen with corks hanging from your hats and fingering your didgeridoos?

[*Shocked*] Nobody has EVER said that to me before! It's never even occurred to me! I've always been honest with what I do. I've never been the sort of person who leads you up the garden path and pushes you over the edge into the water. Or makes you climb a tree, then chops the tree down for a laugh. I'd never con anyone, this is just me.

> **"I tried to tie a kangaroo down but it was a waste of time"**

The wobble board, the didgeridoo and the Stylophone; you've chosen the three easiest instruments in the world to play, haven't you?

No, they're actually very difficult to play. I assumed everyone could play the wobble board until I tried to market them. Nobody bought them, because the timing required is really difficult to master! The didgeridoo is even harder, you have to learn cycle breathing – in through your nose while making the noise with your mouth – and you have to resonate your sinuses [*Rolf resonates his sinuses*]: mmmm-rrr-bbbuurrr…

And the Stylophone – does that make you the Godfather of dance music?

Heh-heh! I dunno! The ol' Stylophone! Heh-heh! That was the forerunner of all those electronic synthesiser keyboard-type instruments. It sounded like a demented bee trapped in a bottle! Buzzz! Warrrrhhh!! Zummm!!! But then when Casio came along with the first proper keyboard, with actual keys that moved up and down, the Stylophone instantly became obsolete and disappeared without trace. But for four years there, there wasn't anything to touch it! I had a really deluxe model, a cracking big thing with two pointers. I wish to God I had it now! Great!

'Sun Arise', possibly the first ever New Age ambient dance groove, is being remixed by New Age ambient dance groovers 808 State for a forthcoming Rolf single. Are you happy with 'the mix'?

Yeah! Heh-heh! There's some really good didgeridoo playing on that! The didgeridoos on the original are actually pretend; it's eight guys playing the bass fiddle. They made a great sound: buuurrrr-ummmba, burrrr-ummmba! But now it sounds better. Good song!

Which of the songs you cover on the *Can You Tell What It Is Yet?* album are your favourites?

I love 'Ob-la-di, ob-la-da' and 'Hey Bulldog', they were great fun. I think 'Perfect Day', the Lou Reed song, that's great with the little Spanish bit in the middle. And we came up trumps on Edwyn Collins' 'A Girl Like You', with all that [*Rolf does trademark rhythmic huffing and puffing thing*] hha-fhun-high-fhun, and there's a virtuoso Jew's harp performance on that! Brilliant! Heh heh!

In the '60s, you toured with Billy Fury and Alvin Stardust. Was it all drugs and groupies?

They were pretty wild days, yeah! Heh-heh! But I was the old man of the tour; they were all about 18, while I was 33. I was like a grandfather sitting there reading a novel and all these pop stars would be going mad with the girls in the dressing room and I'd be reading the same sentence seven times, trying not to look at what's going on! No, it was all pretty wild, but they were really good, really fascinating times…

You've had a vast amount of chart success: seven weeks at number one with 'Two Little Boys', number one with 'Sun Arise' and a top 10 with 'Stairway To Heaven'. Do you feel like a pop star?

I wish! Heh-heh! The trouble is that whenever I try to cash in on a certain ideas, it fails badly. When I had a hit with 'Sun Arise', I thought, "Well, I've got the formula now!" So I came out with 'Johnny Day', another Aboriginal song – and nothing! After 'Two Little Boys' I was offered 'Two Little Girls Had Two Little Curls' as a follow up. There's no way! I can't duplicate success. It's just luck.

Was there any rivalry between you and Tony Hart in the '70s as the kings of speed art?

Not really, no. I think we both appreciate each other's talents but we weren't up against each other as rivals. I just think he's marvellous. I wish I'd thought of doing pictures filmed from above with a road-marker.

Is art or music more important?

I love doing a big painting with people watching, I enjoy showing off, the ability to make people go, "Wow! Now I see what it is!" That's a real buzz! But I'm always beating time, drumming with pencils and stuff.

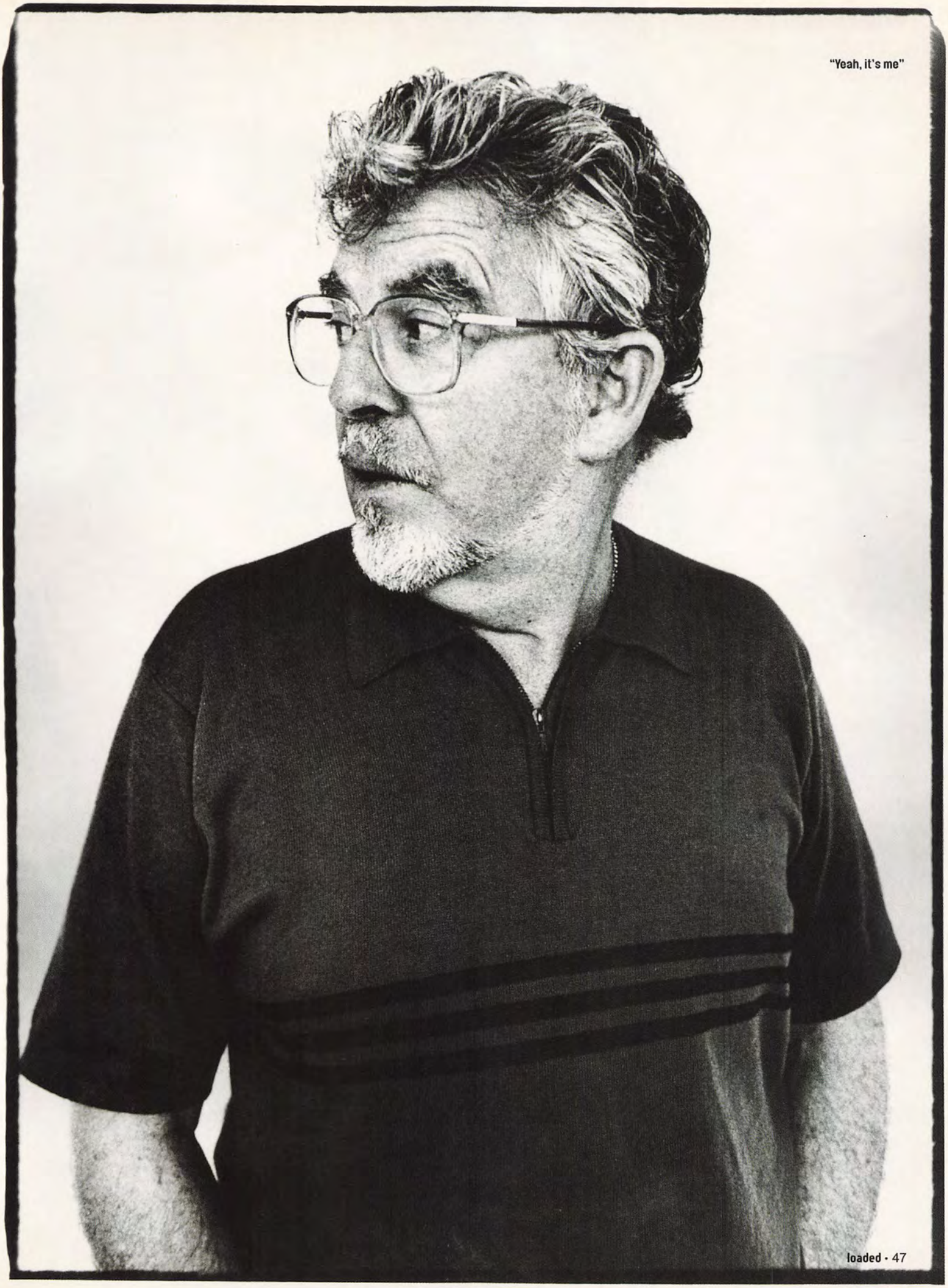
Have you always had the beard?

Yeah, I've always had it. I shaved it off once when I first met my wife. She saw me with it off and said, "Oh God, grow it back quick! It's like a big American car with all the chrome removed!"

JOHN PERRY

Can You Tell What It Is Yet? *is out now on EMI.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTYN GOODACRE



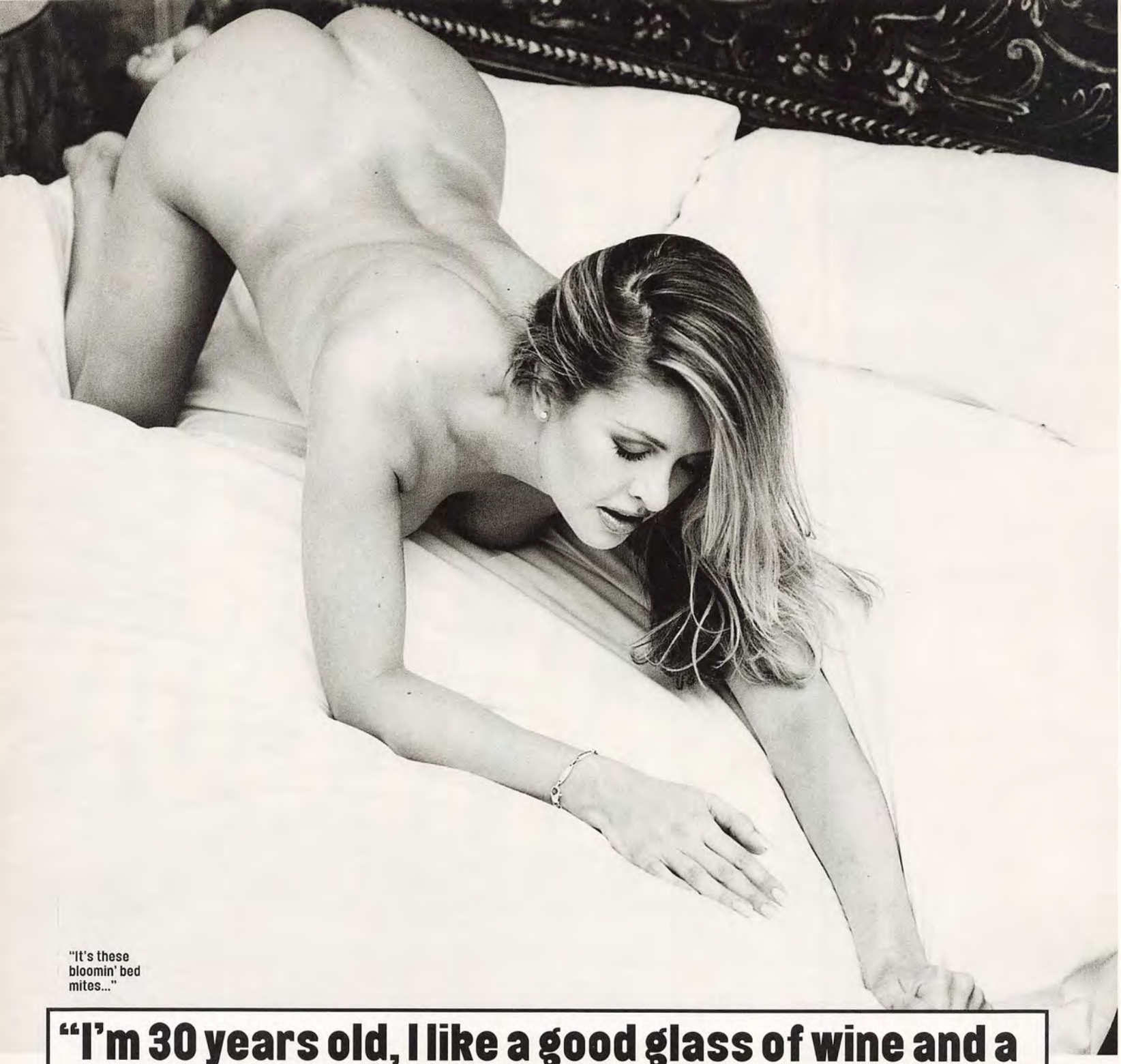
"Yeah, it's me"

'AND AMAZINGLY THEY'RE STILL IN BOTH CUPS

Kirsten Imrie, the best looking TV presenter in lingerie since Frank Bough

IT WAS JUST WHAT EVERYONE WAS AFRAID OF. PAGE THREE, THE 'FRIENDLY' FACE of partial nudity, was not as it seemed. Justified for years as a harmless way for a provincial lass to make an honest buck and hang the consequences – the female version of boxing in that respect – this top-heavy fraction collapsed, for me and a few million others at least, on the morning of Sunday 16 October 1994, and standing above the wreckage, or so it seemed, was a Scottish model called Kirsten Imrie. On that morning, the *News Of The World* proclaimed, beneath the headline, "I Took Drugs With Kathy And Gail And Then Made Love To Helen", that, in their spare time, many of Britain's Page Three 'favourites' lived in a disco vortex of drug-fuelled bisexual decadence. And God only knows how many of us wished we could join them. Prior to that, one suspects that what enabled the average chap to accept that in his newspaper was one kind of woman, and on the opposite side of the breakfast table sat quite another, was the idea that the models really all led 'normal' lives. Linda Lusardi lived with Terry the builder and Sam Fox had ✈

story by MICHAEL HOLDEN photos by JOHN STODDART



"It's these bloomin' bed mites..."

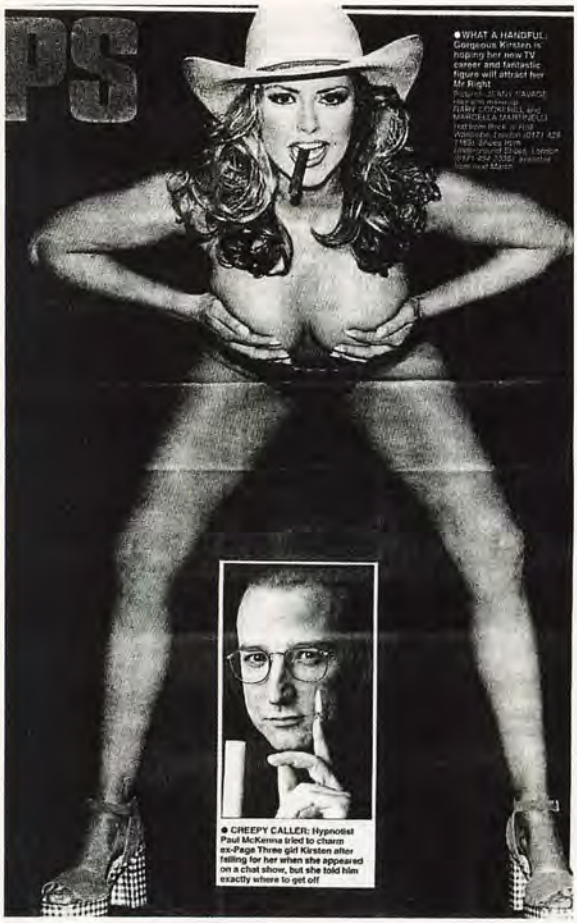
"I'm 30 years old, I like a good glass of wine and a cigarette and I used to do drugs. But who didn't?"

ended up going out with a skinny villain who sold dodgy slimmers' tea. But now drugs had made the Forces' favourite, Kirsten "a sex-crazed lesbian", and the Page Three wild bunch had "discovered it was best to chop the cocaine up first". Oh really? So, even though a significant percentage of the population had also done without sleep, danced around, taken drugs and slept with someone they'd rather not have the previous evening, the headlines still managed to shock on that Sunday morning. Assuming, that is, that any of it was true.

"I'm 30 years old, I like a good glass of wine and a cigarette and I used to do drugs. But who didn't?" says Kirsten today, in a soft, staccato brogue as she heads across London toward what turns out to be one of her last days as sports anchorwoman for Live TV. She still looks sensational, albeit in a slightly old school way. And judging by the number of turned heads that punctuate her journey from the bottom of Canary Wharf to her office up above, most of the men she passes are in agreement. "I don't know a single person in the industry who didn't try something at one point or another," she continues. "But the whole thing about me having a big problem with it is just ridiculous. I was very successful at what I did. How could I have possibly carried on with a modelling career if I was like that all the time?"

Successful she was. Having been spotted by a photographer at a bus stop in Scotland, already married once and on her way to one of the 14 factory and menial jobs she'd had in the five years since leaving school, by the late '80s she was in London and working on a regular basis. It's not something she has any regrets about, either. "I felt beautiful when I got photographed without any clothes on for the first time," she says. "People in this country are all too hung up on the sexual side of ✈

Kirsten tries in vain to lift herself off the ground


PS
● WHAT A HANDFUL: Gorgeous Kirsten is hoping her new TV career and fantastic figure will attract her Mr Right
● CREEPY CALLER: Hypnotist Paul McKenna tried to charm ex-Page Three girl Kirsten after falling for her when she appeared on a chat show, but she told him exactly where to get off

nudity. I don't get any sexual turn-on from it at all, I just feel beautiful."

By the end of the Gulf War she was one of the best-known models of her kind. But whilst other girls in her profession were afforded a reputation of relative acceptability, Kirsten was seen, for whatever reasons, as the Keith Richards of topless modelling. A drink-driving conviction and her supposed confessions forced her into an all-time low, as the papers tutted, sprinting readily to bite the breasts that fed them: "No amount of lipstick and gloss can conceal the shame the blonde feels."

Unsurprisingly, it is a period of time she prefers not to think about, and a set of allegations (in particular the idea that she "blew the lid" off the modelling scene) that she is unwilling to discuss. "No!" she says emphatically, when I suggest that she may have gone to the papers with her story. "You've got to remember that I'm not willing to talk about this in depth at all. This is dead and buried. In any scenario, if a newspaper comes to you and says they're going to do something and you say 'no', then they can do it anyway. And remember, you can't get legal aid for libel and I haven't got enough financial backing to sue them. But it was a few years ago and it's behind me. I'm very sorry about what happened, not just for the fact that I got sent to Coventry and it hurt a lot of people. But I know the true story and that's all that really matters. Not one person asked me if I'd done it, everybody just assumed I had. And these are people in the business, who should know better. You either play ball with the newspapers or you don't. We're all built by the tabloids and therefore we're all vulnerable."

PAGE 3 KIRSTEN ON ROAD TO RUIN

FALLEN Page 3 beauty Kirsten Lorrie has been caught driving after going on a bender.

● Model's done for drink-driving
● She's forced to sign on the dole

EXCLUSIVE
By MARK THOMAS

The shattered pin-up was almost three times over the limit.

And the News of the World can also reveal that the 26-year-old boozy blonde who once earned £1,000-a-week as a topless model can't get work and has been on the dole for three months.

Every other Friday she signs on for £43.45p-a-week income support and £60-a-week towards her mortgage.

Scot Kirsten left the unemployment office near her home at Woking, Surrey, and said: "I wouldn't be signing on if I didn't need the money.

"But there's not a lot of work out there. I'm just going through a rough time.

"It's very hard looking for work at the moment."

Desperate Kirsten had been trying her luck to get back into modelling work when she got drunk.

A court heard last week that she went on a drinks spree at Tramp nightclub in London's West End.

Police picked up her up at 3am in West London driving without lights.

Magistrate Roger Davies branded her irresponsible and anti-social when she appeared at London's Horseferry Road court.

He told Kirsten, who made a plea for legal aid: "I am deeply disturbed by the very large amount of alcohol in your system."

Tests showed 95 micrograms of alcohol per 100 millilitres of breath—equivalent to her drinking one and a half bottles of champagne.

Mr Davies adjourned the case for social reports.

Defence lawyer Peter Harris had told the court: "She was offered drink and she continued to drink because she was anxious to get on with this employer.

"She ended up having too many drinks and eventually drove."

Kirsten was stopped on June 24 driving her boyfriend's old Astra. She was on her way to pick up another model pal to drive to Dover for a photo session.

Stunner Kirsten first appeared as a topless model early in 1990.

She was bosom pals with Page Three girl Kathy Lloyd-until they had a bust-up over Kathy's ex-boyfriend Phil Harding. Kirsten had a secret affair with club manager Phil, 33.

But in February this year he returned to Kathy and married her in Las Vegas. Kirsten told the News of the World she had made love to Phil and had a saucy romp with Kathy-after a night's drinking.

"Phil just used to lie there-hopeless," said Kirsten. "So I decided not to bother any more.

"She really wasn't much fun either, although that may just be me being a little bit bitchy about her."

BROKE BEAUTY: Kirsten signing on

"Not one person asked me if I'd done it or not. And these are people in the business, who should know better"

Strange, then, that in her incarnation as TV presenter, she found herself quite willingly back in the employ of Kelvin MacKenzie, ex-head honcho of *The Sun*. "Kelvin's a businessman and I'm a businesswoman," she replies without hesitation, "and I'm good at my job." In fact, for someone who readily admits that when she started at Live TV she knew nothing about football and pledges allegiance to no particular team, she engages Terry Gibson in quite a knowledgeable discussion about European football on her show that evening. Gibson obviously knows more than her, but then you wouldn't want to stare at him naked for an extended period of time.

Kirsten loves the idea of being on television At the very least, her appearance is only an aspect of rather than the absolute reason for success. And she is genuinely good at what she does. In the context of Live TV, the station that brought us the News Bunny (a man vogueing in a rabbit costume during each bulletin) and Bouncy Weather (dwarves using a trampoline), she was Jeremy Paxman. Could it be that the voluptuous former hellraiser is settling down?

"To be honest I don't really socialize at all 'cos of my hours. There's got to be a reason for me going out. I did that whole club scene. I've stood around and had boring small talk so many times now, I can't bear it any more. It drives me insane," she sighs. "The thought of going to a nightclub? I can't think of anything worse. It sounds like I'm getting really old. I'm not, but most of my priorities have changed."

In her day, Kirsten was famed as an Olympic-standard drinker; when I first met her, she demonstrated how she used to snort tequila from ✈

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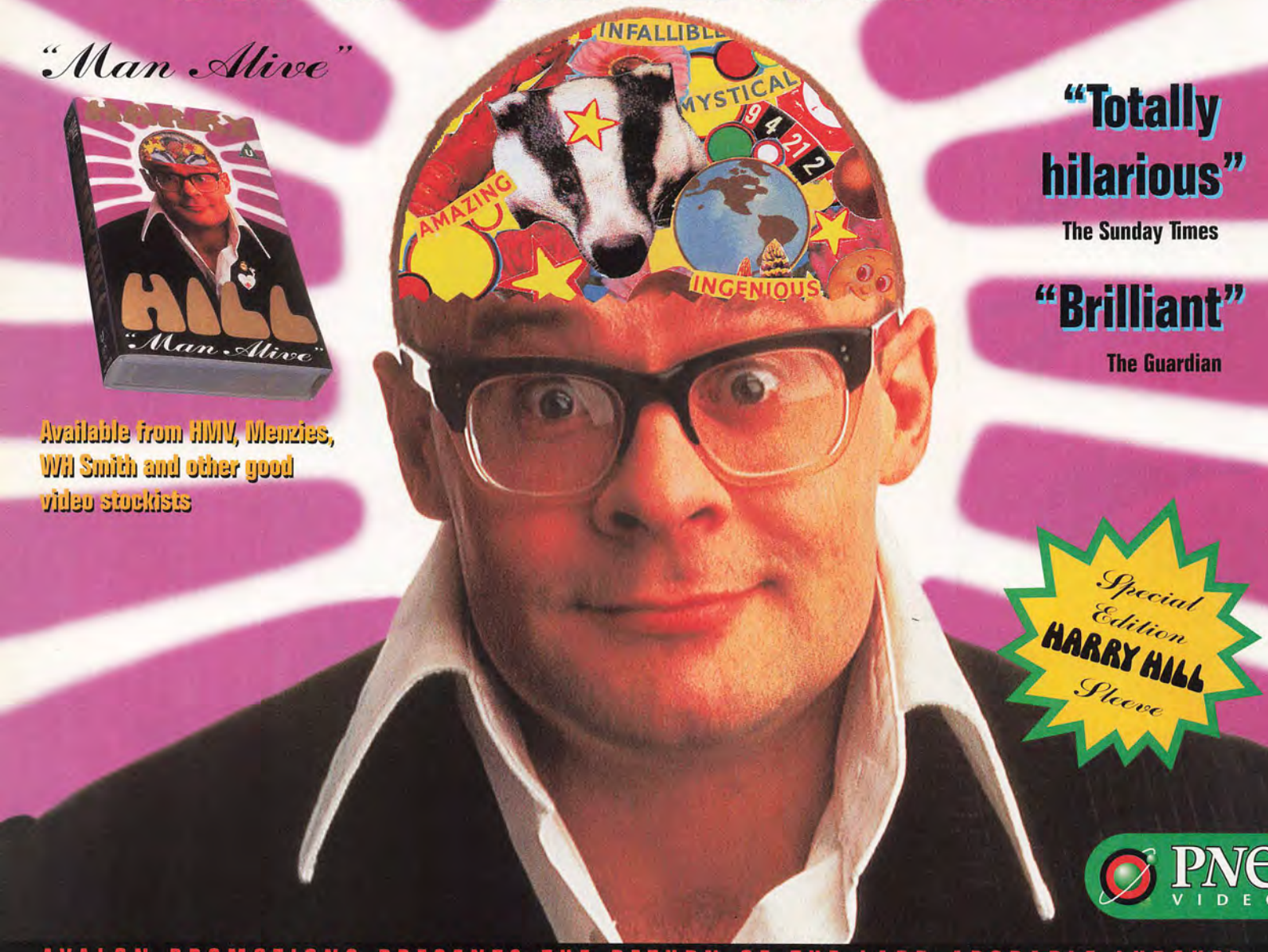

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Kirsten finds it hard to get a good night's sleep these days

the base of a bottle. Something, we can presume, that is no longer in her repertoire. "I drink a lot less. I probably drink as often, but gone are the days when I used to stagger home drunk. You can't hold down a job doing that any more. I was flying by the seat of my pants in back then. I somehow winged it and everybody around me was doing the same. Everybody was being a bit mad."

The sad fact is, though, it would be a shame if there wasn't at least some element of truth in all those stories. It seemed like such fun. "It looked like I lived the good life. Sex, drugs and rock'n'roll. You've gotta be kidding, mate!" she laughs. "Yeah, I used to work in a nightclub, stay out late at night and go to modelling jobs the next day. Yeah, I dabbled in drugs, but not to the extent that was written about."

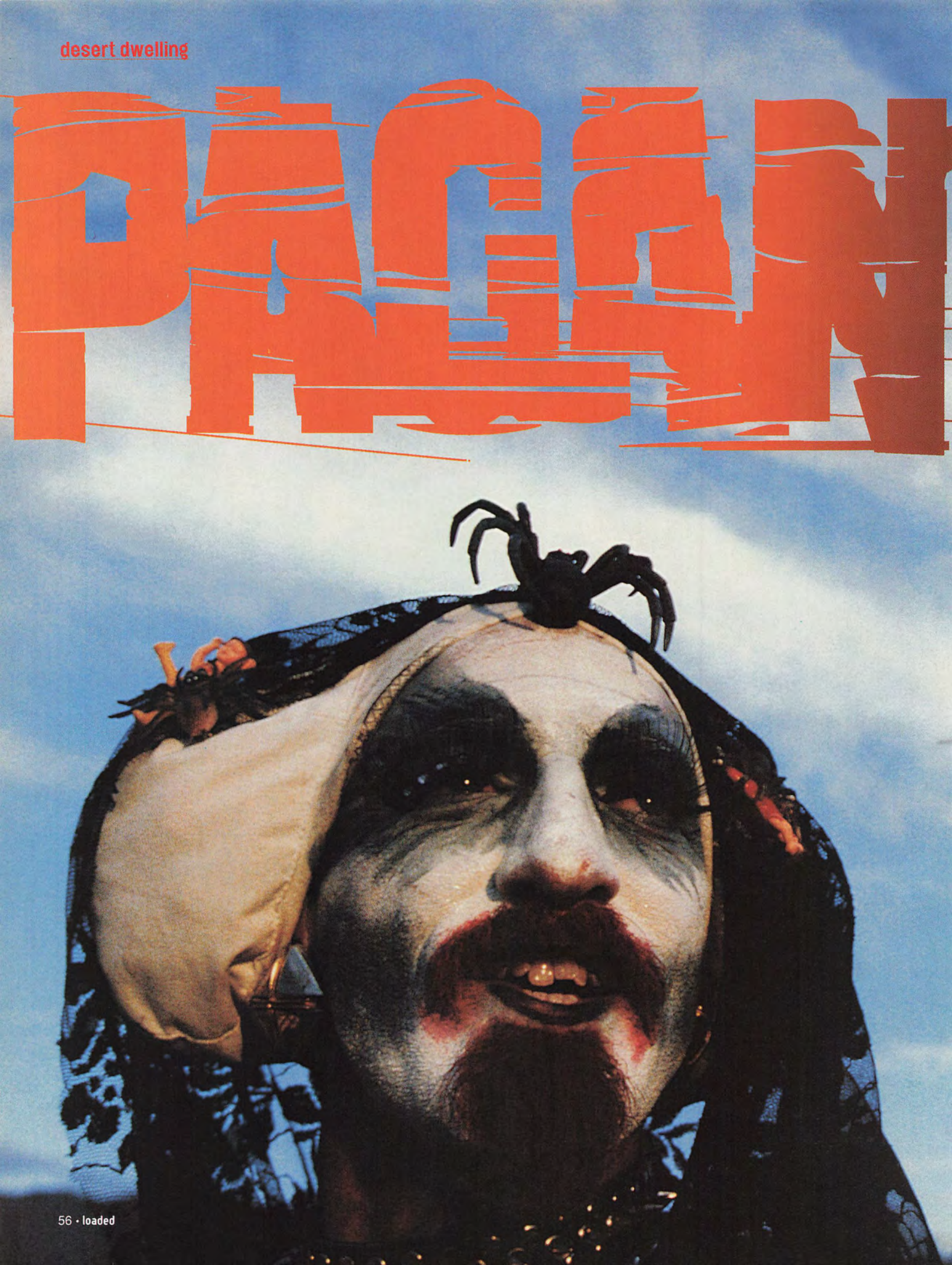
For someone so apparently forthright, what, I wonder, would she change about her past? "I wish I'd got it all out of my system less publically. If anything, I'm a success story. I've got through all the slatings I've had in the press and I'm still here and I've moved up. I'm moving on. If you're strong enough to move through that, then I think it gives hope to people that there's life after being a tabloid target."

How, then, does she balances that reformed-but-ever-reckless look in her eyes with such an evident will to be successful?. "I've always had a fear of being mundane," she announces, "and my life being boring. My mother died at a very early age, my father died a few months ago. I don't have a fear but I want to live and I want to live now."

"I was flying by the seat of my pants back then. I somehow winged it like the people around me. Everyone was a bit mad"

And then she's away to check the score of Man Utd V Juventus. A lass to be reckoned with. Silocone implants could be Paxman's only hope of survival. ◼

PEAK



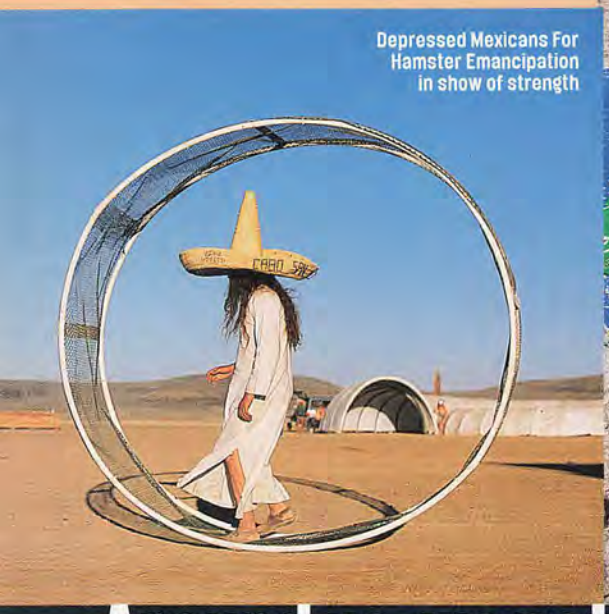
DISPLAY

Nakedness, orgies drugs and burning a 40ft man in the Nevada desert

"YOU CAN TURN BACK NOW. YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO through with this. There's nothing but crazies and mad people out here in the desert. Only last night, cannibals ransacked the site. Ate one of my friends. You don't believe me? Look, I've got the bones stacked up right here."

This croaky western drawl spits out from a middle-aged man in a toy plastic sheriff's hat, his face scrunched up like a dried prune behind a Yosemite Sam moustache. He's our first human encounter after hundreds of miles of driving into the Northern Nevada desert with our eyes plagued by shimmering spectres; mirages of blue seas and giant trucks rising up with the tarmac thermals. We've reached our destination, the rickety old farm gates of Black Rock City. "Go back," spits the old coyote-mad sheriff, right-angling his stinking tobacco head inside the jeep and reeling off a final caution: "They're gonna git ya. *Don't* say I ain't warned ya." ✈

story by ROWAN CHERNIN photos by NEALE HAYNES



Depressed Mexicans For Hamster Emancipation in show of strength

The soap-dodgers were flirting with danger

Around us, we notice the place is awash with butts,

Black Rock City is the tent town constructed for the annual chaos that is the Burning Man Festival. This is not a monsters of rock gig or a giant rave. This is an annual pagan freak-fest, an insane real-life preview of *Mad Max IV*. There's nothing but endless, fried, dusty desert with no caterers. You have no choice but to succumb to the masochism of survival. Our supplies, a mammoth $300 worth, basically consist of a single-flame gas stove, 18 gallons of water, two bottles of Southern Comfort, boxes of pot snacks and a few sugar-free biscuits to see us through the next four days.

The front page sheet of the A4 *Black Rock Gazette* – "The Burning Man's Official On-Site Daily Newspaper" – attempts to explain what we are about to receive: "Burning Man embraces the unknown and the unexpected. The Hualapai Playa [*the festival's dried-out lake bed site*] inspires our visions. Manifest your wildest passions, live on the edge of chaos, but respect the veil that keeps our community on this side of life and death."

Before I can finish reading, a giant 40ft dust devil, a whirlwind column of brown sand, snatches my paper and takes it drag racing across the makeshift city, loosening tents as it goes. This wind beast is matched in size only by the towering skeletal effigy of a wooden man, set rigid against the barren desert emptiness. A quarter of a mile in front of him is the semi-oval campsite; two miles of every conceivable shop-bought and home-made perversion, every colour and size of tent imaginable to man since he first decided he needed tents.

Our pitch is chosen by chance. A six-foot woman, a lean, broad brunette in a purple mini-dress, gets caught by the breeze and her smooth, bare, well-rounded behind catches the sun. "Right, tent goes here, then," announces Neale Haynes the photographer, a high-rolling young man who requires nothing less than luxury hotels when he travels. This is his penance from **loaded**: forced to share the dirt with pyromaniacs and cannibals, and a two-man tent with me.

Appropriately enough, last year's Burning Man theme was Hell. This year it's Fertility, which might explain the local Washoe County Health Department's insistence upon the organisers distributing free condoms. The US *Christian Charisma* magazine had a moral turn about all this rampant burning paganism in their March edition, with an article ominously entitled 'Invasion From The Dark Side'. Adding to the fun, nature has laid a few hurdles. On the Playa exists an inbred community of nocturnal rattlesnakes and scorpions, plus occasional patches of quicksand; not forgetting the threat of sunstroke and the near-freezing nights. Around 15,000 people are expected to attend, at $75 a head.

The festival's founder, Larry Harvey, first burnt an eight-foot wooden man on San Francisco's Baker Beach in 1986, to purge his soul of a love lost. By 1989, Harvey's annual therapeutic torching attracted a crowd of up to 800 people but, by order of the local authorities, the man was not to be burnt. The crowd nearly rioted. Can you imagine being told you can't torch Guy Fawkes? How pissed-off would you feel? Harvey decided the Nevada desert was the perfect sandpit for this increasing number of San Fran Bay Area crazies to camp, build and burn in creative amok.

The following year, a dust bowl lake amongst the 400 square miles of Northern Nevada nothingness became the site for a makeshift, four-day party. This year, guns are banned; the drive-by shooting range of previous gatherings has receded into history. The legend "Pick up everything. Leave nothing behind" is stamped on all campers' tickets. Thankfully the legendary 'shit in a carrier-bag' routine of the past has been replaced by plastic Portaloos. Fancy taking that home with you…

"Something for the weekend, madam?"

Yet despite the current luxury, it still feels like we've arrived at the nearest thing to Babylon since, quite possibly, Babylon itself. Are we about to partake in an anthropological experiment way off the radars of decency? Around us, we notice the place is awash with butts, bicycles and assorted genitalia. Nudity on wheels.

"No spectators," shouts the prune-faced sheriff, now riding past us, his cloak open and flapping, exposing the other shrivelled cowboy in his life. To our surprise, he turns out to be an official on-site warden. One of the Black Rock City Rangers, the responsible folk armed with walkie-talkies, here to sort out any problems.

"I'm not taking my pants off," states Neale. I'm tempted to call the sheriff over, but instead make a note of this declaration just in case he gets himself all excited later on. We've got four days out here surround by nakedness and cannibalism. Something's gonna snap.

OUR FIRST NIGHT WALK AROUND BLACK ROCK soon indicates the nature of our contribution to the show. We are more than just

"I don't tolerate chewing gum in my classroom Trisha, you know that"

"I want to ride my bicycle, I want to ride my bike..." © Freddie Mercury etc...

bicycles and assorted genitalia. Nudity on wheels

Alisha's Attic tribute band Alisha Should Be Locked in the Basement

"I'm sorry but if you want that promotion..."

spectators. Comparatively speaking, we are two giant cardboard boxes with legs. Total squares. We are the dynamos these crazed people can wind up and spin off into their own world. Everyone wants to talk. A man called Planet Dancer involves us in a passing conversation about his 'Wild Wand'. At first this is the name of his rainbow-coloured badge. Ten minutes later it also turns out to be the name of his todger. I tell him Neale's real name is Starfish and the joke backfires. He likes us just a bit too much.

Sneaking off into the darkness we find a standing circle of eight-foot mirrors with a low-tilted psychiatrist's chair beneath a flashing strobe in the middle. Five minutes later the lucid dreaming I'm told I will experience hasn't materialised. The shrink opens a book, rips out a page and hands it to me: "This is how Bill would have liked it to be read," he says dryly, with a hint of disappointment. The page is from a William Burroughs book, *The Ticket That Exploded*.

In the distance, a loop from the opening bars of 'Sympathy For The Devil' pulls at our attention. It's coming from beneath a glowing blue parachute suspended above a crowd of people. It's only a 30-metre walk but, distracted on all sides, it takes us hours to get there. We encounter the Red Light District – an illuminated cabinet full of Barbie Dolls. Then there's an Edwardian-style living room to walk past with an ill-placed picture of Bob Marley. Outside The Temple Of Atonement, a lecturer proclaims that the average family man needs one hour of sex a week from a prostitute. He wants the crowd to tell him why such men are unable to speak to their wives about it.

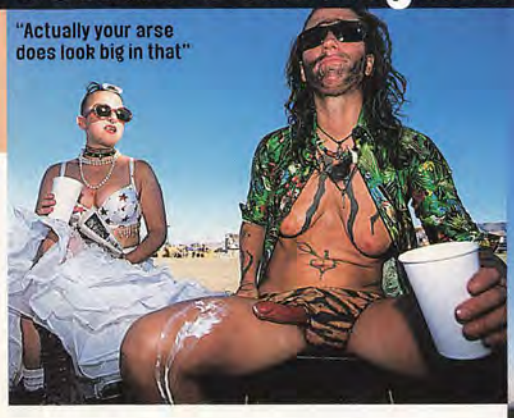
The onlookers offer no answers. This crowd is made up of blokes in proper boots and warm fleeces, staring like rabbits into a hunter's torch. "We want clean souls!" howls the man. "Our souls are used, your souls are needed." Eventually he gets a victim, handcuffs him to a customised gym box and mercilessly beats his arse for all to watch. Still everyone stares. Whether by force or hypnotism, the squares are systematically being rounded off – I have a terrible feeling that we'll go next. The hard edges of restriction, the oppressive or sensible part of your brain that stops you going naked on a hot day in the park – rationality – is in jeopardy. Whenever a moment of peaceful silence arrives, banshee-like screams ring out and spread around the camp.

Finally, when we reach the music under the parachute, it turns out to be a ✈

At home with Rowan

Toilet facilities needed some fine-tuning

Dancing girls with blue-painted boobs have got the fellas staring into their hypnotic blancmange


"Actually your arse does look big in that"

Early trials for the REMCO nose immobiliser

"Someone stop that telly!"

tantric titty bar. Clean, comfy 20-somethings on Eastern cushions and rugs are hitting drums and shaking bells. Dancing girls with blue-painted boobs have got the fellas unashamedly staring into their hypnotic blancmange. One guy, probably a bank clerk by trade, is lost. A girl swings up into his face and balances a didgeridoo sideways on his head, then deftly paints big blue wobbly circles around his eyes. He's either dead or been under the strobe for too long – he doesn't even blink.

No sleazy dollar bills change hands, and no cushions rise from laps. This is mass trance-out. If you want in, there's plenty of idle instruments left to bang and shake. No spectators, remember.

ON THE BUS HEADING TO THE HOT SPRINGS – A good old-fashioned yellow American one – the people, seen close-up, are scarier than I'd imagined. They are not love-and-peace hippies or bearded, meditating basket-weavers with coloured bits adorning their dreadlocks. This lot are genuine freaks. Mostly around the 30 age group, their attitude is more in line with old-school English punk: upfront, loud, eager to scream and ready to shout. Clothing-wise, anything goes. Imagine all the junk from every skip, bin bag, rubbish tip and backyard you've ever seen, add brightly coloured paint and dump it in a desert. Now you'll have some idea as to what we're up against.

On reaching the springs, everyone, even the driver, strips off. We get in amongst them, up to our necks in near-boiling muddy water. We can see the surreal-looking geysers, giant chocolate turrets and squirting, magical fountains of steam which feed the pools. This is a big mud pie, full of adults making as much mess as possible. It's fantastic. This is the ticket. Baptism by mud.

"Most males are naturists until they are 13," says a woman to anyone listening. "Then they don't do it again until they reach 30."

Back on site, Black Rock is beginning to resemble a Monty Python take on Armageddon. Strange vehicles cruise across the Playa dust. Lawn-mower engines power anything from chairs to hybrid footwear and skateboards. A motorised flying machine hovers above while naked people scoot around the City on customised Pee Wee Herman-style push bikes.

Tonight they're going to burn the Daughters Of Ishtar, a giant phallic column the size of Nelson's, with a ring of Medusa heads around its base. The eager crowds are already gathering, and the level of drumming, screaming and nudity is up on yesterday. "Aga Ishtar," is the contagious chant for this death and resurrection ritual, celebrating the Sumerian cult of sacred prostitution. When the dancers finally appear, the noise is deafening as the naked fertility ritual begins. This is pure pagan opera. The good old days before clothes. The ceremony is basically a large-scale burning of the maypole. If it topples there will have to be skin grafts all round.

The noise and energy from all these crazies keeps us wired and up on the Playa dust. Today, Neale has got silver hair. Last night, he was abducted by pierced cyber zombies who held him down and painted his head. He looks like part of the nearby crew playing naked 18-30-style Twister. This frisky routine is strictly for the boys, by the look of it – 18 of them, all around 30. "Skin yellow," shouts the compere. Their bodies are painted with coloured dots, like the ones on the board.

The girls, to be precise only around 40 of the sexiest, are on a topless bicycle ride speeding around the Black Rock shouting "One, two, three, thrust", and launching into a mass pelvic palpitation. We get surrounded like cowboys hounded by wailing Indians – no one in England is ever going to believe this. Everybody is insane. It's put us off our pot snacks. We want whatever this lot have had, and end up sharing fresh mushrooms on toast with our neighbours. It's about now the fireworks start.

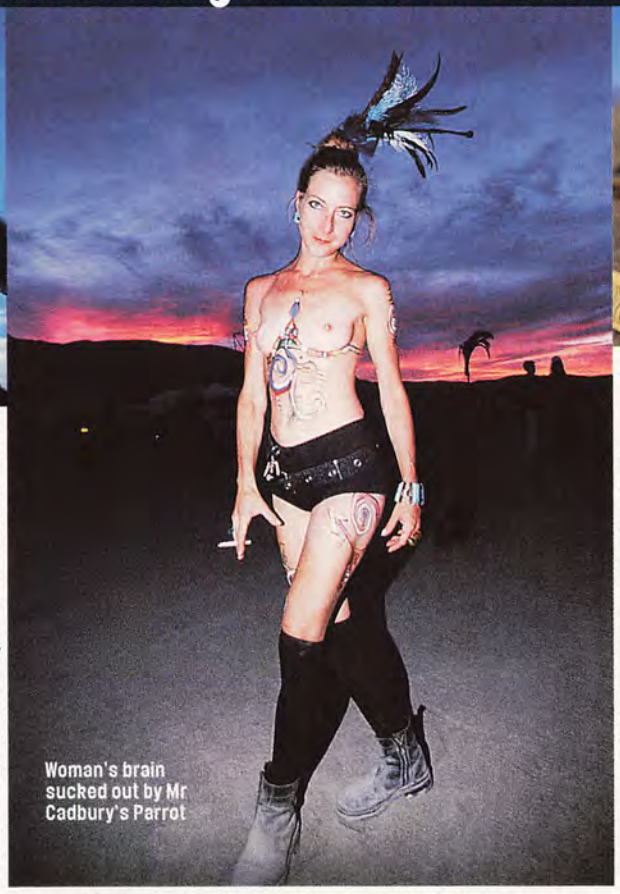
As the sun goes down, the explosion of coloured fire fills the black sky. This is the preliminary to the burning of the giant wooden man itself; the huge structure is put to the torch and eventually crashes down into an atomic-style ball of flame, one hand held up like the Statue Of Liberty. It drops with more style and colour than the burning effigy that accompanies Edward Woodward's recital of the Lord's ✈

"I used to dream of a white wedding."

Blue woman stalked by man in neon suit

Audacious clothes thief hits disco number two

This is like Guy Fawkes' night on acid. Disneyland for freaks



Woman's brain sucked out by Mr Cadbury's Parrot

WARNING
THIS AREA HAS BEEN DESIGNATED A
NO MEDIA ZONE
NO CAMERAS • NO VIDEO • NO MICROPHONES
CAUTION: BEYOND THIS POINT EVENTS PASS UNRECORDED. TIME FLOWS FREELY. ALL YOU HAVE ARE YOUR MEMORIES.

Prayer in *The Wicker Man*. Even sexy Britt Ekland's bizarre, naked folk dance from the same film is overshadowed. The fallen man sends a spark-filled heatwave rushing through the crowd, and everybody breaks into the kind of bare-bum feverish dancing frenzy I associate with devil worship. This is like Guy Fawkes' night on acid. Disneyland for freaks. Surely this is part of a controlled Cold War-style experiment where the unsuspecting populace have been sprayed with LSD while the police helicopters circle overhead and film us going naked crazy bananas.

Strange is fast becoming a state of mind. Remember the scene in *The Doors* where Jim Morrison keeps on seeing an Indian Chief? We're having a similar problem, only we keep seeing this Hawaiian chick through the writhing crowds, throwing us smiles. "Hi," she chirps, appearing behind us like a Cheshire Cat, "are you the Whip Master from the Temple Of Atonement?" God flaming Lord Jesus, she's after a spanking. "No," I stammer, staring mesmerized into her snake-like eyes. She coaxes a few words out of Neale and leads us toward the Temple of Atonement.

It dawns on me that this could be a trap. A honey trap. Sexy girl leads two awestruck males into hardcore maelstrom in the "soul cleansing" zone. Bent over and chained to the box at the Temple is a previous victim, his body painted in black Latex. Behind him looms a dead-ringer for Junkyard Sal from Russ Meyer's *Beneath The Valley Of The Ultra Vixens* – a six-foot black woman in a black catsuit and Gestapo hat. Her thighs are like fat Siamese twins held together by a police belt holstering a range of Rambo-esque knives.

"Would you like to see my tits?" I hear the Hawaiian ask Neale.

"Yes," he whispers.

"Would you like a threesome?"

"Yes. Who's the other girl?"

While Neale weighs up the Hawaii Three-O, the chained Latex man is suffering from a body burglary. Not only is Sal ripping the hairs off his back as the rubber glue-like covering is snatched off in handfuls, her surgically-gloved free hand appears to be up to something.

"The tent is just behind here," motions Honey, pointing to a dark opening beside the Temple.

"Who's the third person?" asks Neale, starting to get worried.

"Meet Razor," she replies.

While Sal searches for the tonsils of her prey, Neale's face dissolves. The horror. Razor. The Devil. A gargantuan figure barely contained within a black, one-piece, vest-style cycling suit with a giant predatory front pouch.

"Hi, Neale."

"Noooo! I'm not having that!" Haynes cries, shaking his head.

Our Venus honey-trap loses her "clean-souled" fly. Disappointed heads shake amongst the crowd. Neale was almost flail-bait – the bum that got away.

The site is melting into anarchy. Outside the semi-circle of tents, anything flammable burns. Naked, screaming bodies run in all directions. This is, pants down, the greatest art show on earth. A motorised sofa, complete with canopy, crawls past full of writhing bodies. Its engine roars and the land speed couch record attempt hurtles into desert darkness. The noise fades as we walk in on an orgy. Underneath the plastic sheet canopy, pages of porn lie scattered around, with people on top having a right old fiddle with each other. This is not the kind of festival where you buy the official souvenir T-shirt. The only things you bring back are peculiar memories and scars.

We hide in the relative safety of a disco made of bolted-together doors, called, appropriately enough, The House Of Doors. One of them opens and an old white-bearded man appears.

"Neale, your taxi's here."

Haynes looks up and the old bloke ✈

"What a nightmare."
SOUTHERNERS HAVE THEIR OWN RULES
SOUTHERN COMFORT

PICK UP 400lbs OF COMEDY

BUY THE VIDEO FROM NOVEMBER 3RD

UNIVERSAL

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"Just a bit off the top, please"

"Who's got the sparklers?"

This is not the kind of festival where you buy a souvenir T-shirt. The only things you bring back are peculiar memories and scars

"Buuurn her! She's not like us!"

Penis with a tiny joke man attached

disappears into smoke. It's a hallucination of some kind. The fireworks are kicking in again, and on comes Abba: "If you change your mind… take a chance on me." Everything is fine and dandy again until Neale pipes up, "Rowan, that girl you're talking to is called Peter." He's right. But I can't quite work out what the problem is. The fireworks are too much.

"You put your left breast in, your right breast out…"

Outside, the meltdown is beyond retrieval. Someone has unleashed the Vegemite – a metal tank welded together from the abattoir of junk. It rests on Penny Farthing wheels, is armed with a 10ft fire-breathing drainpipe and rotary saw blades, can shoot a jet of flame up to 50ft and systematically burns anything in its path. Rubbish, tents, sculptures. People gather behind it. The fucker driving this is The Terminator.

"Out of the way," he bellows, approaching a metal sculpture of a kneeling figure. "No. Please don't burn my man!" cries the artist.

"*Buuurn* the man," intones the driver.

"*Buuurn* the man," cheer the gathering mob.

"I won't let you," says a naked geezer with little wings on his shoulders, standing defiantly, palm up, in front of the growling drainpipe.

"Out of the way, Dark Angel," insists | The Terminator.

"No. I won't let you *buuurn* this man," retorts Dark Angel.

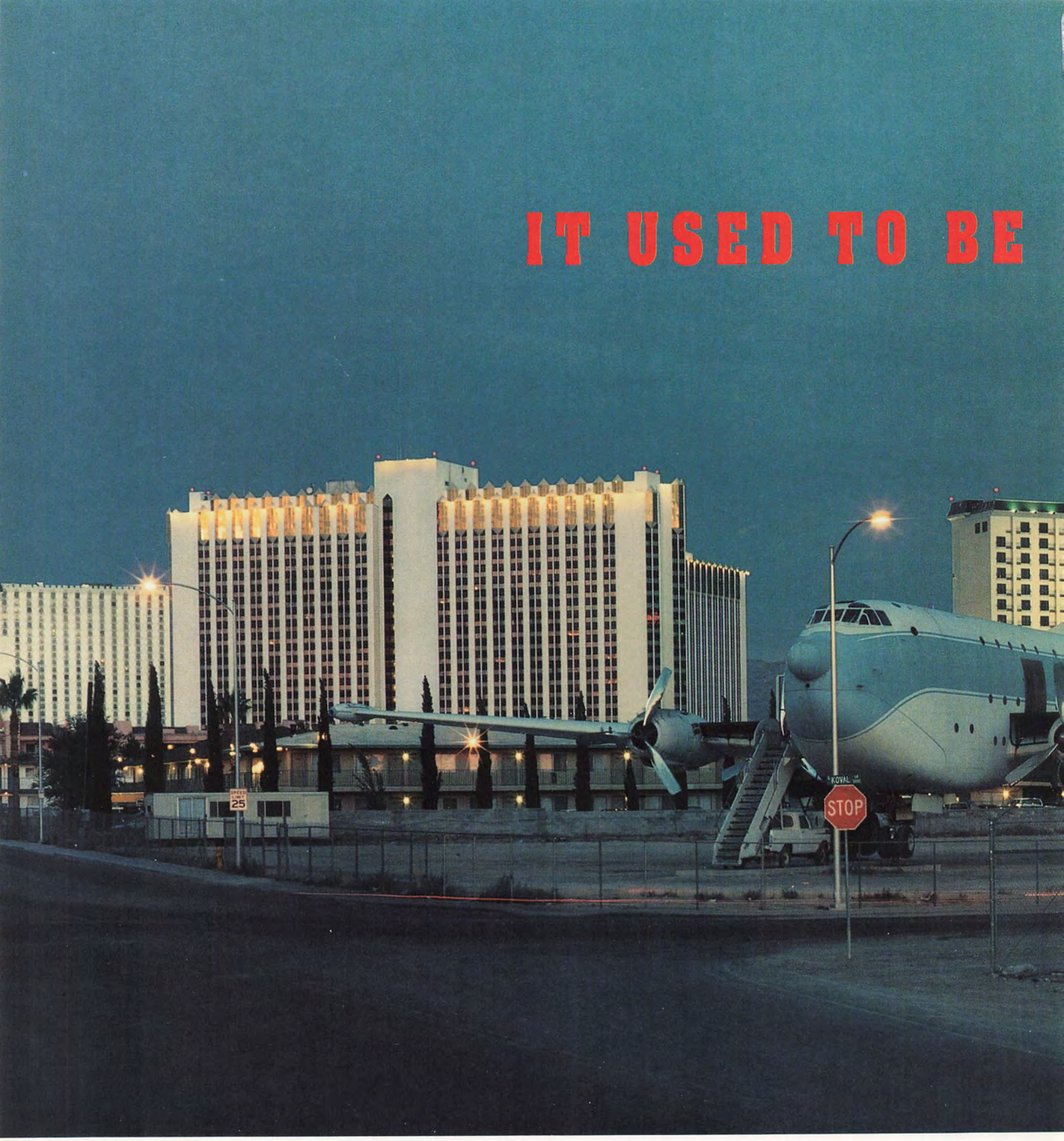
"*Buuurn* Dark Angel," cheer the crowd. Luckily, at that moment "the veil which keeps this community on this side of life and death" descends.

"OK. Let's *buuurn* the ravers!" Someone nearby is playing techno. As the belching jet of fire sends kids running for their lives with light-sticks flying in all directions, the DJ plays on. The drainpipe levels up to his head, but still he spins, like a zealous bandsman on a sinking ship. "*BUUURN* THE RAVER!"

Can you picture this happening in Ibiza? Out there people are far too chemically indulged to think and everything revolves around money. Here there is no commercialism, no stalls, advertising boards or logos. Nothing gets left behind. The Vegemite cleanses the Playa, obliterating everybody's hard work, razing it to dust. This is the final wave of anarchy that destroys Black Rock City. Every year they create a new one. This experimental environment has served its purpose; whether it's artistic, an apocalyptic vision of the future, or just pure madness is anybody's guess. The Man is burnt and we've got to go home. Once in a lifetime… this is the best fun, with my pants in various positions, I've ever had. ■

HOW TO GET THERE

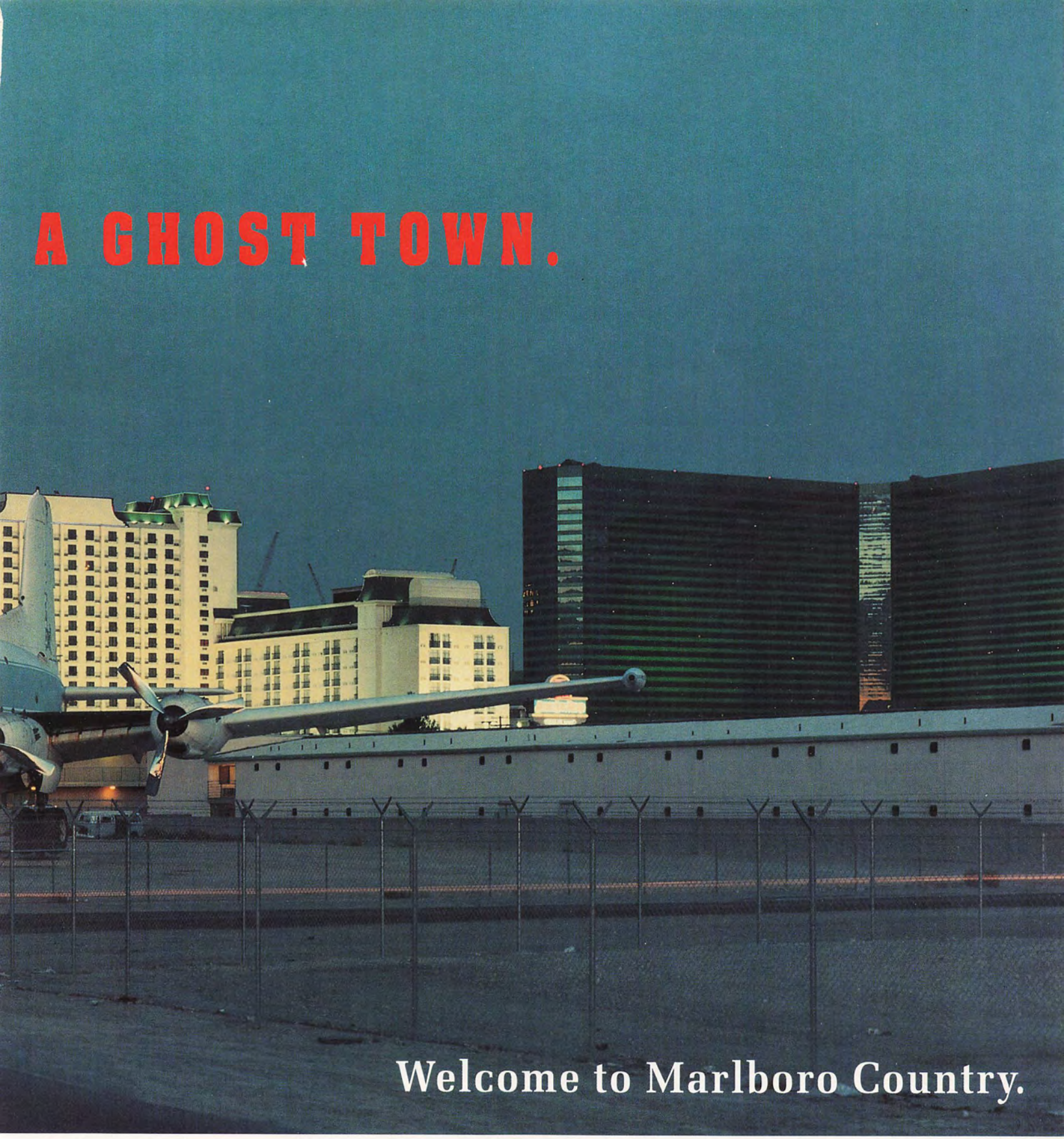
The Burning Man festival is held at the end of August. To reach the site, you need to get a flight to Reno (via LA is the most frequently used route) and drive from there. Hire a jeep if you can, or a Winnebago (you'll need to reserve one month in advance). For more information, call 001 415 985 7471 or visit the Burning Man web site on http://www.burningman.com/ Many thanks to Southern Comfort for assistance and warming whisky liquor.



SMOKING

Marlboro King Size
13 mg Tar 0.9 mg Nicotine

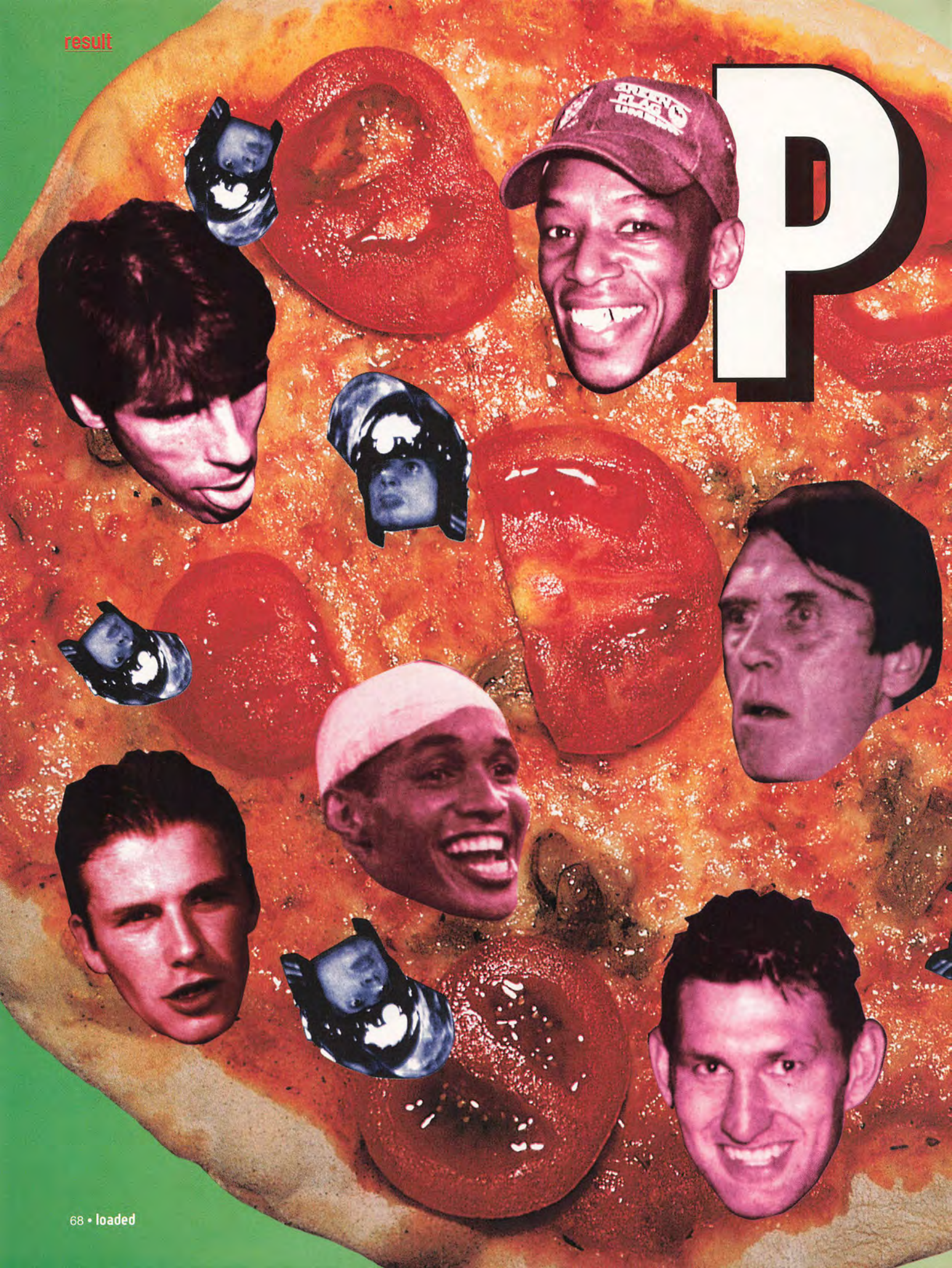
Chief Medical
Marlboro
9 mg Tar



KILLS

Officers' Warning
Medium
0.7 mg Nicotine

Marlboro Lights
6 mg Tar 0.5 mg Nicotine



P

IZZA TO GO

loaded hit Rome for that World Cup qualifier

"FUCKING YEAH! YEEESSS! YEAH!" WRIGHTY'S blubbering like a toddler. "We done it! Yeeaasss!" There's lads puckering up and laying smackers on each other's chops as if they're in a gay porn film audition. Gazza's on Wrighty, then it's Beckham. Even Batty's about, punching the air, looking like a grizzled Sean Bean with a grin the size of Leeds. We came here and everything we attempted to achieve came about," said Hoddle. Accustomed to words like these from the mouth of an England Gaffer we are not, but how sweet the day when they come. You couldn't ask for more if you were Mr Twist himself.

Smash the crossbar, nick some turf and get that truck-load of pizza ordered for next summer, because England have qualified for the World Cup for the first time in eight years. A bunch of kids barely out of the U21s and some others without an international honor between them have ✈

story by ADAM BLACK photos by GRANT FLEMING

"Hurrah, a goalless draw"

"Oi, Wrighty! I'm the one who blubs round here!"

come to Rome and taken it. Rushed the place like the bloody Goths. A smash and grab in the enemy manor, with a chance at world domination the prize. A draw on away soil with no Shearer, and against an Italian team so good at defending you could line 'em up and call them Hadrian's Wall.

At the final whistle it felt like you'd won the rollover and the girl from the Boddington's ad had got your home number. An electric rush that seemed like someone had sunk a plug in the back of your neck. A massive sense of pride after a match as tense as a full-nelson and so nerve-wracking that, by the end of the game, you felt as if you'd bet your house on it and probably the wife and kids as well.

After the match, Gazza sat with the look of next door's cat after it's wolfed down your budgie. Strangely for a man who would once tell whole countries to fuck off at the drop of your titfer, the words were different. "This time I'm leaving Italy with a smile on me face," he grinned. "One thing I will say is, the Lazio President, Spaniotti, said next time you come to Italy it'll be a holiday, and he was right. I've enjoyed my holiday tonight."

Never mind qualifying for the World Cup – playing like this we could sodding well win it

IT WAS A ROMAN HOLIDAY AND WE WERE ALL ON it. Turning down the offer of free flights and VIP tickets we'd opted to borrow a motor for the 3,000 mile or so round trip. Entering Italy after a stint of all-night driving, it still looked pretty simple. Straight down the main drag with Elba on your right and a load of bloody great mountains on your left. We were lost before lunchtime. Torino is no place to hit during rush hour: a mix of functional concrete blocks and the kind of classical Italian architecture you'd find in Luigi's Pasta House in Blackpool. In Reece's words it was "like Hyde Park Corner crossed with Basildon".

In what was already becoming our legendary inability to keep a low profile in a country where police are famous for rounding up English football fans quicker than you can say, "'Scuse me my good man but would you mind removing your baton from my facial region?" we stopped to ask someone the way. It was a cop. "Erm… scusi. Roma per il football. Ou est il road? Autostrada grande, eh?" What happend next was as obvious and inevitable as tit jokes in a Carry On film. A fully made-up uniformed policewoman leaned into the car. "Oh, you're looking for the motorway," she said in English as polished as Queen Lizzie herself. "Just do a three point turn, take a left at the next intersection then follow the signs."

At a hotel outside Rome's city centre, our induction into the inner sanctum of the English sports media began. Milling around all serious-faced and clean shaven, the press corp were doing their best to look like Arsene Wenger while we blundered in. The atmosphere in the conference was the kind of calm you'd expect before a storm, and there was no doubting who'd be weathering it worse. While the English took it all with a business-like air, there was evident panic on the Italian side, their questions coming faster than a Zola break. With a tactically dated coach, Maldini, and Hoddle's England adopting the more fluid approach usually expected of the Continentals, you could feel it. Somebody was about to be put to the sword and it wasn't us. A coolly aggressive response to Italian questions from the man Hod only served to back this up.

"Maldini has named his team, so should you," an Italian journalist ventured.

"I'll name my team an hour before the match," snapped Hoddle.

"Any indication?" the journalist probed.

"No." And that was that.

"Any message for the fans back home?" An English accent shouted from the back.

"We're aware of what it means to the

Eat my hat?

loaded track down the England coach. Doh!

The pizzas had arrived just in time

"I've been practising all night on me Playstation"

nation…" Hoddle paused. "It's not since 1990 that we've qualied for anything. It's too long a time. The fact Italy have to win is a pychological advantage for us but we're not looking for the draw. Our attitude is to try to win the game. The best chance of giving Italy problems is for us to score, and this is what we've come here to do."

There was a touch of the boxing match press conference to it all. The manager's absolute confidence. His quiet menace. The jockeying for position. There was no doubting it. The blood was up.

Outside, snappers scrapped for pictures while the Moto Guzzis of Hod's police escort revved impatiently in the background. In one of those moments where somebody presses the pause button on time, I walked over to wish him luck. For a second he stopped, looked me in the eye and patted my back. "Thanks," said England's man before he was off, whisked away in a Merc to a date with destiny.

That night we hit the Under 21s match to get into the mood. After a victory that saw a 10-man England beat the Italians, we bumped into Barelona FC general manager Bobby Robson, outside the ground beside a chip van. The ex-England supremo looked confused.

"Bobby, you look like you need a hand."

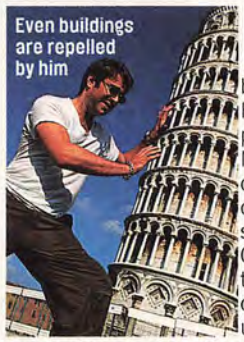
"Yeah," one of most successful names in world football replied. "Do you know how to say 'hot?'"

With a smattering of Italian learned off the back of pizza delivery boxes and a few scenes from the *Godfather*, strangely we were understood, and the chips went back in the fryer.

"Don't look like the ones back home, do they?" Mr Robson muttered, before handing out chip ✈

Clearly Batty

WHY ITALY IS



Even buildings are repelled by him

Italy hasn't always been a big lump of country. It used to be all broken up like a Hob Nob in a child's pocket. As Prime Minister of Piedmont, one of the largest so-called 'biscuit' states, Count Camillo Cavour had a dream that one day his country would be united like Manchester, even then the home of Pink football and sponsorship. Cavour dreamed of freedom away from the yolk of the powerful Austrian regime that interfered with the north of his country like a man with no thumbs attempting to open a bag of greasy crisps. Happily a variety of factors ultimately led to his dream's realization. 1) A Piedmontese alliance with France and England in the Crimean War strengthened his position against Austria. 2) Rival Milan subversives fell to pieces while attempting to overthrow their Austrian overlords. 3) In Lombardy and Venetia, the Austrians' kraut-like oppression of Italian peasants led to them angrily burning sausages in the street. Only in Piedmont did there seem any hope for a revolution. But Cavour didn't want war, he wanted to build the state of Italy via foxy politics. By 1859 he'd succeeded in an alliance with Napoleon III as an insurance against an Austrian invasion. Sensing that the Austrians were now on their way out, Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont (now a sparkling apple drink), spoke openly about the 'cry of woe' that Italians felt about Austria, and made Vienna blush like a fat virgin. Then Austria invaded Italy. France turned up and forced them backwards like a dog tripping over its ankles to bite fleas. Reluctant to go too far, Napoleon and Austria signed the Treaty of Villa Franca. This very much made France the new owner of a federated Italy. Even as the separate states rebelled, Napoleon maintained his pushy muppets in positions of power. Cavour flounced out. He loathed the new federation, not just because it began with an F but also because it ended in 'tion', just as unification had. In 1860, a series of plebiscites – large working-class wood lice – were held across Italy. Most of the states wanted to unify with Piedmont. In the end it was Britain's intervention that empowered Cavour to rail against France and Austria, and he returned to work, even though he would later miss his leisurely morning wanks. Later, Garibaldi, with a 1,000 strong barmy army, charged up the middle of Italy to Naples, ultimately thrashing the forces of the foreign Bourbon regime. In September it was agreed that Rome and Lazio should remain under the Pope while the rest of Italy was to become a constitutional kingdom. In March 1961, the Parliament in Turin inaugurated the kingdom and they began on the long road to true democracy by sleeping with lots of girls from other countries who were happy with their boyfriends before they'd gone abroad to work.

PHIL ROBINSON

JOE PESCI KRISTY SWANSON AND DAVID SPADE

"A DELICIOUSLY DARK AND WILDLY HILARIOUS COMEDY."

JEANNE WOLF
JEANNE WOLF'S HOLLYWOOD

8 HEADS IN A DUFFEL BAG

15

MEET TOMMY SPINELLI.
HE'S GOT TWO DAYS TO DELIVER THIS BAG,
OR MORE HEADS ARE GONNA ROLL.

RELEASED BY RANK-CASTLE ROCK-TURNER

NOVEMBER 28

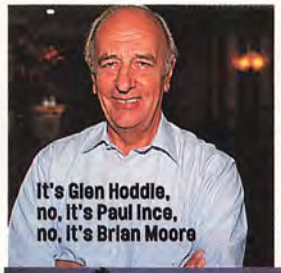
"See – I said it was upstairs and you wouldn't belive me"

"The best part," said Gazza, "was that we played them at their own game"

"Oh great! I said I'd wear the blue helmet"

portions to what turns out to be half the FA top brass. What a moment. The last man to lead England to the World Cup at Italia 90 eating chips with us off the top of a rubbish bin. A great moment for football and an even greater one for chips.

CHEAP HOTELS, ITALIAN WINE, ENGLAND V Italy, girls on motorcycles, capering about Pisa, stuffing your face with hot Gnocchi, half price Armani. If you couldn't enjoy Rome with circus football in town, then you deserved to be fed to the lions. It was the perfect build-up to the perfect match. Outside the Olympic Stadium, the main drag turned into an unofficial scooter run. There must have been more mopeds per square mile than anywhere else in the world. The place looked like the cast of *Quadrophenia* with tans, except Leslie Ash looked even better. In amongst the Vespas and Velociferos, the 'Tifosi', the Italian fans, approached the match. Then, out in the distance, as welcome as a thrash punk combo at Christmas mass, there it was.


It's Glen Hoddle, no, it's Paul Ince, no, it's Brian Moore

Well, you've got some tricoleur in your cheeks

"Engerlund ENGERLUND ENGERLUND ENGERLUND!" repeated to fade. The Boys in their Umbro, Adidas and Tacchini, the usual shaven heads and Gallagher fringes supplemented by groups in combats, fitted shirts and wrap-around shades. They could almost be out for a night at Cream if it wasn't for the signature lager cans glued to their hands. It already felt more like a street party than a football match. With tickets outside less than 20 quid you could bag yourself a decent seat for less than the price of a round.

I've never seen a stadium like it or felt such an atmosphere. An incredible scene exploding with noise and camera flashes. Thousands of Italian flags wallpapering a soup of faces, and the English contingent managing to stake their claim to the soundtrack of the evening, chanting with spirit through a barrage of Italian whistling. The Azurri hadn't dropped a point here in any of their last 15 World Cup outings. We'd not won here for 37 years. None of the 70,000 Italians inside that stadium could have been expecting that result.

What followed next you've read in the proper papers. "They will look at that score-line and realise how close they were," said Gazza. It was a match of fight and passion both on and off the terraces, six yellow cards for an Italian side and the deserved red carding of Angelo De Livio, whose tackling style would have been more ✈

Alle ore 22.30, Dopo 90 minuti di sofferenza si è spenta la cara
INGHILTERRA
NE DANNO IL DOLOROSO EVENTO
TUTTI I TIFOSI
ITALIANI
N.B. I Funerali Si Muoveranno dallo Stadio OLIMPICO di ROMA

THE VIOLENCE

Get your batons out for the lads! I suppose it was both sadly predictable and sickeningly inevitable but it was also, if those in control had used a little bit more common sense, totally avoidable. Now I'm not about to launch into an all-out defence of the English fans in Rome. In fact the behaviour and attitude witnessed on the streets of that fair city from some of the idiots I came across makes it hard to give a shit what happens to them. Live by the sword and all that. But that's still no excuse for the brutal and indiscriminate attack by the Italian police on a huge section of England supporters, many of whom were armed with no more than big hearts and strong voices. Someone could have died.

The way I saw it, everything was fine until midway through the first half when Italians in the main section behind the goal on Curva Nord started throwing coins, plastic water bottles and flagpoles at the English in the section behind them. A few did return missiles, but on the whole I thought they showed incredible restraint. It strikes me that if the police had gone in and taken out the perpetrators from the Italian side, the whole thing could have been nipped in the bud. It's certainly what the police would have done at home.

Bizarrely enough, the police in Rome just pushed the Italians away from the fence, leaving an open area which now served as a run-up for aspiring Olympic javelin throwers. And still the police stood by and made no attempt to nick anyone, so it was no surprise when the English kicked off, which in turn gave an excuse for the police to draw batons.

Meanwhile, at the other end, things were taking a turn for the worse as the police went in, cracking anything that moved, and since many English at this end were more than up for it, it all started to go pear-shaped. Like I said before, it's a miracle there were no fatalities in the crush. After the game, the English were kept penned in for up to two and a half hours. Two and a half? They could at least have told people to bring tents. The support most of the fans gave in the stadium was the best I've ever seen abroad, and I've been following England since the late '70s.

One last thing. To the final remaining few up on those terraces who still feel the need to express nationalistic and racist nonsense whilst still under the illusion that they are supporting England, have you had a look on the pitch recently? Campbell – solid. Ince – a true hero (and that's from a West Ham fan) and there is no prouder man who wears the three lions than Ian Wright. Love it or leave it.

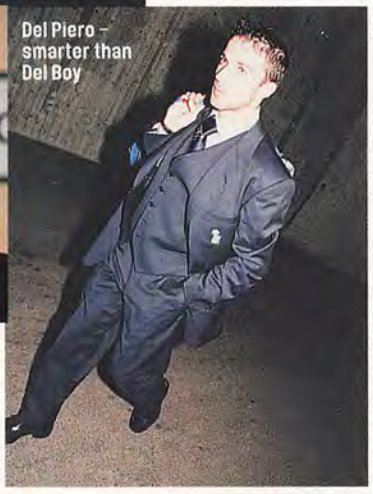
GRANT FLEMING

Adams clearly hasn't lost his bottle

That's the closest he got to any

The last man to lead England to the World Cup was eating chips with us

England's dreaming



Del Piero – smarter than Del Boy

becoming of a pit bull. The hapless elbow of Dino Baggio putting Ince in more bandages than Tutankhamun or, in Gazza's words, "looking like a pint of Guinness". Four Englishmen entering the referee's book.

"Hoddle's the best coach we've had since Alf Ramsey," commentator Brian Moore told me when I grabbed him before the game. "We beat Italy in the Tournoi de France. I think there are a lot of things going from England's point of view." And how. It was the stuff of legend, the end-to-end rush as frantic for the last of the 90 as the first, then five knuckle-biting minutes of injury time when you were convinced Italy would pinch it. They didn't.

"The game takes you through some emotions," said Hoddle. "We hit the post one second, then we might have scored on the rebound, and then suddenly they opened us up for the first time. I really thought it was in the back of the net, I really did. Fortunately it went wide. David *[Seaman]* said it was always going wide but I just said, 'I wish you would've bloody told me!'"

We'd got the draw and qualified in the kind of style that would have international managers booking sessions with stress analysts across the world. A rock-solid defence and Hoddle's five man midfield were the difference between the two sides, scrapping back to fend off Italian advances and knocking it around like Brazilians on the attack. "The job was to rip them apart, and that's what we did," said Gazza. "The best part of the night for me was that we played them at their own game... I loved every minute of it." And every man-jack who saw it was thinking the same thing. Never mind qualifying for The World Cup. Playing like this we could sodding well win it. "I've won one or two things in my career, but nothing compares to this moment," said a jubilant David Batty. "We were determined. We never gave up... after the first half I didn't see how they could beat us... it's a great moment for the fans."

And, a day later, if you'd have been driving somewhere on the stretch between Milan and Strasbourg, you might have spotted a group of five lads, one in a **loaded** T-shirt, pulled over to the side of the road at French customs, smiling to themselves and whistling while a sniffer dog rooted about in their van. ◧

HOW TO GET THERE

loaded got there with the help of a Renault Espace, and very nice it was too. You can do it by road in about three days without breaking the speed limit. There's also trains and loads of flights from all over Britain. Check specific airlines as prices can range from £137 to £518.

Staying there can be very expensive; the Aldrovandi Palace (00396 322 3993) at around £180 per night, or very cheap; the Lugano (00396 488 0733) at around £39 per night. The best one we stayed at was the Andreotti at approx £86 per night (00396 444 130). It's about 3,000 Lire to the pound at the moment, so you save a wad on Ferraris, posh suits and postcards home.

The Italian Tourist Office will give you more details. Call them on 0891 600280, .

Thanks from everyone at **loaded** lot to Pete Tong and Radio One for a top night out in Rome.

HOW TO EAT THERE

Eating in Italy is an important business. Great pleasure is derived from it and much time devoted to it. If there's a better evening to be had than sitting in a little family-run trattoria, slowly making your way through four or five courses with beverages to match, then I haven't heard of it. Take the 'Trattoria Camoscio d'Aruzzo' on Via Castelidaro, just off the Piazza Independenza and a stone's throw from the Stazione Termini, an unassuming looking place which we fell into due to its proximity to our hotel (basically, it's right outside the door and we were absolutely Lee Marvin). One course in and we know we've hit it off big time. There's a bruschetta doing the rounds that's so good I'm ready to fall out with whoever nicks the last bit. How can toasted bread, garlic, chopped tomatoes and a spot of olive oil taste so good? Mother's Pride and Mazola, it's not. For the official 'first course' I go for a homemade spinach and ricotta ravioli in a tomato sauce. It's so fresh, it's not even been made yet. I can't let on to the others how good my food is – they're not having any! Trying to go unnoticed, I start to manoeuvre glasses, salt pots and pepper mills into a strategic arc around my plate and position a fork on guard, ready and willing to repel any opportunist raiders. That dish done and washed down with some wicked Pinot Grigio, chilled to perfection, and we're all more than a little intoxicated. High on bleeding life. I asked the eldest daughter if the fish called Orata was good. "Good? Good!

You're having a laugh, ain't ya?" she replied in Italian and ordered me to order it. I was having a laugh. It wasn't good – it was fucking brilliant! Stand up for the fisherman. Stand up for the chef. Now sit down, stop shouting and get on with it. I'll end up like one of those fellas, spending the rest of my life marching up and down the high street, pulling faces and babbling away..."Oh no, mum, not the lemon cake, you can't do this to me... I'll end up proposing." Please, it's just too much for one man to take...

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"Dokkk-torrr!!" it hisses evilly. "Surrrr-end-orrrr!! Rezz-isstance is uselessss!!"

The Doctor sniggers audibly. "Erm, sorry to point this out, old thing," he says. "But you're a fucking *cactus*."

EEEE-OOWWW-Duuung-Dun-dungg-duh-dunng… Roll credits.

Will the Doctor be savaged by the towering pot plant? Will he snag his scarf on a spike when he's dusting? Or will he just forget to water it when he's off fighting real monsters like the Daleks? Cue Basil Brush. ✈

story by JOHN PERRY

I'm glad I'm in Dr Who

"The most pathetic? The Vardans were just sheets of tinfoil that hung there and crinkled gently"

Yes, adulthood brings with it many disappointments: impotence, bankruptcy, IKEA furniture, convictions for shooting a swan with a crossbow; but none of them compare to the terrible realisation that the monsters which scared you behind the sofa of a Saturday teatime were made from cushion covers and kitchen utensils. Or lived in a vase.

"Yes, I have to admit that the Giant Cactus was *truly* pathetic!" laughs David J Howe, author of *Doctor Who: A Book Of Monsters*, possibly the funniest book ever in the world, ever.

"A talking cactus! How scary's that?" asks Howe. "It's not gonna chase you, is it? But even worse, Meglos was supposed to be a xerophyte, which meant he could change his shape to look like anything he wanted to. Why he chose a cactus, I'm not quite sure."

Despite being the country's leading expert on the subject, having written 16 books and roughly a zillion articles about the many-faced Time Lord, David Howe clearly takes a disturbingly lighthearted approach to *Dr Who*. Like, he doesn't mind at all that I almost suffocated with mirth looking at well-chewed pencil-rubber monsters like the Yeti (a giant pie-eating womble with a beak), the Sontarans (Evil Mr Potato Head in a spacesuit), and the Sea Devils (amphibious New Model Army roadies).

"Absolutely!" laughs Howe like a demented hospital radio DJ. "That was why I put the Candyman in there, because it's such a ludicrous creature, but it's just so fab!"

He refers, of course, to the terrifying creation made from Liquorice Allsorts, a rampaging Bertie Bassett which stalks a space colony dishing out death by nut cluster. Surprisingly, Howe reckons the monsters actually got even more pathetic than the Candyman.

"The most pathetic? That'd have to be the Vardans," he sniggers, "They were just sheets of tinfoil that hung there and crinkled gently. It was like, 'Oh my God! It's a Vardan!' It was *very* hard to be frightened of them."

The official **loaded** sidesplitter was Alpha Centuri, or 'The Pea In The Curtain' as it has become known in these here parts.

"Ah, the giant willy monster in the cloak!" cackles Howe. "You could do a whole feature on *Dr Who* monsters that look like male genitalia. There was one called Erato, a great big slimy green blob with, erm, a long probe waving about in front. In the story, Tom Baker goes up to it, gives the probe a rub and then he well… he *blows* it! It's very, very dodgy indeed!"

In fact, there's always been something, well, rather *odd* about a middle-aged master of disguise zipping around the galaxy, luring attractive-but-highly-strung women into his Police Box and then terrifying them relentlessly for a couple of years before trading them in for a newer model. Or a young boy in a kilt, whichever's handy. The official line that they were the Doctor's 'assistants' hardly holds water, since they were all fucking useless apart from the near-psychotic Ace who routinely beat up aliens with a baseball bat. Basically, 'assistant' translated as 'bird in furry loincloth tied to a post'.

"Oh yes," agrees Howe, "But do you remember Peri, the American one who favoured tight leotards? I'd invade the Earth myself if I got to have her for my slave! I'd be like, 'Could we have all the ones like *that* on my spaceship NOW!' And then the Earth would be entirely populated by ugly birds! Hahahaha!"

Word on the *Dr Who* grapevine has it that, among his vast collection of memorabilia, Howe has a pair of *Dr Who* underpants. He's obviously been wearing them too tight.

"Blue BHS Y-fronts with Tom Baker's face on them!" he snorts. "I've never understood why anybody would want Tom Baker's face on their crotch! It's not ✈

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something that immediately springs to my mind in the erotic stakes!"

Talking of terrifying concepts, in *A Book Of Monsters*, Howe argues that, philosophically, the Cybermen are the most disturbing of all the *Dr Who* creatures, despite the fact they look like camp firemen. But the menace of machines that have the power to possess a man's soul is slightly diminished by the fact that Cybermen can be killed by virtually anything.

"The original idea was that, as machines, they would be pretty invulnerable," says Howe, "But they've been killed by radiation, gravity, an emotion ray, spray plastic, bullets, an electric field, gold-tipped arrows, gold glitter, and then finally, just chucking a gold coin at one would kill it! A Dalek's virtually impossible to kill, but with Cybermen, you just wave a bit of gold paper at them and they run away screaming."

So, if all of the 200 creatures in the book (starting with the deeply evil Daleks in 1963 and ending with the frankly crap Cheetah People in 1989) went out into the car park for a fight, who'd be the daddy?

"Well, top of the Premier League would be all the obvious ones: the Daleks, Cybermen, Ice Warriors, Sontarans and Sea Devils. And I suppose the Daleks would win; there's only really a virus that can kill the Daleks."

Hang on, back in the old days, Roy Castle only had to distract them with a spot of tap dancing while Peter Cushing chucked a blanket over them and they'd blow up.

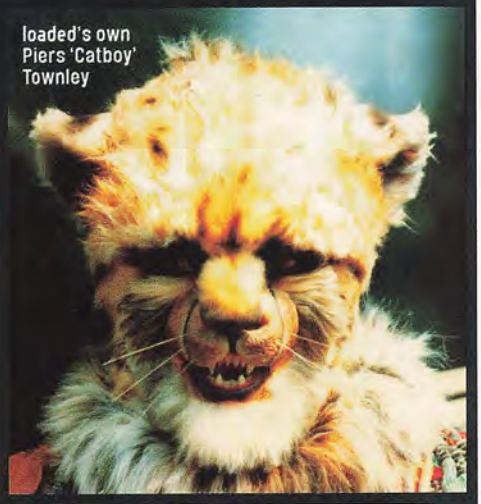
"Yeah! In fact there is a later one where the doctor actually *talks* a Dalek to death," concedes Howe gleefully. "He persuades the Dalek that it's all alone in the universe and it self-destructs. So much for the Daleks' legendary survival instinct, eh? On the other hand, the Daleks would probably fry everything else, especially the seaweed creature – then eat it with a couple of spring rolls! Although I don't think Daleks have been known to go for a Chinese! Hahahah! At least not round our way!"

Daleks are pretty much scuppered by stairs, though.

"Yeah, but now they can go up stairs, with the help of a bit of smoke and a handily-placed forklift truck. It's cheating really, isn't it? I always liked that in the '60s – the Daleks couldn't invade Earth because they'd get to the first kerb, get stuck and go, "Bugger this! The invasion's off! I'm going home!" ◼

Doctor Who: A Book Of Monsters *by David J Howe is published by BBC Books, priced £16.99.*

"In the '60s, the Daleks would get to the first kerb, get stuck and go 'Bugger this, the invasion's off'"



SOPHIE ALDRED AKA ACE

Our own pet *Dr Who* assistant. Sister of Johnny, **loaded** Production Editor, whom Sophie tortured as a child. Great pair of lungs (for screaming), solid thighs (for running), landed job as Doctor's assistant because she could ride a Harley and 'had her own leathers'. Played Ace, a psychopathic teenager who dressed like a cycle courier and accompanied Sylvester '*Vision On*' McCoy around the universe, beating the crap out of Daleks and fragging Cybermen. Just a time-travelling football hooligan, then?

"Oh yes, absolutely! I beat up a Dalek with a baseball bat once; smacked it to pieces and jumped up and down on it with all this fire shooting out. It was *very* exciting."

You were a bit of a pyromaniac, too?

"Yes, I invented this explosive called Nitro 9 which was, in real life, those squirty UHT cream canisters with the paint scraped off. But they looked *very* sexy!" Any memorable monsters?

"The Daleks were pretty cool and the Cybermen were good too, particularly because, underneath their costumes, they were all 6ft2in hunky, muscular male models. Ooh, when they got those helmets off..."

Was there anything Ace was frightened of?

"No, I don't think I was frightened of *anything* – I was a psycho! It became clear as the series went on that Ace was really quite screwed up. The Doctor was a sort of father figure, showing her the universe in the hope that somehow it'd calm her down!

Yeah, right, like exposing a fucked-up teenager to aliens hell-bent on destroying the universe is going to be great therapy. I don't think he's even a real doctor. So did Ace return to Earth completely cured of her hang-ups?

"No, she never got back. The series was cancelled before we could sort her out! She ended up walking off into a bush with the Doctor. His final words were, 'Come on Ace, we've got work to do!' But I don't know what we were going to do in that bush!"

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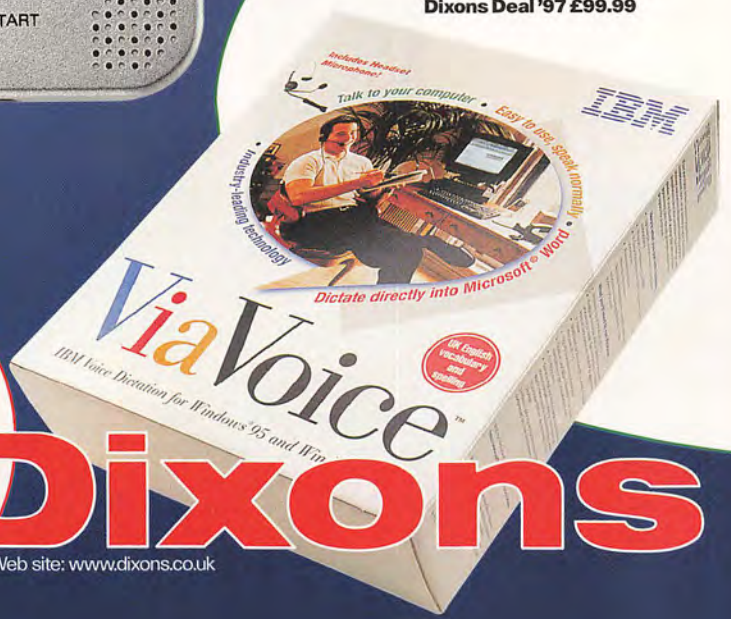
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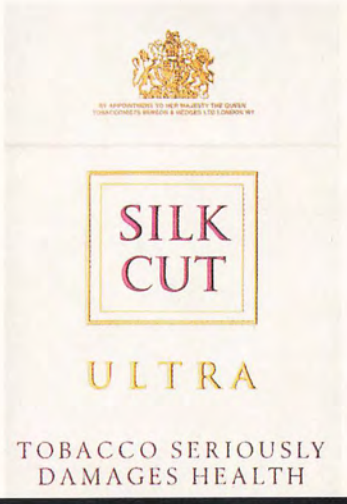

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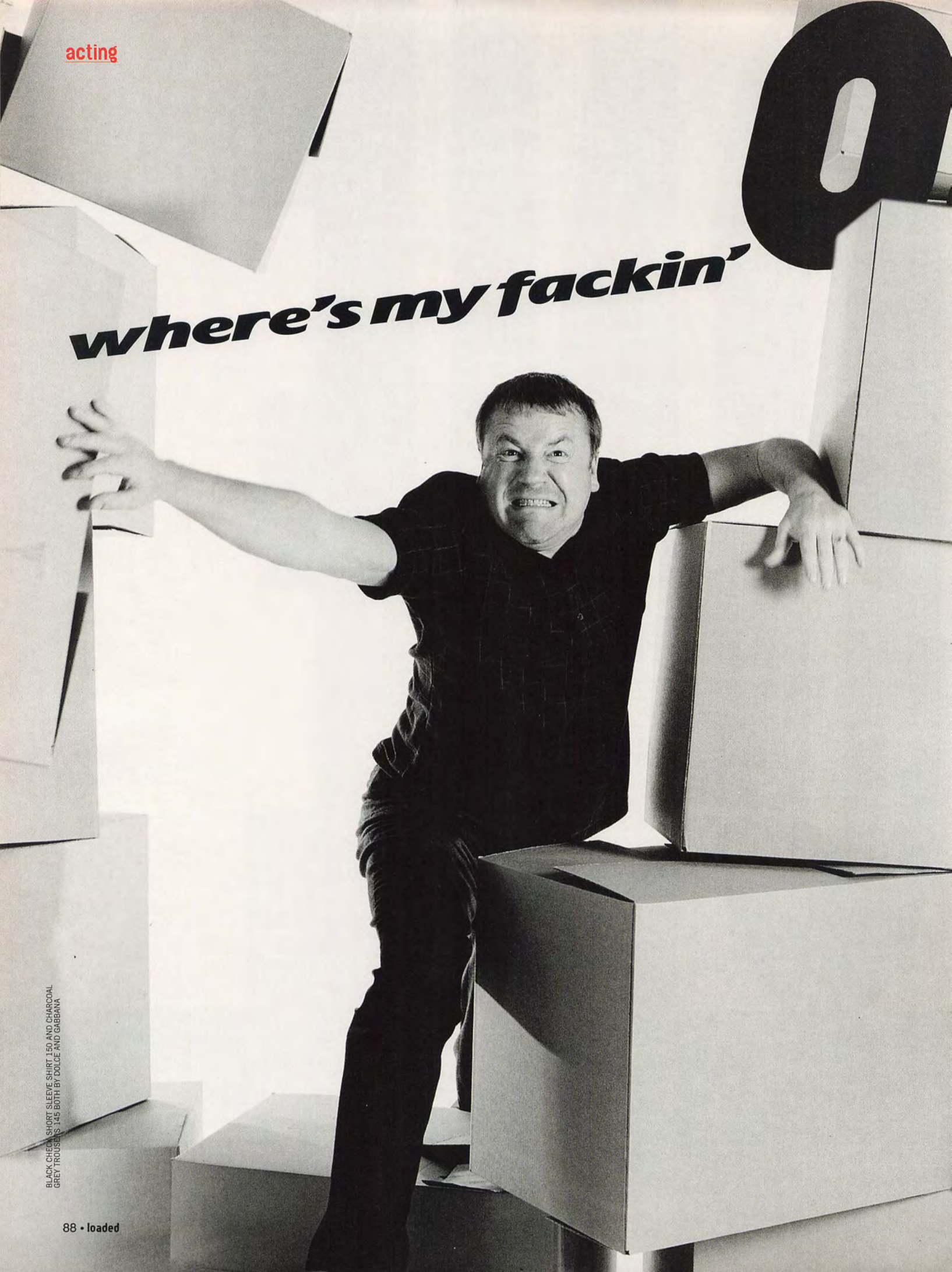

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scar?

After years of playing all manner of scum, villains and bit-parts, Ray Winstone is definitely the daddy now

HE'S PLAYED SOME RIGHT UNSAVOURY BASTARDS IN HIS TIME HAS Ray Winstone. In fact, you might say that playing right unsavoury bastards is his stock-in-trade. A hardened bruiser in *Scum*, specializing in stuffing billiard balls into socks and swinging them repeatedly against people's heads. A wife-beating scumbag in *Ladybird, Ladybird*. Another wife-beating scumbag in *Nil By Mouth*. An unscrupulous, rat-finking gangster in *Face*. Memorable characters one and all. You wouldn't want to spend the night down the boozer with them, any more than you'd want to meet them down a dark alleyway on a foggy November night.

"You're probably right about that," says Winstone. "Like with the character I play in *Nil By Mouth*. You could probably have a good laugh with a bloke like that. But you're also aware that he's an explosion just waiting to happen. I mean, here's a violent bloke who's liable to go off at any moment. Anyone who would want a bloke like that as a mate needs to see a fucking doctor if you ask me. In the same way, I wouldn't want to sit in a pub with the Joe Pesci character in *Goodfellas*. Would I want to sit around and chew the fat with Joe Pesci the actor? Of course I fucking would. But his character in *Goodfellas*? A total psychotic! Do us a favour! I'd give that a wide berth, mate. No thank you very much. But that's the problem. People start confusing you with the roles you play. That's where my hard man image comes from. But I don't see myself ✈

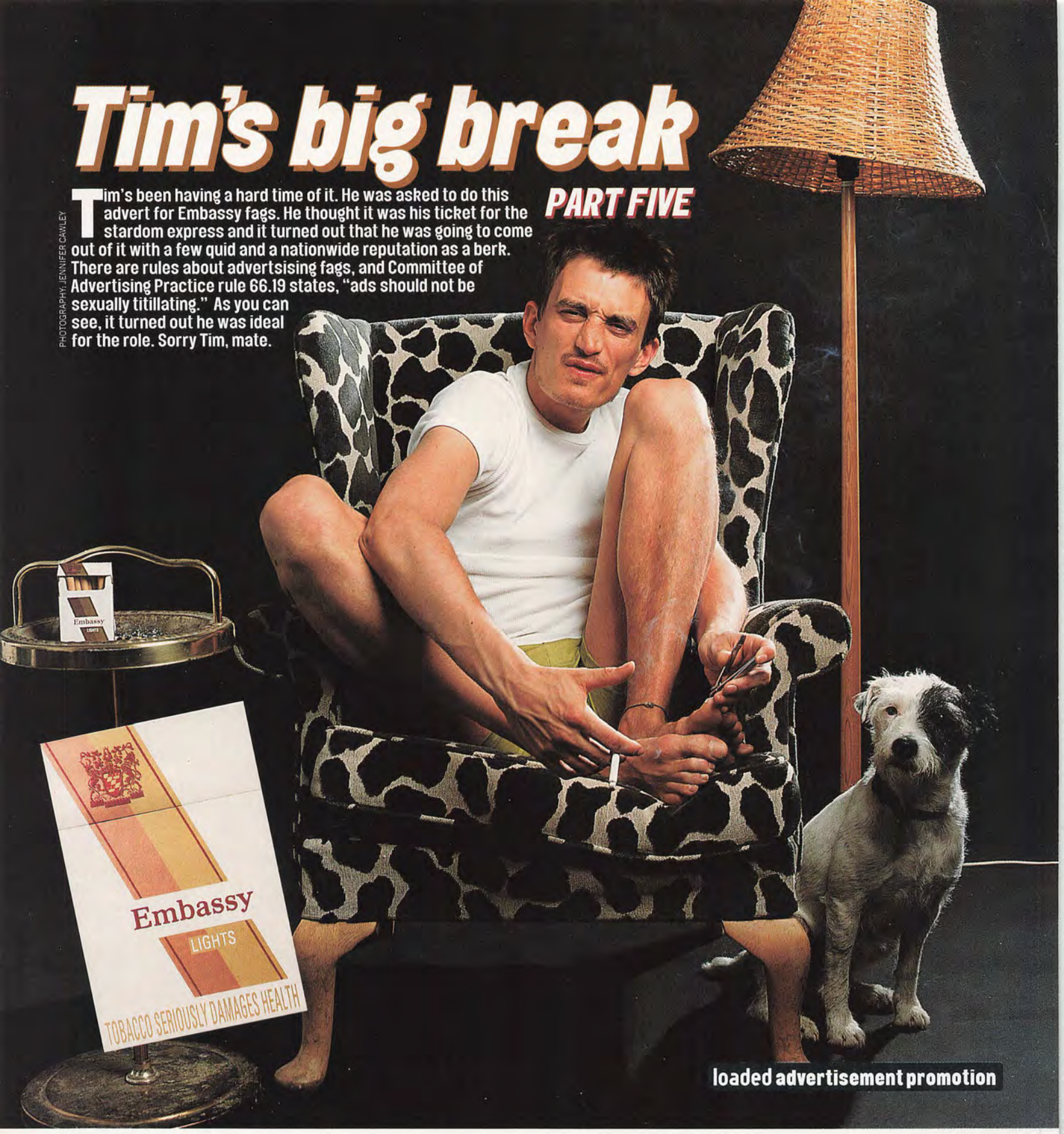
interview by JON WILDE photos by MICHAEL BIRT

Tim's big break

PART FIVE

Tim's been having a hard time of it. He was asked to do this advert for Embassy fags. He thought it was his ticket for the stardom express and it turned out that he was going to come out of it with a few quid and a nationwide reputation as a berk. There are rules about advertsising fags, and Committee of Advertising Practice rule 66.19 states, "ads should not be sexually titillating." As you can see, it turned out he was ideal for the role. Sorry Tim, mate.

PHOTOGRAPHY: JENNIFER CAWLEY



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"If I'm drinking Scotch, someone can say 'Alright, Ray, how you doing?' and I'll turn round and say, 'Fk off you nosy c**t'"**

as a hard man at all. I don't go round looking for fights. Then again, I don't suffer fools gladly. I like having nice people around me. In general, if people are good to me, I'll be good to them. Though it depends what I've been drinking. If I'm on the vodka, I'm a happy drunk – sweet as a nut. But if I'm drinking Scotch, someone can come up and say, 'Alright Ray, how you doing?' and I'll turn round and say, 'Fuck off you nosy cunt!' See, it's a bad drink is Scotch."

As it happens, Ray Winstone turns out to be just the sort of bloke you'd happily trade in your left kidney for a night down the boozer with. A diamond geezer, all in all. Happy as Larry to chew the fat about this, that and the other. Sweet as a nut, as he says. Unless, that is, you get a bit too personal with him, when he'll arrange his features into a "don't fuck with me" shape, and let you know in no uncertain terms to behave yourself. Like, for instance, when I suggest he looks like the sort of bloke who's sowed his fair share of wild oats in his time. "I dare say I have," he replies guardedly. And then, with just a hint of threat, "But I'm a happily married man these days. So, let's keep it that way, shall we?"

If you say so, squire. Meanwhile, get him onto a subject he warms to, and he's off like the clappers. On his beloved West Ham, for instance: "Let's face it, England are never going to win the World Cup again until they've got at least three West Ham players in the side." On his hatred of most comedians: "They don't make me laugh. Especially all these so-called New Wave comics. All these wankers going on about Socialism. Then, the next thing you know, they're doing fucking adverts for Barclays Bank." On his unswerving devotion to **loaded** cover girl Kathy Burke: "She's beautiful, she is. She's like my second wife. 'Trappy Lil' I call her. 'Cos she's always rabbiting on. Except first thing in the morning when she's really quiet and miserable, and turns into Rita Rottweiler. But she's fucking great is Kath. I'd work with her any day. A great sense of humour. And she fucking needs one working with a cunt like me."

ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT'S ALL GOING OFF FOR RAY WINSTONE. JUST AS THE extraordinary *Nil By Mouth* (1997's bravest and most accomplished movie) has sent Kathy Burke's reputation into orbit, it's also transformed the fortunes of the bloke who first came to public notice with his raw-boned performance in *Scum*. That was all of 20 years ago. Back then, he was being talked about as the British actor who was going to take the '80s by the short and curlies. "Watch out Hollywood," ran one headline of the ✈

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time, "Ray Winstone is on his way." Except that he wasn't. While the likes of Gary Oldman and Tim Roth pulled out all the stops and cleaned up, Winstone's career, as he puts it, "went straight down the fucking toilet".

Not that he ever went away completely. From time to time, you'd catch him on the telly, playing all varieties of toe rag and tear-up merchants in shows like *Robin of Sherwood*, *Fairly Secret Army*, *Minder* and *Auf Wiedersehen Pet*. Then, every so often, he'd pop up in some film like *Number One* or *Tank Malling* that came and went without troubling the box office statisticians. He was never less than watchable, but it was difficult to avoid the thought that, somewhere along the line, he'd taken a wrong turning somewhere and drastically lost his way.

"You're fucking right I lost my way," he laughs. "In the '80s, I lost interest in the whole thing and became a very bad actor. So the work just stopped coming. There were times when I was so quiet, I might as well have been in a coma. I just lost it. And it got to the point where I thought I'd never get it back. Then it all sort of turned itself around. I suppose your time comes when you're ready. And, when *Nil By Mouth* came along, I was totally ready for it. Now I suppose I'm on a bit of a roll."

Only a few years back, he was being written off as a spent force, reduced to bit parts in episodes of *Boon* and *Kavanagh QC*. Now, on the back of *Nil By Mouth*, he finds himself being compared to the likes of Brando and De Niro. He's on a roll all right. Having the time of his bleeding life. But then you suspect that he's never had much of a problem living it up to the hilt.

"Well," he says, "that's what it's all about, innit? You could say that I've ✈

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"She's great is Kathy Burke. Great sense of humour. She fking needs one working with a c**t like me"**

"C'mon then! I'll take you all on – sitting down!"

WINSTONE'S GREAT CHARACTERS

"Right you little bastard! I'm the daddy now! Next time I'll fucking kill you" (*Scum*)

CARLIN IN *SCUM*

"He's a bloke you have to respect really. He's done a bit of porridge. He's been moved about a bit. Now he's in this fucking awful borstal, he knows it's his last chance. So he just wants to mind his own business and get on with his time. But he's got a reputation as a bit of a hard nut. And he's forced into this confrontation by these other geezers. They see him as a threat. The screws see him as a threat. He can either sit there and take it. Or stand up and fight. So he chooses to knuckle down and fight. Sometimes you have to take that option in life – otherwise you just get taken for a cunt."

KEVIN IN *QUADROPHENIA*

"He's a working-class kid who joined the army 'cos he saw it as a way out. He learns his trade and comes home. He's more of a motorbike enthusiast than a proper rocker. But he looks enough like a rocker for the Phil Daniels character (Jimmy) to be wary of him. These kids went to school together. They were good mates. But they've gone their different ways, fashion-wise. As kids do. So Jimmy's embarrassed to be seen with him. Kevin's been away and he don't understand anything about the mods and rockers thing. He can't see why they can't be mates again. But that's how it is. At a certain age, the length of your trousers and the length of your hair can be really important. I suppose it's the same these days. Only I don't understand it any more. It's all a mish-mash now. Hip-hop, garage, jungle… it all sounds the bleedin' same to me."

SIMON IN *LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD*

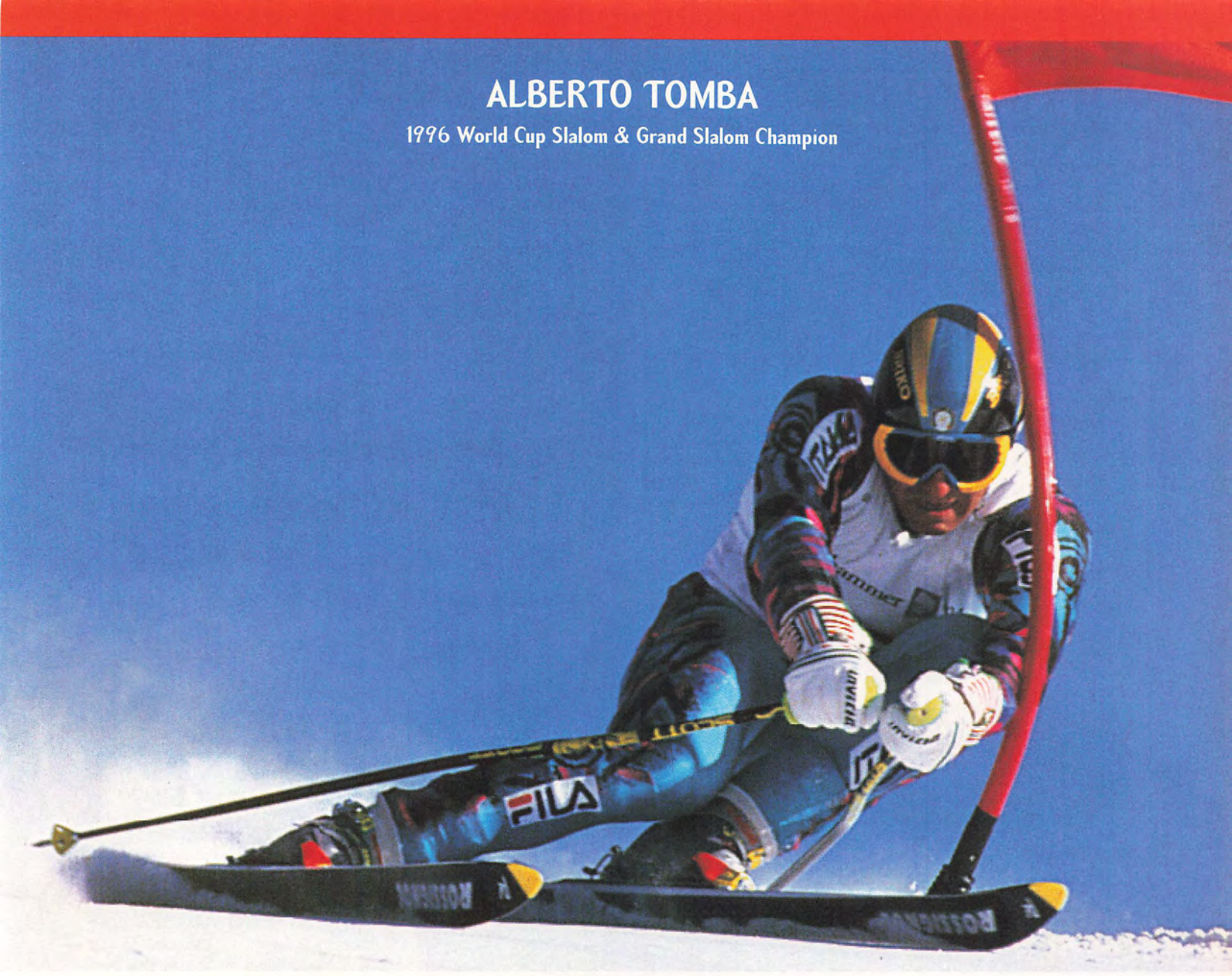
"He's a wife-beater. That's all there is to it really. A very basic, one-dimensional character. But that's how it had to be. 'Cos the film ain't really about him. It's about the Chrissie Rock character. As for him, you can look at a character like that and think, 'Well, he's just a cunt really.' Maybe he's a cunt for a reason. But that doesn't justify the way he goes around beating up women. At the end of the day, a cunt is a cunt. Simple as that."

DAVE IN *FACE*

"In his time, he was probably one of the top blaggers. The leader of the gang. But he can't hack it no more. He's on his way down is Dave. He's a broken man. He's stuck. He's got a copper who's blackmailing him. He should be putting the blags up. Nick the money. But he can't see it. His bottle's gone. His daughter is in trouble. He sees one last chance to get out of it all. Which means snitching on his mates. Grassing his mates up. He's a dog, basically. It doesn't matter what problems are occurring in his life. It don't alter the fact that he's a dog. The lowest of the low."

RAYMOND IN *NIL BY MOUTH*

"Like the bloke in *Ladybird, Ladybird*, he's a wife-beater. But there's more to him than that. He's more complicated. He's got a cause. He's fighting for his family. He might be anti-social as far as most of us are concerned. But he's fighting for what he believes in. Alright, he's a brute. But there's a bit of love in him somewhere. It's just that he doesn't know how to show it. He's a frustrated man who is longing to cry. But the tears won't come. He's probably had them beaten out of him. Or the booze has got to him. He can't say what he feels. He can't express himself. So, in his frustration, he lashes out. I'm not asking anyone to like him or forgive him for what he does. I'm not even sure that he deserves any compassion. He's just the way he is. A fucking animal, basically."



GET OUT ON THE PISTE.

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always lived my life to the full. Burned the candle at both ends. Been there, done that, read the book. I've been all over the place, mate."

Indeed he has. Starting out in London's East End where, growing up, he was faced with the choice of the usual escape routes for working-class boys. "Boxing, football and villainy – those were the ways out. I was a decent boxer and I could play a bit of football. But I knew I was never going to be good enough to crack a living at them. And I knew I'd be totally fucking hopeless as a villain. I could never have been a thief, 'cos I knew that I'd be the one who always got caught.

"So, for me, it was always acting. As far back as I can remember. From five or six years old, my dad would pick me up from school on a Wednesday and take me to the pictures. Jimmy Cagney and all that. I fuckin' loved it. Then we had films like *This Sporting Life* and *Saturday Night Sunday Morning*. You'd have these normal working-class blokes playing the parts. And you'd think, 'Blimey! I could do that.'"

By all accounts, he was something of a tearaway during his youth.

"Nah," he scoffs, "that's just newspaper talk. They always call me 'a crafty Cockney chappie' or 'a former East End tearaway'. But I was never really a tearaway as such. I got up to my fair share of mischief, like most kids. I had the odd skirmish. But I was never the sort of kid who hung around in a gang and got into trouble. I'd set fire to stuff occasionally. As you do. But nothing too serious. When I was about seven, I set light to this chair on a dump and ran away. For months afterwards, I believed the rozzers were after me. Frightened the fucking life out of me. But that's the sort of thing you do when you're a nipper. Your mum tells you not to play with matches. So your first thought is, 'What can I set fire to?' It's just a giggle, innit? It's just a part of growing up.'

Trouble surfaced a little later on, when he found himself suspended from school for bunking off to go to the Derby.

"That was my dad's idea. He got hold of all these umbrellas. So he thought it'd be a good idea to take me off school for the day and take me to the races to see if we could sell these brollies. It was a bright, sunny day and we had all these umbrellas to shift. It looked like we were on a hiding to nothing. Then, just before the big race, it started pissing it down. So we got a result. The next day, I told the headmaster why I'd been absent and he sent me home for a week. My dad was fucking livid. As far as he was concerned, going to the Derby was a great education for me. He couldn't see the problem at all."

However, Old Man Winstone wasn't quite so positive about the prospects of his son treading the boards. "I remember him coming to see me in my first ever job at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East. I danced the wrong way. I sang out of tune. I told jokes that nobody laughed at. I went up to my dad afterwards and said, 'What do you reckon?' And he just took a sip of his gin, looked up, sniffed and said, 'Bit of advice, son. Give up while you're in front.' But I wasn't going to be put off so easily. I thought, 'Fuck it, I'll give it another go.'"

"The hardest thing I sold? Ladies' non-reusable underwear. They were made out of cheap paper. Fking horrible"**

Before and after drama school, he earned a few bob in the usual dead-end jobs. Mostly working the local markets – standing on soap boxes, attempting to convince punters they couldn't live without the particular items that had fallen his way in sizeable bulk.

"The hardest thing I ever sold? Ladies non-reusable underwear. You couldn't reuse them 'cos they were made out of cheap paper. Fucking horrible. Not surprisingly, no one wanted to buy them. In the end, we sold them as a job lot by taking out an advert in *The Evening Standard*."

As it happened, he got his first acting break by accident.

"It was the day I got chucked out of drama school. I got the hump because one of the teachers was holding an end-of-term party and she invited everyone but me. To get my own back, I put all these tacks under her car so that when she drove off, her tyres gave out. They kicked me straight out. That afternoon, I knew there was an audition for this TV play called *Scum*, and a few of the drama students I knew were going for it. So I went up there, just with the idea of having a few drinks and saying my farewells. It hadn't even occurred to me to go for the part myself. The director Alan Clarke just happened to see me walk down the corridor. He liked what he saw and gave me the part. Fucking remarkable really. One of those weird twists of fate, I suppose."

Having been banned by the BBC for its "dangerous content", *Scum* ✈

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Left side

White side

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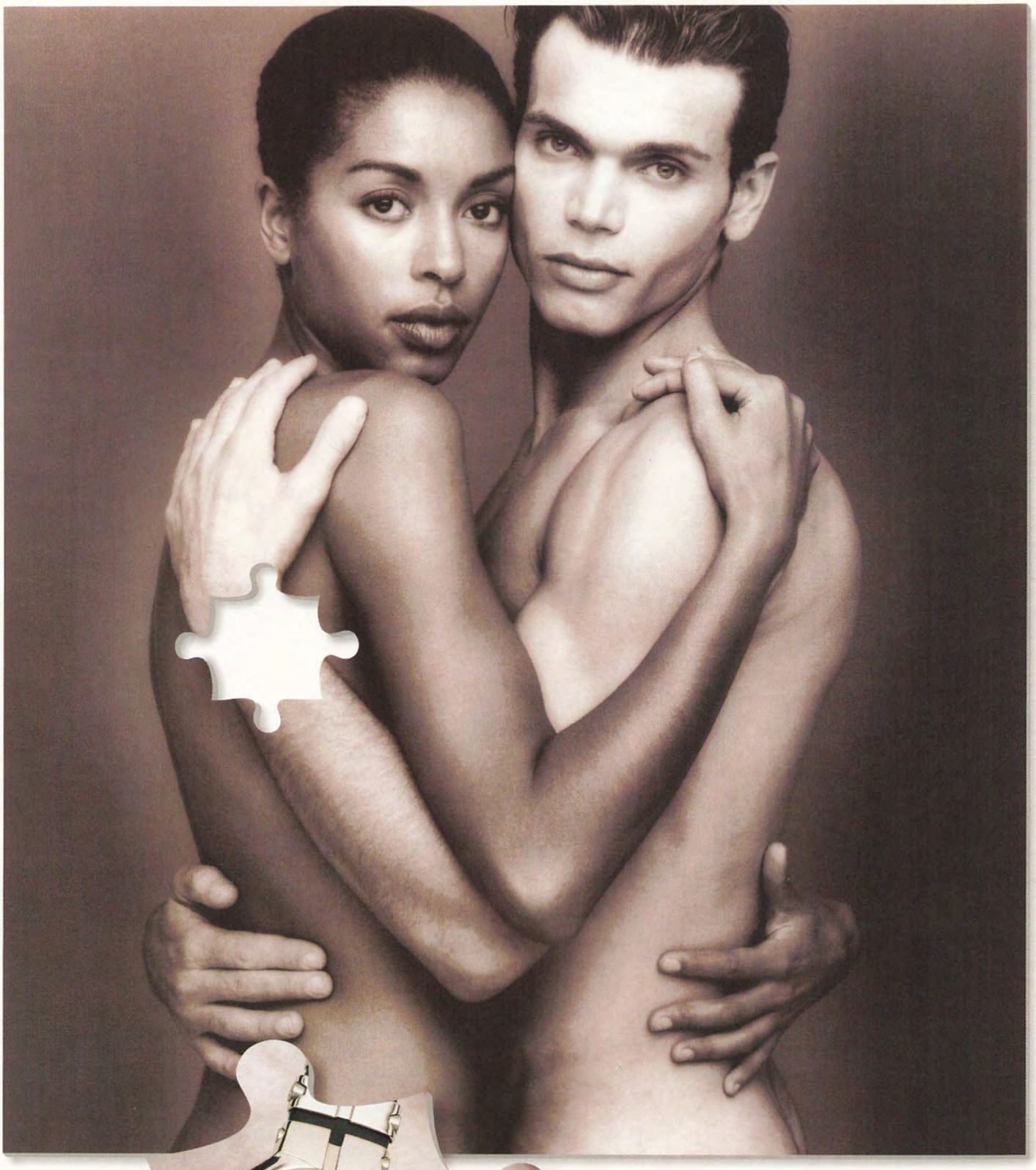

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was then remade as a full-length cinema feature. In the role of chief borstal headcase Carlin, Winstone turned in one of the most incendiary performances seen in years. "This boy is set to go all the way," blared *The Daily Mirror*. Following up *Scum* with the role of the greaseball rocker Kevin in *Quadrophenia*, Winstone could seemingly do no wrong. Then it all went bollock-hairy and belly-up.

"I suppose," he says, "that, after *Scum*, I got a bit carried away. I thought this acting game was a fucking doddle. I'd watched these other actors struggle for years before getting a break. I'd just walked into it. It was a piece of piss. I suppose I took it for granted that the good parts were going to keep coming my way. I thought I'd cracked it. But I hadn't. I'd got a couple of good breaks. What I needed to do was what Gary Oldman and Tim Roth did a bit later – which was to knuckle down and work really hard at it. Instead, I just fucked around for a couple of years. I wanted to see a bit of the world. So I moved around a bit. Lived it large. In the meantime, it all started to slide.

"I suppose I was too full of myself at the time. Like, after *Scum* and *Quadrophenia*, I started to get recognised when I went out. That sort of thing can go to your head. I'd be out having a drink and someone would be staring. I'd think, 'What's that cunt looking at?' Then I'd realise that he probably recognised me from one of my films. You'd get the odd bit of aggravation. Blokes coming up and saying, 'You're an actor, aren't you? They're all fucking poofs, aren't they?' You've just got to learn to handle that sort of thing."

It was around the late '80s that it dawned on him that his career had just started heading around the U-bend and was in danger of reaching the point of no return.

"I did an episode of *Boon*. I was absolutely fucking terrible in that. I was playing the third henchman from the right. I looked like someone had hit me round the head with a baseball bat. And I thought, 'Do I really need to be doing this?' Then I did this terrible film called *Tank Malling*. John Conteh was in it. I know that, when I did that, I should have been nicked for impersonating an actor. Without a shadow of a doubt. Fucking diabolical it was. When your own kids tell you it's a load of shit, you know how bad it's got. There's no escaping a truth like that. You can't run from yourself when your own kids are telling you that you've made a turkey. Clearly something had to give."

Which, as chance would dance, it did. His old mucker Kathy Burke had written a theatre play called *Mr Thomas*, roped him in for the lead and, bingo, he rediscovered his hunger for the acting game. "That was a huge turning-point," he recalls. "Absolutely crucial. Doing that play, I got the buzz for acting for the first time since *Quadrophenia*. I really wanted it again. I was right up for it. I knew then that all I needed was the right part – and, sure enough, Gary Oldman came up with the part of Raymond in *Nil By Mouth*."

Which was the part that he'd surely been waiting for all along. A belter of a role which brings a performance from Winstone so relentlessly intense and so painfully real that you can't help wondering how he emerged from it all unscathed.

"Well, I didn't emerge unscathed. That's the truth of it. I mean, *Nil By Mouth* is a very harrowing film. But it wasn't harrowing to make. We had a ball doing it. Lots of laughs. It was only when the filming was over that I started asking myself was there something in me that was like the character? Was I capable of showing that kind of rage myself? It can be quite frightening when you start wondering about stuff like that. But it soon passes. You get offered another role and start getting into that."

And, at the minute, the offers are raining in from all directions, ensuring that Winstone is going to be busier than an epileptic conducting the London Philharmonic for some time to come. He's just knocked off a TV drama called *Our Boy* in which he stars alongside Pauline Quirke as a couple who lose their child through a hit-and-run accident, plus a movie called *Dangerous Obsession*, in which he stars with Sherilyn Fenn, the dangerously attractive lass from *Twin Peaks*. Then, early next year, he starts filming *The War Zone*, another harrowing affair, this time tackling the thorny subject of incest.

As for the future, the hard man of British cinema obviously hasn't given it a moment's thought.

"Nah," he snorts. "I'm too fucking busy enjoying it, aren't I? And, if it all falls flat tomorrow, so fucking what? I've made some good films. I've put myself about a bit. If it all goes quiet tomorrow, I'll live with that. I'm in no hurry, mate. I'm well sorted. No fucking worries, know what I mean?" ◘

Catch Ray Winstone in Nil By Mouth *and* Face, *on general release now.*

"I did this terrible film with John Conteh in it. When I did that, I should have been nicked for impersonating an actor"

Stop or I'll wet meself!

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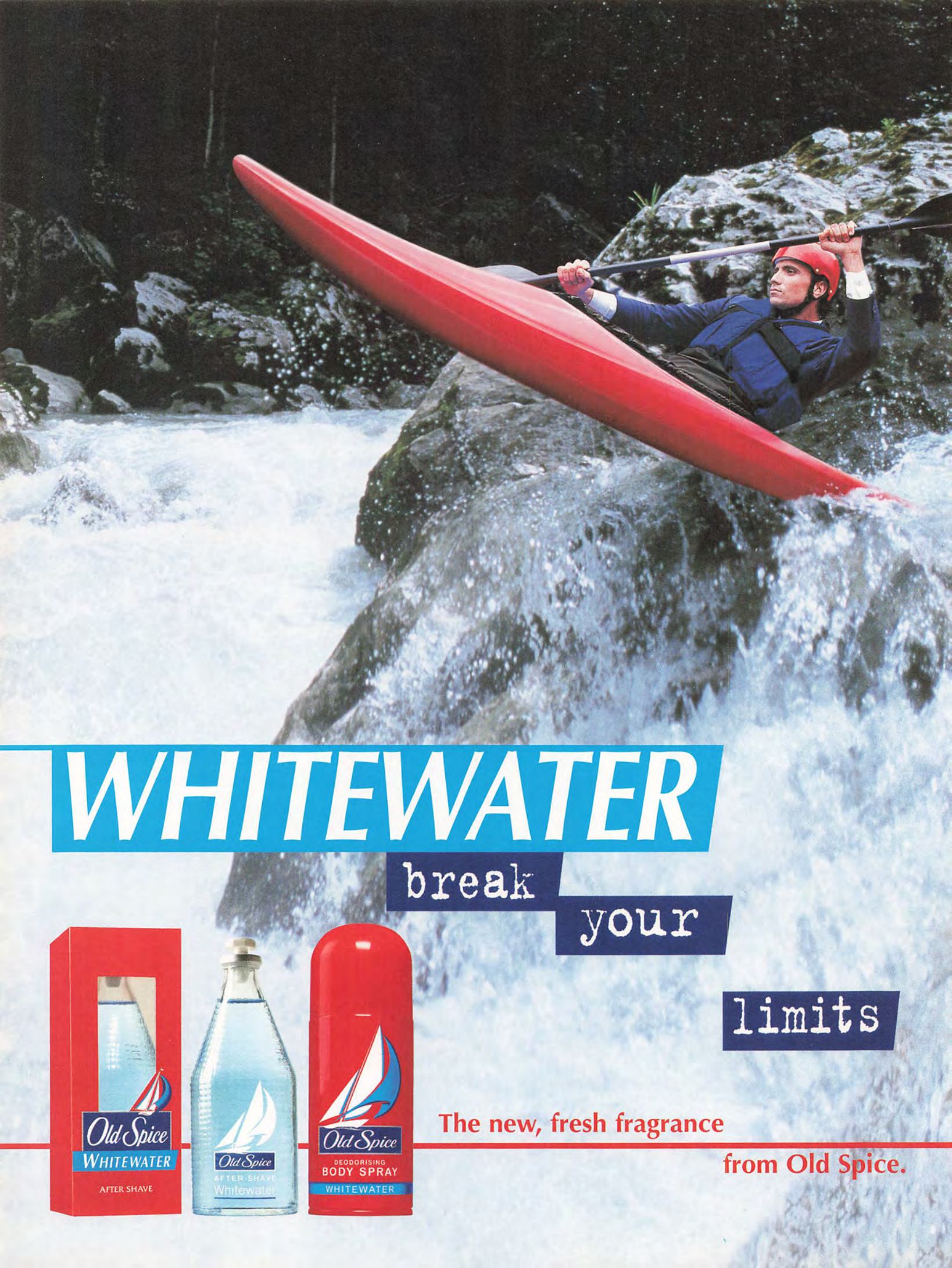
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the fool on the hill

Helmets, bells, mudflaps, leeks, the lot. loaded goes mountain biking in Wales

story by PIERS HERNU
photos by NEALE HAYNES

"THERE HE IS," SHOUTS MILES, JABBING A FINGER IN THE direction of a multi-coloured corpse beneath a tree. Dropping our bikes, we sprint toward the tangle of flesh, bone and bike that lies worryingly still in the dew-soaked grass at the side of the track. The twisted body is limp, its pale face strangely calm, the eyes shut. In the mud next to the slowly spinning £110 alloy wheel lies a very battered crash helmet. The scene resembles the first part of an episode of *Casualty*. The part when innocent fun seekers fuck up on a grand scale and wind up in Holby A&E. The gentle pursuit of cycling has come a long way since the Victorians tried to ban the Penny Farthing because they believed its dizzy speeds and satanic motion would cause cows to miscarry and women to be sold into slavery. ✈

And sometimes you can still see his ghost around these parts

"Let's 'ave it," yells Reece. "Let's not," mumbles Miles, as we arrive at a section known as The Route Of All Evil

"Very funny Reece," says little Piers to the crash victim. Silence.

"Yeah come on, Reece," urges Miles, gently kicking the right leg of the motionless figure, "stop pissing about." The wheel stops spinning. The only sound is the breeze rustling through the trees as it mixes with the rising smell of panic in the air.

The Red Bull run in the middle of Snowdonia National Park in North Wales has been described by Gary Fisher, the 'Godfather Of Mountain Biking', as "one of the most demanding courses in the world", and combines impossible terrain with impressive scenery over an 11km stretch of knackering climbs. What better location, then, to initiate **loaded**'s 'finest' (myself, Reece, his mate Jason, Piers, Miles and Neale) into the thrills and spills of cross-country mountain biking? Judging by the state of Reece, Clapham Common, perhaps.

"Quick," says Piers, kneeling hurriedly beside him, "get him into the recovery position, we've no insurance!" One twinkling eye blinks open, and a leering smile of triumph spreads slyly across Reece's stubbled jaws.

"You fucking bastard!" cry three angry mountain bikers before inflicting some injuries of their own and so inspiring the first recorded incident of the phenomenon now known as 'Raleigh Rage'.

HAVING DRIVEN THROUGH SOME IMPRESSIVELY rugged Welsh countryside, the **loaded** minibus pulls up outside the café in Coed-y-Brenin forest, situated between Mounts Snowdon and Cadair Idris, two of Wales's highest peaks. There's just time to grab a cuppa and some last-minute tips from Sian Roberts, former British women's cross-country and downhill champion, who runs the place. "Just take it easy," she warns. "This can be a really dangerous sport. Last year a bloke was killed near here on a course far easier than this."

We gather nervously outside in the car park, where bikes are handed out like crazy aluminium

You pay all that money for a bike and then...

destiny on wheels, and we meet up with our guide, 20-year-old Tony Oats, a professional downhiller with the highly successful Team Orange. Reece is beside himself with glee as he pulls on his blagged boots fitted with SPDs (Shimano Pedalling Dynamics – metal cleats that anchor your boots to the pedals). "It usually takes a few days to get used to them," warns Tony, knowingly. "Nah," sniffs Reece, "I'll be alright." He pedals a few feet, stops and, with feet still firmly locked to the pedals,

The forest had exploded behind him

"I would have gotten away with it if it wasn't for those pedalling kids!"

keels over slowly but firmly like a falling tree. Reece's ego sustains a nasty bruising – the first, but by no means last, injury of the day.

Jockeying for position at the starting line, we stare up the steep shale track that winds between the pine trees above us. "OK, let's go," says Tony, and with fire in his eyes, Miles sprints past him into the lead, clearly intent on teaching him a lesson. Fifty yards later the lesson is over as Tony, the British Junior Downhill Champion, breezes past our hero, who is bent double and gasping for breath. Ten long minutes later, we reach a clearing at the top, catch our breath and take in the spectacular sight of the pine-covered valleys below us and the rugged, rocky mountains beyond.

"Bloody 'ell, look at that – gorgeous innit?" We nod in silence, touched that the impressive scenery has brought out Little Piers's sensitive side… until we notice that he is staring down the track at some women riders. Just then, Jason begins to vomit loudly over the virgin contryside. Skidding manfully through chunks of egg, sausage, bacon and tomato, we head off down a muddy track cut into the side of the mountain.

"This," announces Tony when Reece eventually arrives, "is called the Rocky Horror Show." Seven worried faces peer down the perilously steep and narrow path of slimy boulders that snakes away beneath our feet. Mercifully there is no goth transvestite rock opera going on. "That's for mountaineers, not bikers," exclaims Jason, a greener shade of pale. "Stand up, bend your arms and knees and keep your weight well back over the saddle," warns Tony, demonstrating the required stance, "and don't even think about using your front brake." Then he glides over the boulders and vanishes around the first corner. I follow him, slowly. The rocks pass slowly beneath the front wheel, each seemingly waiting to absorb the impact of my fleshy face and rearrange the brittle bones beneath. I know a few people who feel the same way. As for the rocks, momentum, concentration and bloody-minded determination defy them all. As I pull up triumphantly at the bottom, I realise that there's nothing like fear to focus the mind. Behind me, Neale's front wheel jams against a rock, launching him rapidly down the length of the crossbar on his arse: 11 stone of alarmed photographer is brought to a wide-eyed standstill by his groin slamming into a handlebar upright made of cold steel. The kind of thing Clive Dunn used to advocate in *Dad's Army*.

We arrive at the top of a short, steep gully. Miraculously, the first six of us make it down without bloodshed, leaving Reece the last to go. He hesitates, but succumbs to peer pressure, and halfway down he plunges headfirst into a gorse bush. He's less than happy and soon heads off into the distance to exact his revenge with the play-dead performance that would have impressed De Niro.

"Wwwhhheeee!" Now this is more like it. Free-wheeling through the crisp, clean air with just the hum of the spokes beneath us, we bomb down long, sweeping straights, hang on round the hairpins and reach the kind of speeds where even the *thought* of falling off makes you wince.

Another climb behind us, we head off in single file along a long, narrow track. It starts to rain and we pedal past a flock of damp-looking sheep. "Let's 'ave it!" yells Reece. "Let's not," mumbles Miles, as we arrive at a section known as The Route Of All Evil. This is the final furlong, a steep stretch of single-track that, according to Tony, promises "everything the mountain can throw at you". Er, right.

For the 20 minutes the mountainside echoes with the squeal of brakes, whoops of relief and strangled cries of anguish, as bike and rider part company. Bruised, scarred, bleeding, but happy, we arrive at the café to a disappointing discovery: we've missed breaking the course record of 31 minutes by a mere two and a half hours.

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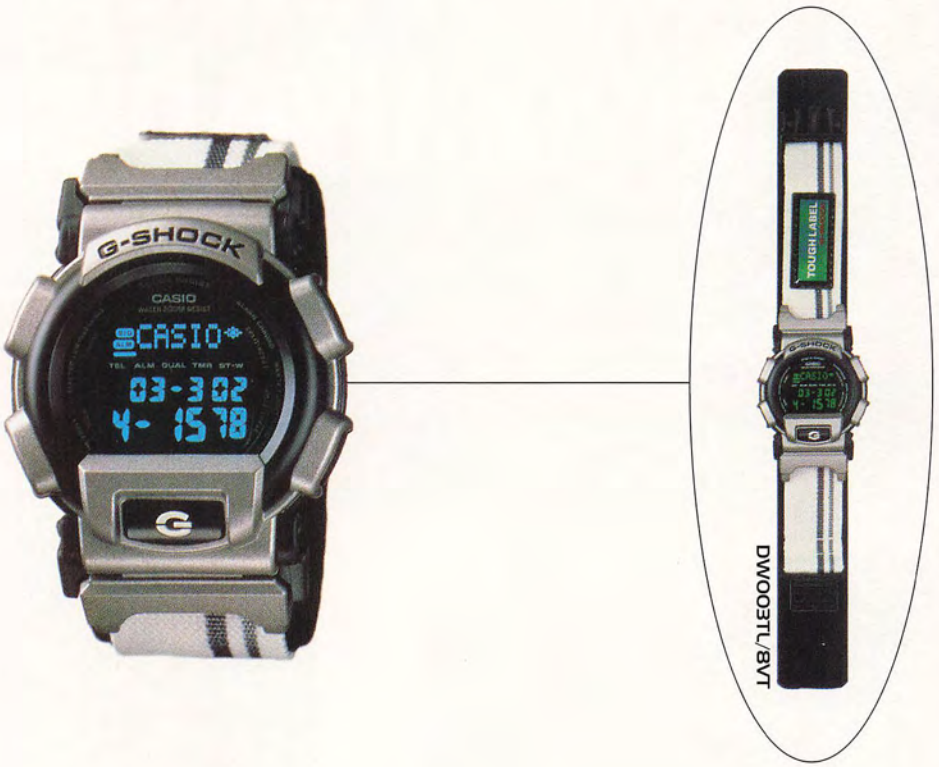
THE DIGITAL STAR



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"Audrey Hepburn... I could do her a f**king favour, mate. Cor! Here and now. On top of that plate of digestive biscuits"

What's this, top class actor, writer and funnyman in 'I've changed my mind' shock? Steven Fry's full of surprises

THE WILDE THING

THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE ABOUT STEPHEN Fry is how tall he is. So impressively tall that, at a push, you could attach a torch to his bonce and employ him as a makeshift lighthouse. So tall that you get vertigo just from trying to make eye contact with him.

The second thing you notice about Stephen Fry is just how amazingly polite he is. So polite that you get the impression that, were you to suddenly leap out of your chair and, on a whim, kick him firmly between the legs, he'd more than likely apologize for the fact that his knackers were in the way of your size nine brothel creepers. Shockingly polite, so he is. Indeed, he might just be the most polite bloke to appear in these pages since the old Major from *Fawlty Towers* – both men so unreasonably sweet you could catch diabetes from them just by standing next to them in a post office queue. ✈

story by JON WILDE photos by ROB WILSON

As Fry himself admits, he might seem an unlikely subject for a full-scale **loaded** profile, top notch quipster though he is. "But I'm extremely happy to be doing this because I read **loaded** religiously. In fact, the main reason I'm doing it is because I read your interview with Martin Clunes. You described him as having "a face like a torn arse". That made me laugh for three whole weeks. It was just about the funniest thing I'd read in my life."

On the face of it, he might appear to have more in common with Lord Snooty or Walter Softie than Dennis The Menace. But Fry has got up to his fair share of mischief down the years. Particularly through the period covered in his forthcoming autobiography, the strangely titled *Moab Is My Washpot*, which includes being expelled from three different schools (for "lazy and unruly behaviour"), taking loads of drugs, boozing it up big time, and generally behaving like a bit of a wrong 'un. Culminating in three months in chokey after being nabbed on a spending spree financed by someone else's credit cards. Oh yes! With his plummy accent and tweedy attire, our Stephen might come across like your typical toff, but he's been a bit of a tearaway in his time. And no mistake.

"Well, nobody would actually mistake me for a lad. I'm laddish in that I enjoy watching sport a great deal. I love a bit of football or cricket on the telly. I've even got a weakness for the really stupid sports like indoor bowls and darts. I have a bit of a love affair with cars. I like a drink and all the rest of it. I've done my fair share of drugs. Tried most things I suppose – except for heroin and crack. But it's quite rare that I actually get completely off my face. Which seems to annoy people who often say, 'I'd really like to see you drunk one day'. But I hardly ever lose it. I can drink quite an enormous amount over the course of an evening. Then I'll go home and do the *Times* crossword, just to prove to myself I'm not completely off my head. I just don't lose control that easily."

What about fighting then? Would he be any cop if all hell broke loose and he found himself in the middle of a bloody great tear-up?

"Hopeless," he admits. "I couldn't possibly be worse. I'm completely non-confrontational. I hate it when I'm in a crowd of people and an argument starts – when I know there's going to be a punch-up. The blood starts to sing in my ears and I feel violently sick. I haven't been in a fight since the age of nine. If someone pushes me, I'll fall over rather than push them back. I suppose, if I was attacked and found myself in the gutter with some ruffian kicking me repeatedly in the testicles, then I'd have to do something about it. Perhaps, in that kind of situation, I'd suddenly turn ferocious. But it's more likely that I'd become a gibbering wreck and start crying.

"Not that I find myself in violent situations too often. To be honest, I don't go to the kind of places where I'm likely to run into ruffians. The only time I ever came close was when I went along to the FA Cup final a couple of years back. I was just taking my seat when this skinhead caught my eye. He pointed at me and shouted, 'I fucking know you. You're a fucking queer fucking Jew!' At first, I thought he was joking. So I just laughed and said, 'Hello, dearie.' Which was a huge mistake. Because the next thing I knew, he was trying to throw himself towards me over this crowd of bodies. Usually I find that calling someone 'dearie' takes the heat out of a situation. But not in this case. Fortunately, he was carried off by the crowd. I didn't see him again, but I was trembling through the whole match."

"This skinhead said 'You queer fking Jew'. I laughed and said 'Hello, dearie'"**

STEPHEN FRY RECENTLY MADE THE POINT THAT, UP UNTIL HIS TRIAL IN 1895, the most famous thing about Oscar Wilde was his fame. In other words, Wilde was simply famous for being famous. Which raises an interesting question. Fry himself is extremely famous. Household name and what have you. But what's he *most* famous for? He's famous for being tall and polite, yes. He's famous for careering off the rails in his youth. He's famous for the size of his brain – "approximately the size of Kent" as one interviewer memorably declared. Then, of course, he's famous for ✈

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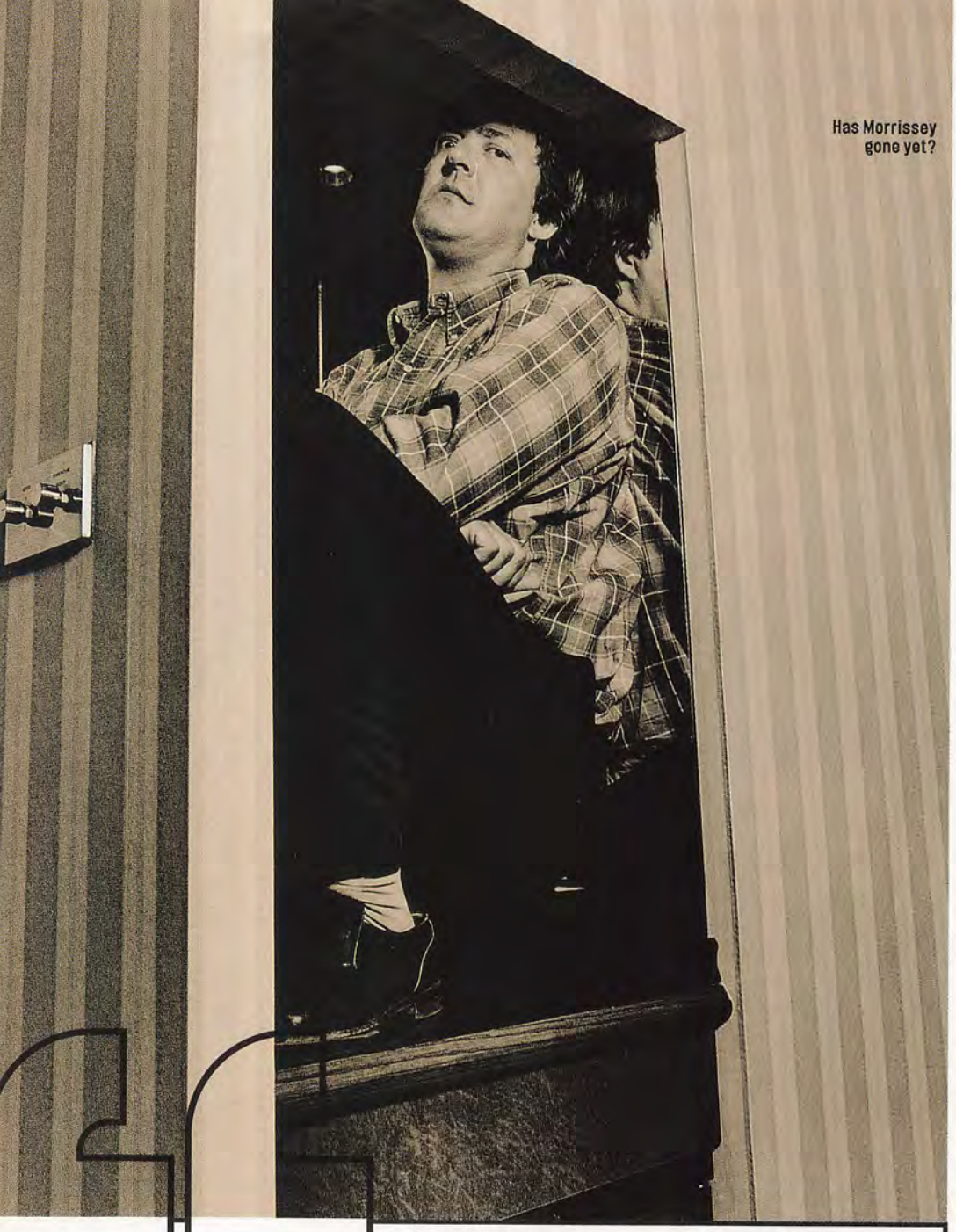


Has Morrissey gone yet?

BLACKADDER

Blackadder
As Lord Melchett in *Blackadder II*, Fry was the essence of an oily Elizabethan courtier. His plans to slime his way into the favour of the spoilt, petulant queen usually involved stitching up Blackadder along the way. Two series and three centuries later, the Melchett dynasty were still the nemesis of the Blackadders, as General Melchett did for the last of the line in *Blackadder Goes Forth*. The Germans described their British enemies in the First World War as 'Lions led by donkeys'; Rowan Atkinson and Fry played it more as weasels led by hippoes.

After 15 years of celibacy he's currently "going at it like a jockey's whip"

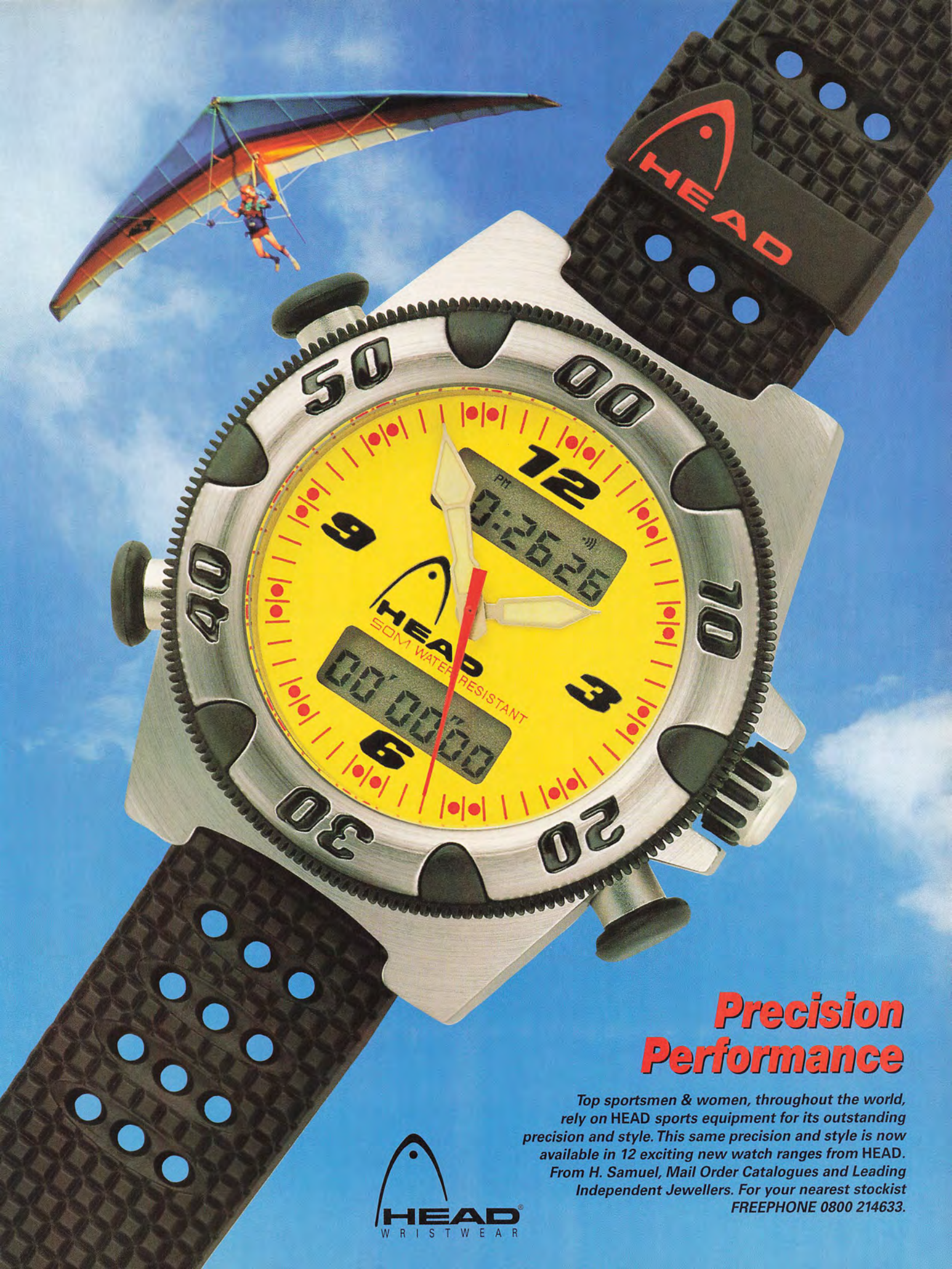
the mind-boggling amount of work he's done in the last 15 years or so. Such a colossal amount that his friend, the author Douglas Adams, has come up with the theory that there's more than one of him: "A whole cupboardful of Stephen Frys all doing different things". There's his TV stuff: *Saturday Night Live*, *Blackadder*, *A Bit Of Fry & Laurie*, *Who's Line Is It Anyway?*, *This Is David Lander*, *Jeeves & Wooster*... along with umpteen chat show appearances, commercials for Heineken and Alliance & Leicester, and much more besides. There's his theatre stuff: Alan Bennett's *Forty Years On*, Simon Gray's *The Common Pursuit*, Michael Frayn's *Look, Look*, and so on. There's his movie stuff: *A Handful Of Dust*, *A Fish Called Wanda*, *Peter's Friends*, *IQ* and, more recently, an acclaimed performance in the starring role of *Wilde*, the biopic of Oscar. Then there's his writing: three best-selling novels, a collection of his newspaper columns and his jolly fine autobiography, which merrily romps through his childhood and adolescence before coming to an abrupt halt at the age of 18. All of which makes him far too versatile to be famous in any one medium.

Up until recently, he was arguably most famous for his sex life – or rather his lack of one. Along with Morrissey and Cliff Richard, he was renowned for giving a wide berth to the old in-out. Shagging and all that – he didn't appear to fancy it at all. But, seemingly, that's all changed. After 15 years of strict celibacy, he's currently "going at it like a jockey's whip". Why this sudden about face?

"Well," he says, "I never promised to avoid sex for the rest of my days. I never even decided to be celibate. It just became a habit, I suppose. It wasn't that I hated sex. I just couldn't see the point of rubbing the wet slimy bits of my body against someone. Then, I decided that I was being rather silly about it. The opportunity arose, as it were, and I started doing it again. Very pleasurable it is too. Although it was a bit strange to begin with. I imagined, after all that time, that I would be hopelessly out of practice.

"Obviously, I'd been putting in a lot of practice on my own. Oh yes. I like to wonk the conker, wrestle the eel and bash the bishop as much as the next man. Let's face it. Men like to masturbate a lot. And I'm no exception. I think men in general are obsessed with masturbation. And we seem to be coming round to the idea that it's actually good for you. There's new work being done on the subject, apparently. I read in a science paper just the other day that there's some evidence that masturbation enhances sporting performance. So it's OK, I suppose, to have a wank before the boat race. Or during a chess tournament. Well, not *during*, obviously. Not under the table while a game is in progress. Though it would certainly draw the crowds in...

"What people think about when they masturbate is, of course, one of the great unknowables. It's the one question that you can never really ask. Though I suppose it's a fair guess that we're all thinking about sex in one way or another. I mean, you're not going to sit there pulling your pud and contemplating the decline of western civilisation, or a new recipe for tapioca pudding. But the actual thoughts that flash though your mind... maybe it's best they remain secret. We should all hope this is one thing ✈



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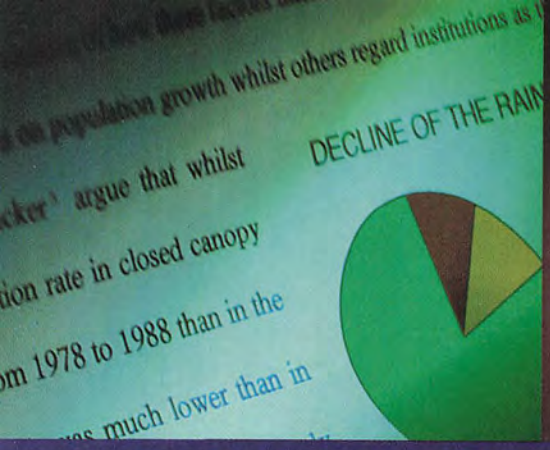

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technology will never steal from us. Though, if they did come up with the technology, it might be quite interesting. When MPs stood up in the Commons, you could have a little inset on the screen, showing the viewers what these people thought about when having one off the wrist. At first, the nation would laugh and giggle. Then, eventually, we'd all get profoundly bored by it. Because we'd realise that all human beings are essentially the same and we all have extremely weird thoughts."

He once famously described himself in a TV interview as "90 per cent gay" – a remark he's never quite lived down. But what of the other 10 per cent? How often does he find himself standing stiff and proud for a member of the opposite sex?

"Quite often, actually. I do find myself walking down the street thinking, 'I wouldn't kick her out of bed'. I can certainly find women's flesh arousing. But I cannot for the life of me see the appeal of, say, Pamela Anderson. But Audrey Hepburn… [*in Cockney cab-driver accent*] I could do her a fucking favour, mate. Cor! Not many! Here and now. On this table. On top of that plate of digestive biscuits, if you don't mind… But Pamela Anderson? I certainly would not be tempted. Even if she waltzed into my hotel suite and practically begged me to pleasure her from behind.

"I suppose it's women's bodies that are the problem for me. Breasts I don't find particularly attractive. And, let's be honest, women do have a tendency to be, how shall we say, over-arsed. Then there's the other bits – the female genitalia. When you peer in that direction, you have to question the design department. Very charming I'm sure, if you like that sort of thing. I'm sure each little membrane and each piece of folded tissue has a purpose of some kind. But, in my opinion, it doesn't add up to the most attractive package."

UNIVERSITY CHALLENGED

The young Fry, being a brainy type, managed to wangle his way on to *University Challenge* in 1980, representing Queen's College, Cambridge. He returned, sort of, a couple of years later, in the classic *Young Ones* episode, 'Bambi', as Lord Snot on the Footlights College team, and completed a trilogy of appearances on a celebrity version in 1992. Clever git.

HE'S MARVELLOUS COMPANY IS FRY. A thoroughly decent chap. An all-round good egg. So you can't help wondering why he's so obviously loathed by certain sections of the British media. The *Daily Mail*, for instance, once described him as "the most irritating man in Britain" and resident columnist Geoffrey Wheatcroft has been known to offer readers "your chance to win a blow-up Stephen Fry punch-bag". He's too clever by half, his detractors argue. As though that's a crime to rank alongside stabbing a horse and stealing its blanket.

"As far back as I can remember," he says, "I've been accused of being too clever. Schoolteachers would say, 'Don't start getting clever with me, Fry.' And I'd say, 'OK sir, how stupid would you like me to be?' I'm also accused of being smug rather a lot. But I don't see myself as smug at all. Basically, I'm as worried and insecure and self-doubting as anyone. As was proven two years ago – during what I now call The Debacle of 1995."

Meaning, of course, the time he became famous for doing a Reggie Perrin – bunking off from a play in the West End and buggering off to Belgium, with the media in fevered pursuit. He later admitted that he had got to the point where he couldn't think of anything particularly worth getting up for in the morning. He contemplated numerous options: including suicide and becoming a schoolteacher in Denmark. The whole messy saga revealing the troubled soul that lurked behind the tweed suits and the Comic Relief red nose.

"I still feel quite ashamed about the whole business," he admits. "It would probably have been easier to deal with if I'd been caught in some kind of Hugh Grant-type situation. As it was, I let a lot of people down and made a complete arse of myself. Ultimately, I had to face up to the fact that I wasn't very happy in my own skin. I'd spent 15 years allowing my work to become my life. And it hadn't made me particularly happy. Part of the loopy thinking I was going through at the time was that I should go somewhere and reinvent myself. Not that anything would have been resolved if I'd become that schoolteacher in Denmark. I'd still have been Stephen Fry. Except I'd have been Stephen Fry in Denmark. Which would have been a fairly stupid thing to be, because I don't even speak the fucking language."

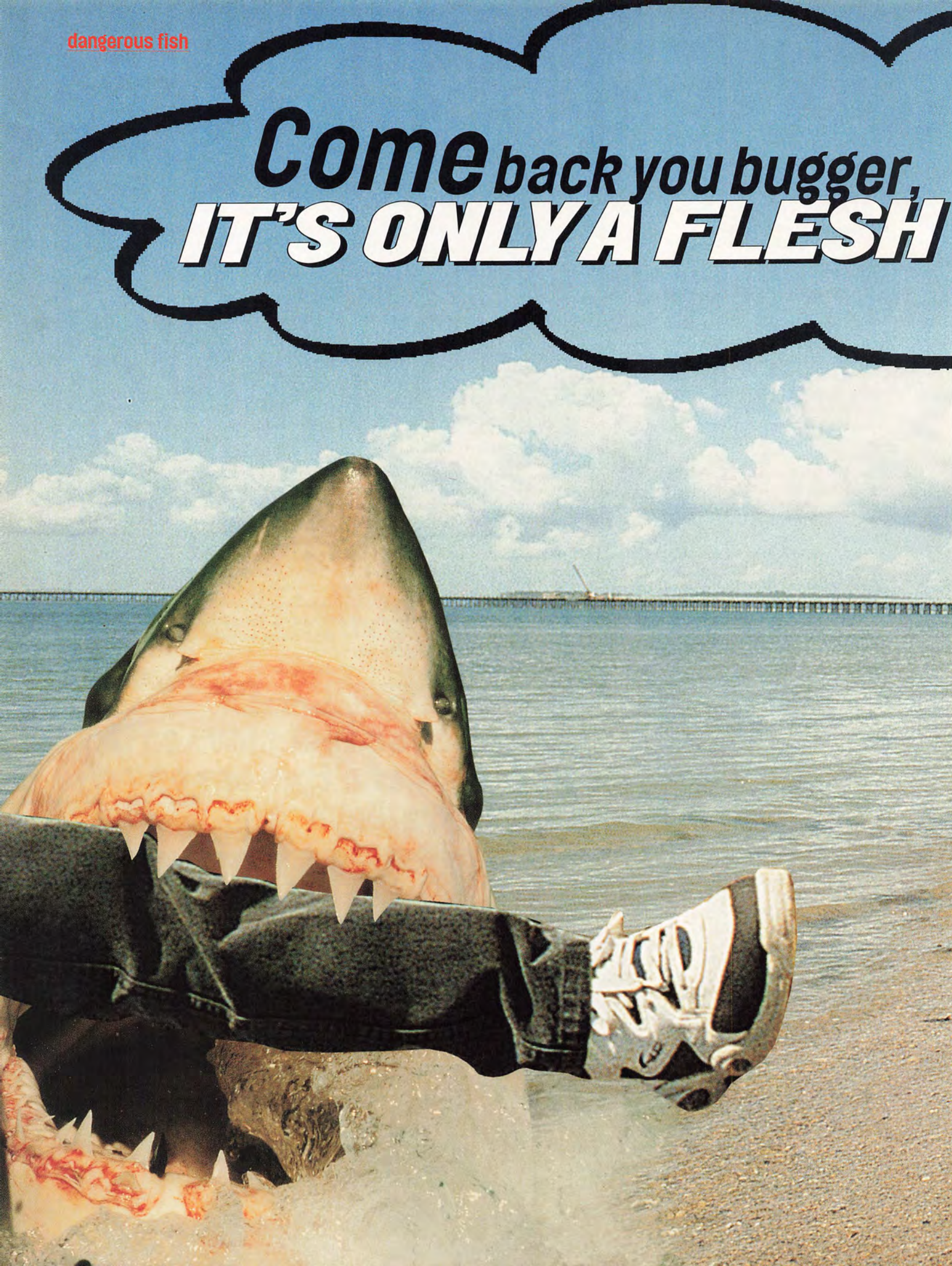
As for further down the pike, he's keeping his options firmly open. "Like anyone else, I'm far too busy trying to be myself and trying to find out what I really enjoy doing. Nor do I believe in looking back on life with regret. I firmly believe that you never regret the things in life you did – only the things in life you didn't do. Maybe we all need to be reminded more often that one day we are going to die and, therefore, we need to live a bit more. But, as a culture, we seem to be completely incapable of coming to terms with death. The lengths we go to avoid the word. You see it on fly sprays. It doesn't say, 'This stuff kills flies.' But, if you've got flies and you don't want them, then you fucking kill the little bastards. It's the same with rats. Let's not pretend that we're controlling them, or whatever. Because that's got nothing to do with progress. I mean, you can put a man on the moon… but you can't put one on Martina Navratilova. Now that's progress for you." ■

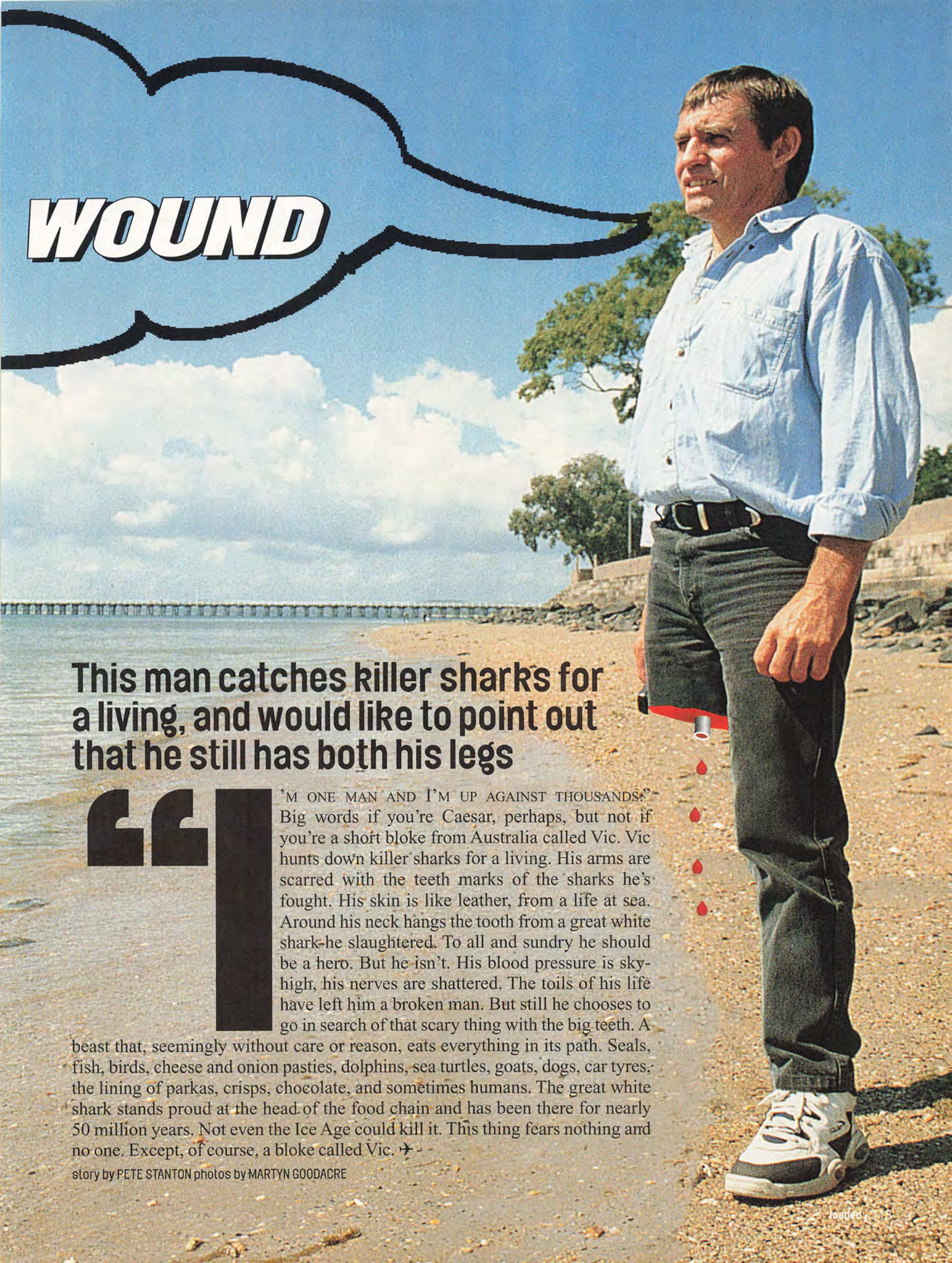
Stephen Fry's autobiography Moab Is My Washpot *is out now in hardback priced £16.99, published by Hutchinson.* Wilde *is on release now.*

> **You can put a man on the moon, but you can't put one on Martina Navratilova**

"Right... hold on... Sagittarius... the new month will provide new opportunities, wealth and sailors"

Come back you bugger, IT'S ONLY A FLESH





This man catches killer sharks for a living, and would like to point out that he still has both his legs

"I'M ONE MAN AND I'M UP AGAINST THOUSANDS." Big words if you're Caesar, perhaps, but not if you're a short bloke from Australia called Vic. Vic hunts down killer sharks for a living. His arms are scarred with the teeth marks of the sharks he's fought. His skin is like leather, from a life at sea. Around his neck hangs the tooth from a great white shark he slaughtered. To all and sundry he should be a hero. But he isn't. His blood pressure is sky-high, his nerves are shattered. The toils of his life have left him a broken man. But still he chooses to go in search of that scary thing with the big teeth. A beast that, seemingly without care or reason, eats everything in its path. Seals, fish, birds, cheese and onion pasties, dolphins, sea turtles, goats, dogs, car tyres, the lining of parkas, crisps, chocolate, and sometimes humans. The great white shark stands proud at the head of the food chain and has been there for nearly 50 million years. Not even the Ice Age could kill it. This thing fears nothing and no one. Except, of course, a bloke called Vic.

story by PETE STANTON photos by MARTYN GOODACRE

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"If we were swimming side by side, a big white could take you and I wouldn't even know"

When I first meet Vic Hislop outside his shark museum in Hervey Bay on the coast of Queensland in Australia, he is pasting some foul smelling liquid onto a mate's car. I extend a hand in greeting.

"Can't do that, mate," he says. "Me hand's covered in acid."

It was an odd introduction to a man who remained odd throughout the hour I spent with him. At one point during the interview, his mobile went off and he had the following conversation with his bank manager:

"Hello… hey, how's it going? You're harder to catch than I am… I need $50,000… yeah, yeah, OK. I'll speak to you later." That was the total conversation. He never told me what the money was for.

It seems that both on and off shore, Vic Hislop doesn't do ordinary things. The boat he hunts sharks in is only 18ft long whereas the sharks he's after are sometimes 25ft long. Now that doesn't seem right. Vic also believes that 80ft prehistoric sharks still exist somewhere in the ocean (making them almost three times the size of the ones we know about). That doesn't sound right either. Currently though, Vic's not very happy. In fact he's not been happy for a long time. He is embroiled in a conspiracy theory that, if true, stinks like the overflowing dirty linen basket of Bernard Manning. The case involves the great white and the tiger shark. Both are protected and the fishing of them off the shores of Australia is prohibited. Vic thinks that's bollocks. He sees bigger problems in the long term. Namely more sharks, more shark attacks and, even more frightening, the possibility that non-man-eating sharks may become man-eating sharks. It's scary. But then so is Vic.

Vic and the thing he likes to call "Sheila"
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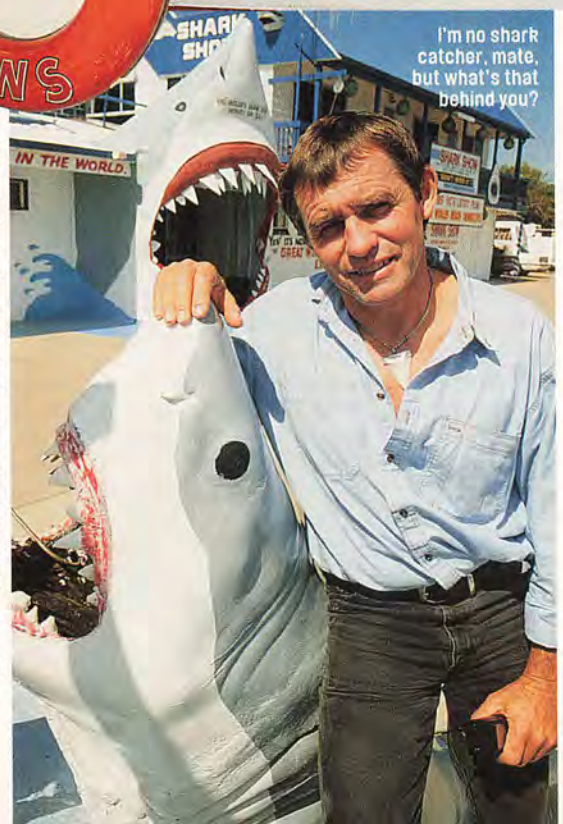
"HOW COMMERCIAL CAN PEOPLE GET"
Another monster takes the bait...
JAWS
Well, it fooled us



UNTIL RECENTLY VIC WAS THE man you called if a shark attack happened in Australia. In his little boat he'd hunt and, more often than not, find your shark. To his members he was the fourth emergency service. That's gone now, since the conservationists have stepped in. The great whites are, according to recent surveys, disappearing and close to extinction, and need protecting. But no one seems to have told the sharks this. Attacks still happen around the south and east coasts of Australia, as they do in places such as South Africa and California. Vic's services, it would seem, are as much in demand as they ever were. Unfortunately, the conservationists, the Australian government and, of course, the killer sharks, disagree.

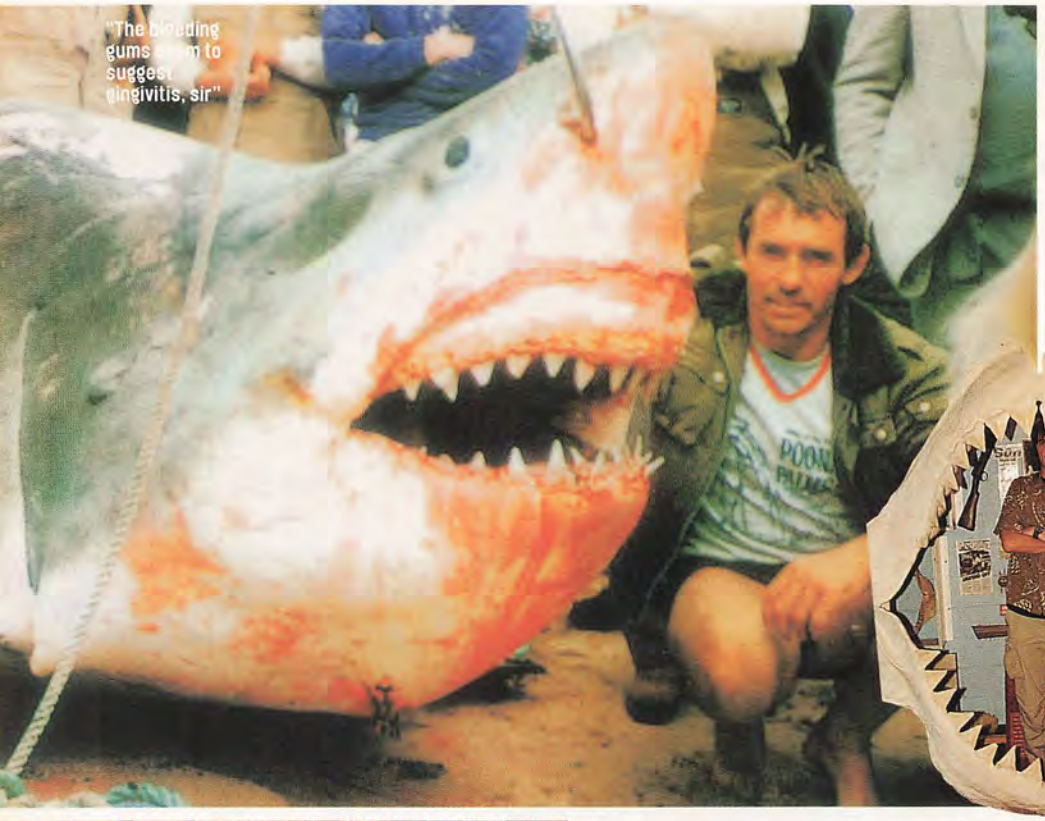
"It's common sense," reasons Vic in the plastic surroundings of a nearby café. His brow furrows, and remains that way throughout the interview. He reminds me in a strange way of an annoyed Willie Carson. "I know what I'm talking about. In every country in the world it's happening. In the inland sea of Japan, in Hong Kong, in Hawaii, sharks are attacking. You don't have to be a shark expert to know that when you're thinning out the ocean of fish – that's millions of tons of fish caught every day – then who is thinning out the top end of the food chain, the killer sharks? Nobody is. There's 350 species of shark. The dangerous ones are two species – tigers and whites. The harmless sharks are being used to build up public sympathy to protect the dangerous sharks. And do you know why?"

I shake my head, more in fear than anything.

"They want them protecting for their film-making. It's the film people who are behind it all. Because of the green movement, all the marine biologists jumped on the bandwagon too. Everybody that has vested interests in water sports is in on it. It's in their interests to keep the truth silent. The trouble is, shark attacks are happening more and more and it's getting harder for them to cover it up."

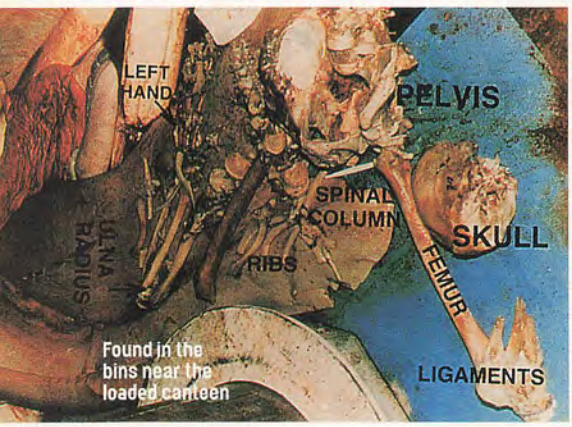
Before I left for Australia I'd never heard of Vic Hislop or his plight. But in Australia he is well known. The town of Hervey Bay seems split on whether he is a pest or a hero. Some say he puts a bad image on the town, whereas others reckon he knows what he's on about. Whatever people think, Vic's shark museum and shark shows are one of the main reasons people visit the place (another is to try to spot Elle MacPherson's sister, Mimi, who lives and organises whale watching trips here). The outside of the bright white museum features an awkward-looking plastic construction of a man in a boat reeling in the least fearsome-looking shark you'll ever see. Once through the shark-jaws entrance, though, Vic's 30-year romance with the creature is something to behold. Three rooms are filled with memorabilia, such as half-eaten surfboards, shark teeth, pictures of people minus limbs and pictures of sharks minus bodies. One whole wall is taken up with a list of dates and names of people who have been involved in shark attacks. In one of the rooms, a film of Vic in action catching sharks is on a constant spool. The big crowd-puller is the 20ft great white, caught by Vic and frozen, surrounded by glass. Vic was doing Damien Hirst well before Damien pickled his first mammal.

"Think how valuable my knowledge is," Vic continues. "The things I've pulled out of sharks' stomachs, including human parts. I can tell you what type of shark has attacked just ✈



WHAT TO DO IF TRAPPED IN SHARK-INFESTED WATER

"Kiss your arse goodbye. They're too good at what they do. It's alright to say, 'Don't panic, don't splash and head steadily for the boat or the shore,' but you've got to remember all the ones I catch go for my bait, which isn't moving. They'd take that just as quick as they'd take you. So-called experts keep telling us that we look like seals when we're on a surfboard – that's bullshit! That doesn't matter to a shark. Anything in the water is fair game for them. They're just a ton of muscle with a big set of sharp teeth in front of them and they maim and kill every day. I've heard stories of people saying that if you punch the shark on the nose it scares them off. Crap! Can you imagine doing something as idiotic as that? You've got two tons of shark attacking you that can tear apart a 40-tonne whale and you're expected to punch it. They've attacked my outboard propellers and chopped their own head to pieces and still they keep attacking. No, if a shark decides he wants to eat you, he will."



"The things I've pulled out of sharks' stomachs, including human parts"

by the teeth marks, how big it is, everything. Nobody else has this information. And this could save lives. I'm the best in the world at what I do."

So what happens when a shark attack happens in Australia?

"I get about 100 calls from the public to come and help, but I can't do anything."

His eyes seem on fire. His furrowed brow looks stuck on 'worried expression' and he's gone purple. He bangs the table. "Because the government try to stop me."

"How?" I ask, with a higher pitch than I'd intended.

"They put false charges on me, they confiscate my equipment, they do everything to shut me up. I've had a lifetime of it and I can't get the facts through to them. We're talking about human life here. Do you know the amount of people who've been attacked by sharks?"

"No," I say, as a small child would.

"I know and the government knows, but they choose not to report them all. Criminals!"

Vic tells me later that to relax he sometimes likes to hunt wild pigs in the outback. That's like a steeplejack doing rock-climbing in his spare time. This man cannot wind down.

"We had Jacques Cousteau's lot down here in south Australia about five years ago," he continues. "They were diving in the water telling people that the great whites were basically extinct and we should protect them. But when they were diving it was the wrong season for great whites. They were 3,000 miles away. I could have told them that."

When I point out that Cousteau died only this year, Vic replies, "Thank Christ for that."

"Don't get me wrong. I dive. My kids all dive. People will always go diving. All I want is for everyone to know the truth. Then they can make up their own minds. Anywhere someone goes missing or is taken by a shark, the government should have a team of people that swings right into action with the best equipment in the world and fishes that area for 10 days. To get that man-eater out of the water."

When you grow up with sharks you're going to know about them. I had football, Vic had sharks. He grew up in Brisbane's ✈

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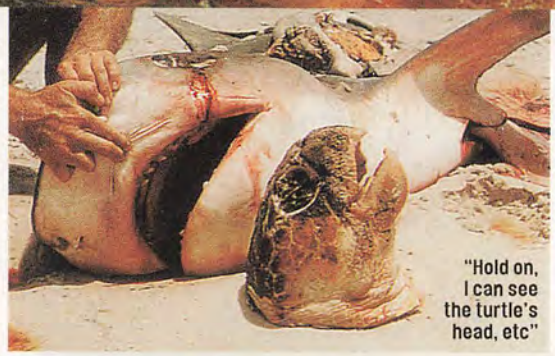
bayside area. When he was 13 he had a canoe with a shark's mouth painted on the bow. At 15 he caught his first shark, a 12ft bronze whaler. At 16 a tiger shark five feet longer than his boat attacked and stole four sharks Vic had caught that day. He's been fanatical about the killers ever since. As it stands, Vic holds the record for the biggest great white shark ever caught, weighing in at a lard-heavy 2.5 tonnes and measuring over 25ft in length. Vic knows his sharks, and in some cases the sharks have got to know him too.

Vic has caught hundreds of sharks by pretending to be a pelican

"Oh, I've had a lifetime of close shaves," he says, calming down a fraction. "I've been pulled in the water by big sharks, had a rope crushing my legs with a shark on the end. I've been stuck on a kid's dinghy with a tiger shark circling me. I've been that close to death so many times. I know I'm lucky. I never panic, which saves me, but I'm still lucky."



"Hold on, I can see the turtle's head, etc"

He shows me the scars that cover both of his arms. "It's where the teeth hit me sometimes," he says. "They're razor sharp, you know."

I tentatively put to him that the closest character I could relate to his life would be Robert Shaw's shark-hunting boat captain, Quint, in *Jaws*. Vic's expression reverts back to a frown.

"I don't think so, I'm not like that. Don't link me with him for Chrissakes. He was just a shark catcher, I'm dedicated to do what I do, trying to save human lives. I'm wasting my life away."

Vic Hislop's crusade continues unabated. Even now he's preparing a minibus with a souped-up freezer in the back to tour the schools of Australia with his 20ft shark in the back. Is he

You're not even safe on the beach in Australia

"I've been stuck on a kid's dinghy with a tiger shark circling me. I've been that close to death so many times"

mad? Maybe. Is it normal to drive around with a frozen shark in your boot? Not really. But then again, is it normal to be a shark catcher?

"I don't hate sharks," he insists, "whatever you may believe. I have a mutual respect for them. I just don't like the damage they do. They will never be wiped out. They're too big, too powerful and there's too many of them. They're unbelievable. They're so good at what they do. They don't make a splash. Me and you could be swimming side by side and a big white could take you and I wouldn't even know. You'd be gone. End of story. Just think about that."

Strangely enough, I've thought about nothing else since. ■

This one's been smoking dolphins

SHARKS... A SPOTTERS' GUIDE

The Great White Shark
Grows up to 40ft. Eats everything. Likes to be called 'Jaws'. Hates fun.

The Tiger Shark
Grows up to 25ft. Eats everything except avocados. Likes to be tickled.

The Bat Shark
Grows up to 8in. Kills by staring at its prey for a while. Not dangerous.

Shylock The Loan Shark
Takes payments of human flesh. Created by Shakespeare. A bit silly.

Feargal Sharkey
As surprised as us, perhaps, that he's featured in this article.

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THIS BAND'S GONNA BE HUG

EMBRACE. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T CALL THEM THE NEW KISS

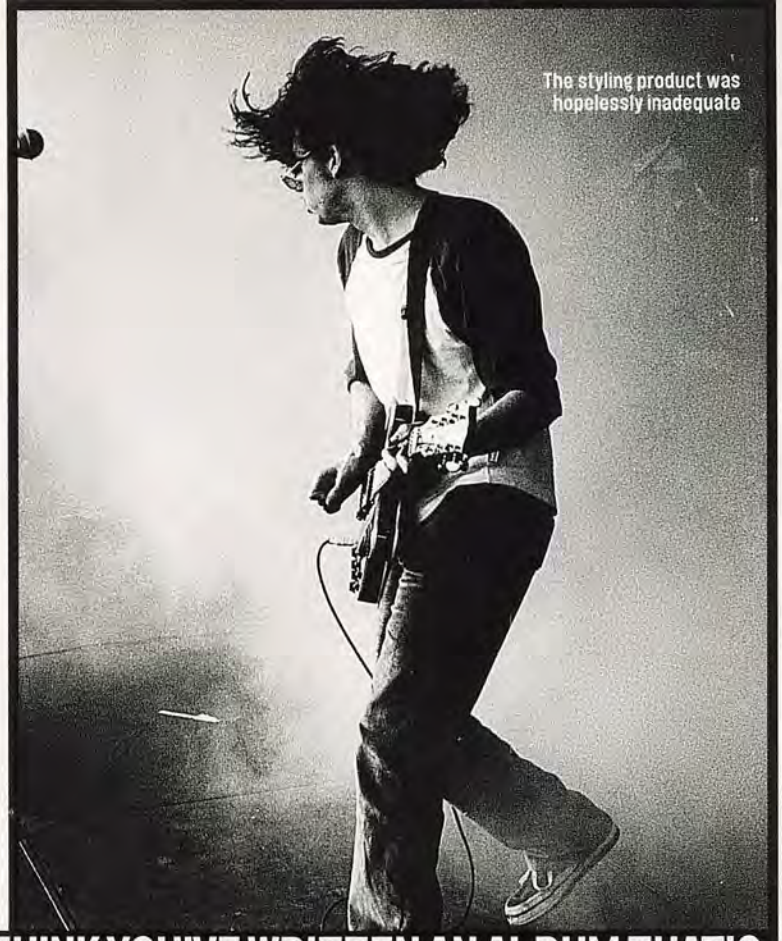
story by DAVID BENNUN photos by CHRIS FLOYD

TURNING ONTO ENGINEER'S WAY ALONGSIDE Wembley Arena, I realise I've made a terrible mistake. A noise like a squadron of Phantom jets hits me about seven seconds before a mob of pubescent girls is due to. They cover the road and the pavement, swarming hundreds deep, and spill forward with terrifying force, a seismic wave of pimples, crop tops and screaming. There's no time to double back. I stand transfixed, stricken not so much with the thought of my impending doom as with the utter indignity of it. Trampled to death by teenyboppers. I'll be one of those tiny joke items in the papers – "**loaded** man trodden to pulp by little girls, ha-ha-de-ha."

Two and a half instants before the end, my brain kicks my arse into gear, slips the clutch and hits the accelerator. I vault over a small fence, trip on the wire, fall to the ground like a sackful of spanners and watch the torrent sweep past me. Then I pick myself up and totter into the studio across the street to meet Embrace, the brilliant and fast-rising Huddersfield four-piece who I spent half my weekends in the summer following around the festival circuit.

"Yours, are they?" I ask singer Danny McNamara.

"The Backstreet Boys," he replies. "They were playing tonight." ✈



The styling product was hopelessly inadequate

FOUR MONTHS EARLIER, STEVE FIRTH TAKES A PULL ON HIS FAG AND stares blankly at the sodden fields of Glastonbury. The rain's beating horizontally against a few muddy, distant, early-morning hippies as they pick their way through the mire. From the top deck of the coach we have a fine view into a nearby van with a painted eagle emblazoned on the roof. In the cab, a German roadie, all paunch and body hair, is slipping into something more likely to reveal his testicles. The eagle looks pissed off, and who can blame it? Steve just looks philosophical.

"I've seen worse than this," reflects the Embrace bassist. "Years ago I had a friend who moved down from Huddersfield to Crawley, in Sussex. He said, 'There's loads of jobs down here.' So I came down. I'd been on the dole for three or four months. Thought I'd save a bit of money. The next day I had a job. Everybody could get work back in them days though," he adds drily. "It was in the '50s. There was a thriving textile industry…

"There'd been a bin strike in Crawley, and they'd hired all these ex-students to clear up after them. It was disgusting. You'd get maggots falling out of the bags down your neck. We got kicked out of our flat midway through that, and we couldn't find anywhere to live, so we thought we'd camp in the woods. I used to come off work, go to the pub and get pissed every night because it was the only way I could cope with it. We'd end up rat-arsed, chasing each other through the woods, falling over, and one night I rolled around in a load of dogshit. I didn't have anywhere to wash, no change of clothes. I had to go to work on the bins stinking of dogshit, and they were all going 'Fuckin' hell!', recoiling from me, all these people who were used to getting maggots down their collars. After that I slept in someone's garden for three months. I never even managed to save enough money to get another flat.

"It was," he muses, with some understatement, "a low point in my life."

Across the fields, one of the hippies goes down. Two others struggle vainly to pluck him from the bog.

"Then," says Steve, "I decided to become a rock star."

"IF YOU'RE IN A BAND AND YOU THINK YOU'VE WRITTEN AN ALBUM THAT'S BETTER THAN OURS, YOU 'AN'T, AND IF I HAVEN'T HEARD OF YER, FKIN' GOOD ON YER, MAN"**

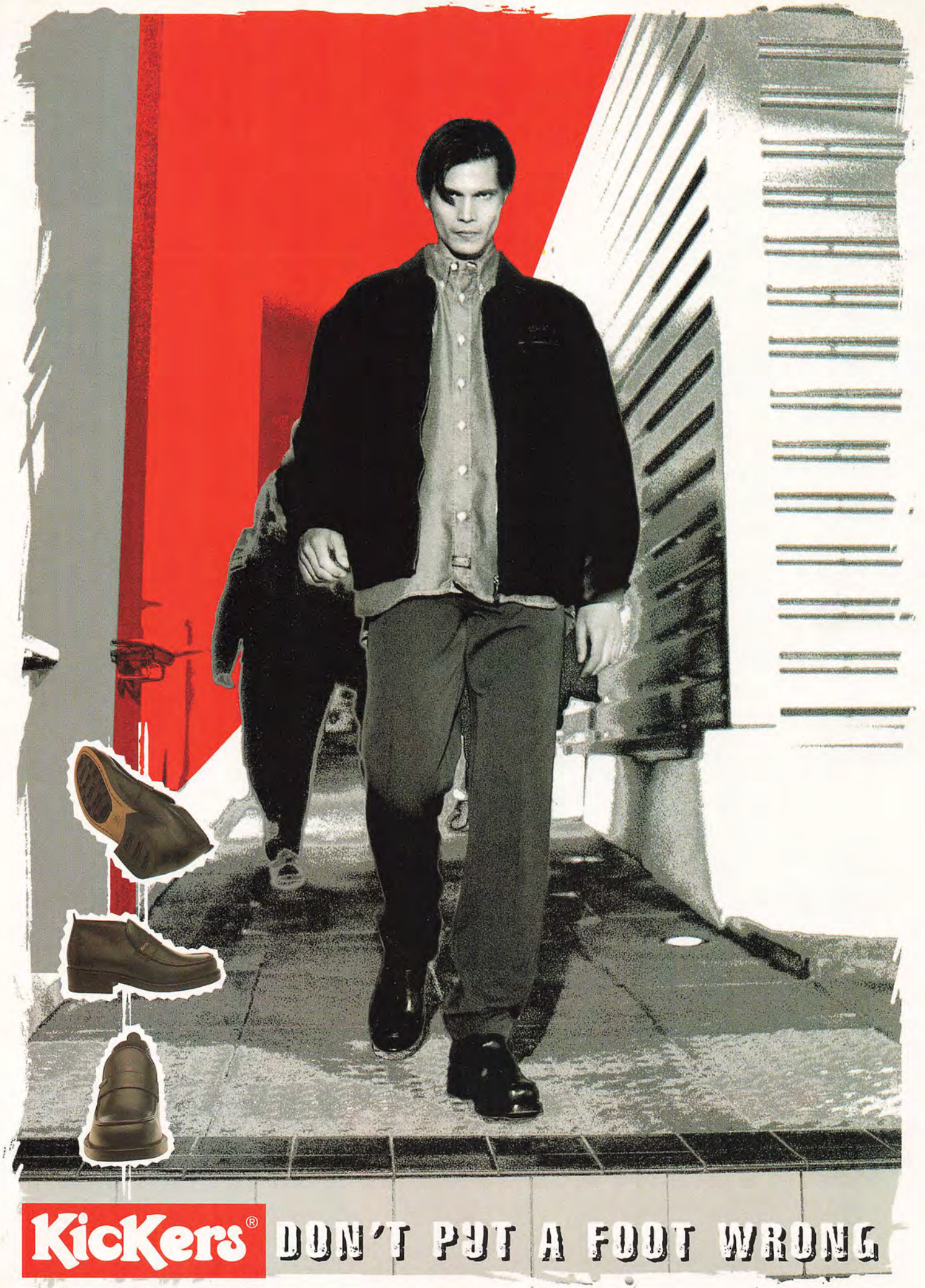
STEVE'S FORTUNES TOOK A TURN FOR THE BETTER WHEN HE WENT BACK TO Huddersfield and hooked up with the brothers McNamara, who had the same idea and the means by which to make it real. Danny, the elder, a musical obsessive, had been writing songs for years with guitarist Richard, a dark horse if ever there was one, and playing them with drummer Mike Heaton. Within a year of Steve completing the line-up for Embrace, their limited-edition debut single, 'All You Good Good People', had sold out in a matter of hours and the music and style press was singing their praises in the usual hysterical fashion. For once, those papers had it right, although they missed the point when they labelled Embrace "the new Oasis". Big, sombre and deeply passionate, Embrace's music is far closer to The Verve's, although you can hear American influences like Nirvana and the deadpan king of bedsit misery, Leonard Cohen, in there as well. Of all the new contenders and pretenders in British rock, Embrace weren't just the best, they were the only ones worth bothering with. They manage that rare trick of coming across as both stately and rocking at the same time. Their songs are mostly thoughtful, measured and anthemic, or heartfelt power ballads, and when they up the speed, as on 'Last Gas' and 'One Big Family', you can imagine them spiralling up onto Air Traffic Control's radar screens and taking the roof with them. Put their three EPs together and you'd have one of the year's best albums, although their own first album will be mostly new material and won't be out until the new year. For Danny, as frontman and presumed leader, the fuss has come as no surprise.

"I am in an industry," he says quietly, taping a pair of bin-bags to his legs to protect his Converse trainers from the Glastonbury quagmire, "and I want to be as good as people who are better than me, and I won't stop till I am."

"Who do you think's better than you?" I ask, winding the Gaffa tape round my own knees. Steve watches us as if he might at any minute give in to some long-suppressed garbageman's instinct and try to hurl us onto the back of the nearest truck.

"Nobody at the moment," Danny replies, without blinking. "I think Beastie Boys and The Prodigy do what they do as well as or better than we do what we do, but nobody in guitar music. Y'see, I'm in the fortunate position of having heard our album and heard all the competition's albums pretty much, and well, there ain't any competition really. I mean, if you're in a band and you think you've written an album that's better than us and I've heard of yer, you 'an't, and if I haven't heard of yer, fuckin' good on yer, man."

He sticks a probing foot out the door of coach and sinks up to his ✈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calves, then goes squelching off to find the Radio 1 tent. There, sitting on a plastic crate, his lyrics stuck to a bale of hay in front of him, he'll play a new song called 'That's All Changed For Good' which could almost make you believe his outlandish claims.

NEXT TIME I MEET EMBRACE, IT'S AT THE BONE-DRY PHOENIX AND they've changed their festival shoes. They had to. The bin liners didn't work. Red Star, Blue Star, All Star, makes no difference. They're all Brown Star now. "Brand new, they were," grumbles Richard, a man who speaks softly and little until, late at night on a tour bus, he'll suddenly come up with stories about headbutting Alsatian dogs, setting himself on fire at parties and throwing bricks at body-builders' houses.

"It was my fuckin' shirt an' all he set on fire, the bastard," Danny now elaborates. "And as for Hercules, the body-builder, we worked on his fuckin' house and we didn't get fuckin' paid."

"How old were you then?" I ask. "Early teens, I suppose."

"Twenty-three," says Richard. "It were last year, I think."

Richard and Danny used to work for their dad, who's in the shed-building business. While Richard was off causing minor havoc, Danny would spend all his spare time on music.

"I've been at it eight years. What am I, 27 now? I never know. I've never once celebrated my birthday, 'cos I've been too busy working on songs and stuff. It's just what I love doing. Even when I'd have a girlfriend, I'd go and see her for an hour on New Year's Eve, then I'd go home and work on a song. Everyone thinks you're mad, a dreamer, and then when you start to make it you go from being a dreamer to being a driven, talented, ambitious young man overnight. It's a joke really. You're still a fuckin' dreamer.

"But," he carries on, "it is the most important thing to me. I can't sing without feeling a lot when I sing. No matter how often I do it. That's why we start with a slow one more often than not, 'cos it lets me know I'm at work. I start with a slow one that really gets me."

"At work?" says Richard. "Gigs are alright. We could be really working for a living." He fiddles with his guitar strap, preparing to go onstage.

"That's true," Danny admits. "I'll tell me dad, 'I've been working 12- and 14-hour days since last November, and I've had two days off.' And he goes, 'I've been working for 35 years and I've got fuck all.' Puts it in perspective."

Danny follows the band up the gangway to play their set to the Phoenix crowd. He'll curse himself afterwards for not being absolutely perfect. Still, there's time.

BACK AT THE STUDIO ON ENGINEER'S WAY, I FIND MYSELF TALKING TO Danny's girlfriend, Emma, who joined him at all the festival dates. When Danny split with his last girlfriend – his fiancée – the bitterness inspired most of the songs that will appear on Embrace's first album.

"It's easier for the band now he's with Emma," says Steve.

"Well I'm a bit more relaxed, a bit less hyper," Danny allows.

"And you've got rid of those bollocks like beach balls in yer trousers," observes Richard.

So does being happier mean he's less committed to the band?

"It's funny you should say that, 'cos I've slackened right off."

"He hasn't, you know," mutters Steve under his breath.

"You've got to understand," pleads Danny, "the music is really important to me. That's why I'm always getting into arguments with people like that other bloke from **loaded** [*John Perry*] when they ask me about it. They shouldn't ask me about it if they don't want to take it seriously. Thanks to the press, everybody thinks I'm an arrogant cunt now."

"Well maybe you shouldn't be such an arrogant cunt with them then," I suggest to them.

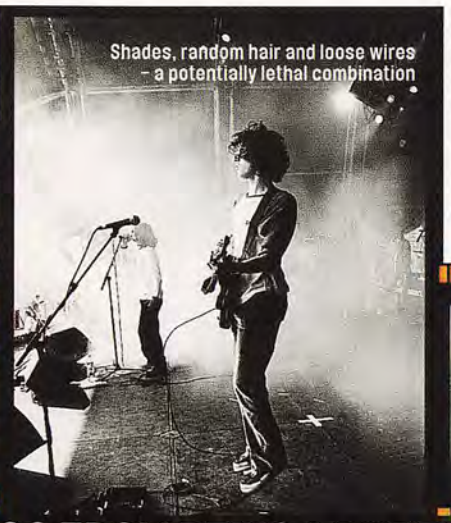
There's a short silence.

"Y'know," says Danny, "you might just have summat there."

He thinks a bit more. "But it's because it means so much to me that I act that way."

Then we all shut up and watch some programme about aliens on the studio telly.

A re-recorded version of 'All You Good Good People' is out now on Hut. Embrace are on tour through November and December. Their album follows in January.



"WHEN YOU START TO MAKE IT YOU GO FROM BEING A DREAMER TO BEING A DRIVEN, TALENTED AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN OVERNIGHT. IT'S A JOKE REALLY. YOU'RE STILL A FKIN' DREAMER"**

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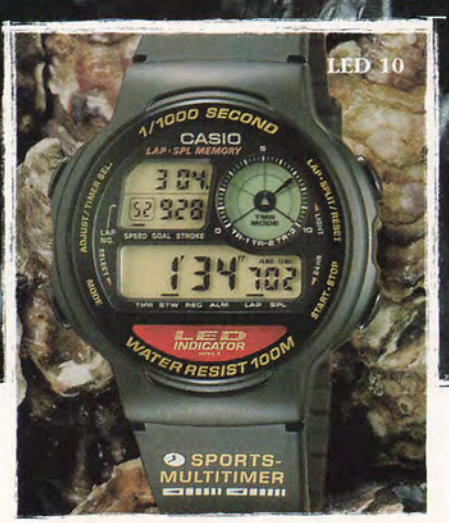

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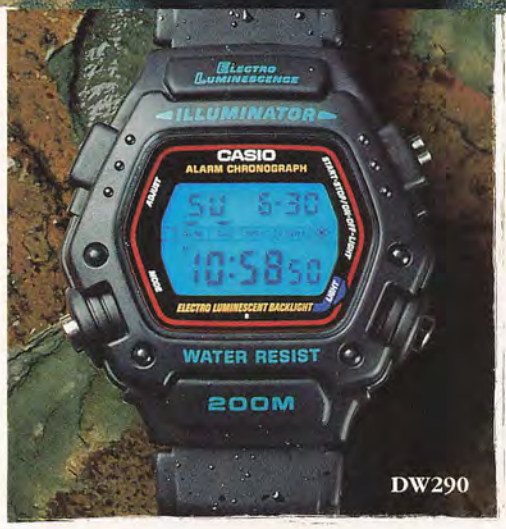

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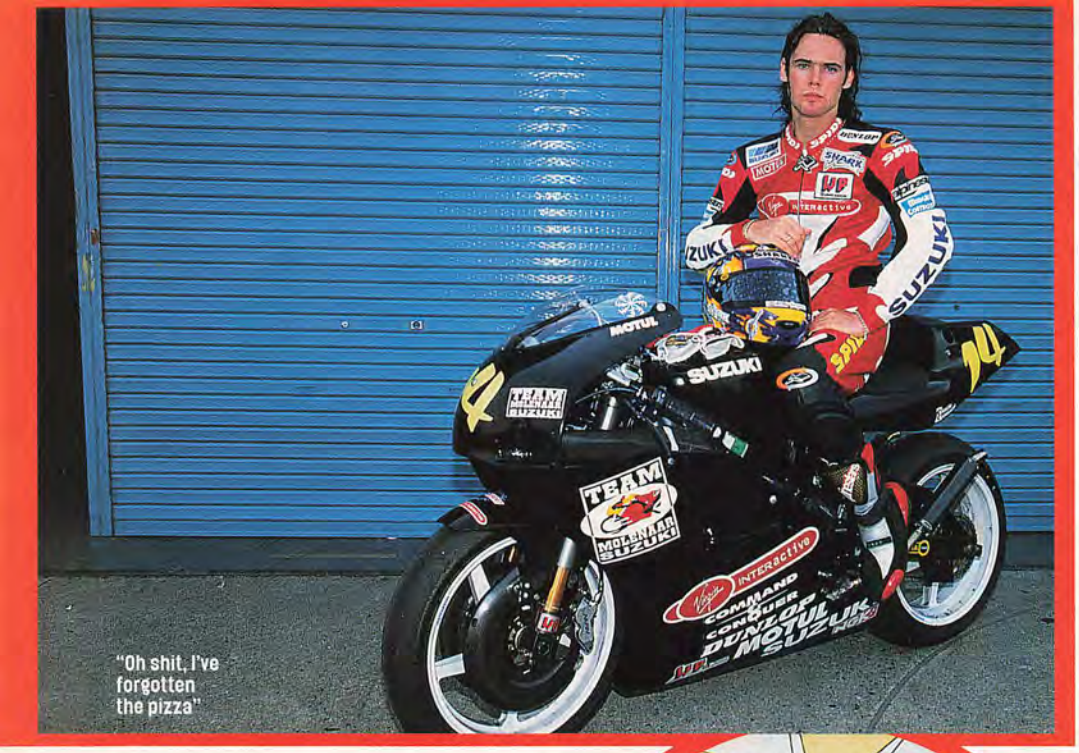
Japanesy rider

Britain's Jamie Robinson goes round the bend very quickly in Suzuka

IT IS VOMIT. A VISCOUS PUDDLE of born-again noodle, or perhaps even still-born tapeworm on the station platform at Ebisu. To the right of it is a young Japanese man on the platform, sitting by himself, rocking from side to side with the seasick delusions of the very definitely drunk. The hygiene-conscious Japanese avoid him like responsibility for war atrocities. At the next station a boy holds his girlfriend round the waist as she dry-retches on the stairs, 15ft below is another pile of sick, crusted with age and probably not hers. Outside, a man is lying on his side, holding his stomach and groaning. The words 'poison', 'gas' and 'attack' spring instantly to mind. ✈

story by BILL BURROWS photos by NEALE HAYNES



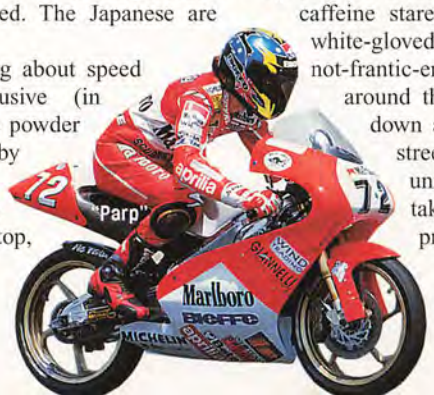
It is not, however, a repeat of the Sarin B attack of two years ago – just the late night commuter traffic making its way home after excessive post-work drinking. Suddenly the lumpen Tokyo business community is scattered all over the six-lane highway as a scooter, driven by a teenager dressed head-to-toe in English football terrace wear from the mid-1980s (Pringle jumper and Lyle & Scott polo-neck, Kappa pants) mounts the pavement and makes for a pedestrianised street at high speed. The traffic stops. The scooter hits a bollard and catapults the rider over the top. He lands on his feet and hits the ground running. A Japanese teenager, conspicuous in his black leather biker jacket, is the quarry. He bolts.

As he runs, more casuals appear out of doorways and another pair jump from the back of a van. It's a life-or-death chase beneath the rain-blurred neon of a Tokyo intersection. The suits dissolve into the dark. In less than 10 seconds a crowded street has become deserted but for two confused Englishmen, slightly shell-shocked and wondering what in the name of Christ is going on. Two more casuals come out of the night and assault a 750cc motorbike that has been minding its own business at the side of the road, kicking it over and then putting the boot in some more as it rocks up and down on its fuel tank. The kicking itself is also '80s English football terrace, frenzied and remorseless. The bike is obviously due a kicking because it has been customized. The Japanese are motorcycle purists.

They love everything about speed except for the elusive (in Japan, at least) white powder occasionally known by the same name. They don't need it. Japan is the fastest, most non-stop, machine-driven country in the world and Suzuka is the fastest, most non-stop, machine-driven town in Japan. It is where petrol-heads end-up if they have behaved themselves on Earth. Suzuka is dependent upon and subservient to the motor-racing industry in all its various cash-rich guises, and the racetrack, basically a figure of eight seen through the bottom of a whisky glass, is where Damon Hill claimed his Formula One World Championship. This weekend, however, it belongs to the FIM Road Racing World Championship. The bikes. Loads of them.

"If you come off at speed you're just flipped, but if you're pitched into the air it can be pretty scary"

We arrive at the racetrack by cab, driven by a speed freak with a wide-eyed, four-day caffeine stare. He smiles and spins his white-gloved hands in a half blur of not-frantic-enough-for-my-liking activity around the wheel as he aqua-planes down a soaking wet Suzuka side-street. To the sane, it is an unnerving experience to overtake other cars whilst in the process of braking, but it seems to give the driver a kick. "Suzuka," he says, pleased with himself.



"YEAH, OF COURSE I'M A SPEED FREAK, I wouldn't be doing this for a living if I wasn't, would I?" Hark at the new Barry Sheene, standing there with his hands on his hips. Jamie Robinson, all Suzuki leathers and long, brown hair, is holding court. He is the reason we are here. "I've been riding bikes since I was three years old and I'm now doing what I've always wanted to do. OK, 250cc is not 500cc, but I'm only young and will only get better." He's the only British rider with a works ride (that is to say, supported by the sponsorship of a major manufacturer) and the first for Suzuki since Sheene raced away with the 500cc World Title in 1976. He is just 21.

He signed to Suzuki in December 1996 and agreed to ride their 170mph RGV250 in the 250cc World Championship. The press release boasted, "Robinson first burst onto the racing scene a few days after his 16th birthday. He's been winning races and breaking lap records ever since, grabbing the British 250cc title in 1995 and breaking into the World Championship scene last year, where his aggressive yet streamlined riding style stunned his rivals." When we meet him, one race into the Grand Prix calendar, he has failed to score any points, although this is at least partially explained by the fact that his Japanese team-mate Noriyasu Numata knocked him off in Malaysia.

"I was T-boned," Robinson explains, indicating the dynamics of the collision by punching one hand into the open palm of the other. "It was an easy top 10 finish and he T-boned me. He stayed on and finished but I broke a bone in my foot. I learned a few Japanese swear words after that." There is, then, a palpable tension in the Molenaar Racing Team pit area at the end of the first day of practice, a mood which is not enhanced by the fact that there have already been nine crashes across all three of the bike classifications, three of which require medical intervention for injuries as various as, according to the paramedic unit, "a left-shoulder dislocation", "a right-wrist and hemitorax contusion" and "a left foot contusion".

There is a fun fair behind the long home-straight at Suzuka. On both the giant Ferris wheel and the Space Shot (an 'attraction' which moves against gravity to the point of split-second stasis before free-falling back down to the original starting position) you can get a fleeting look at the riders hitting the ✈

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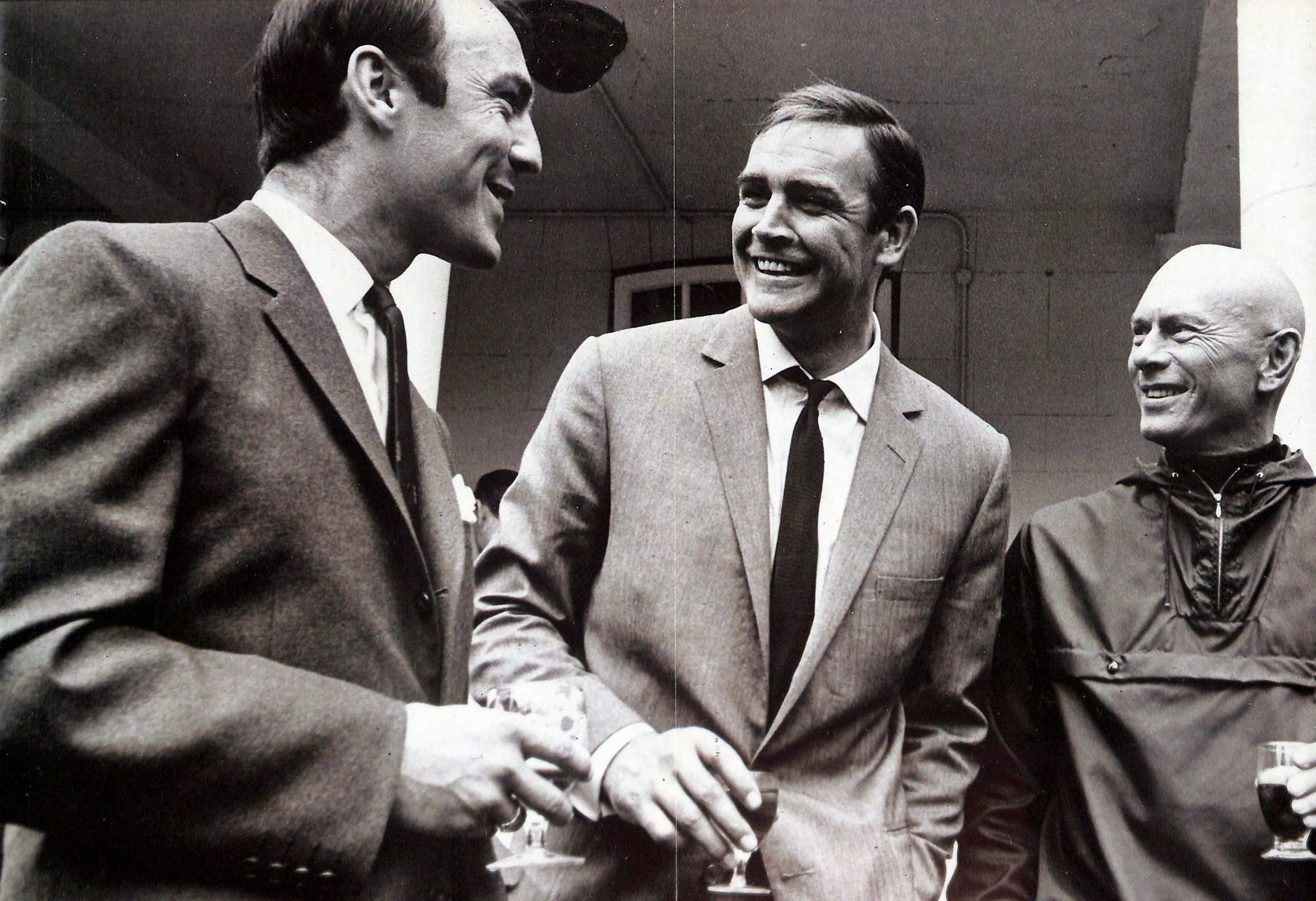
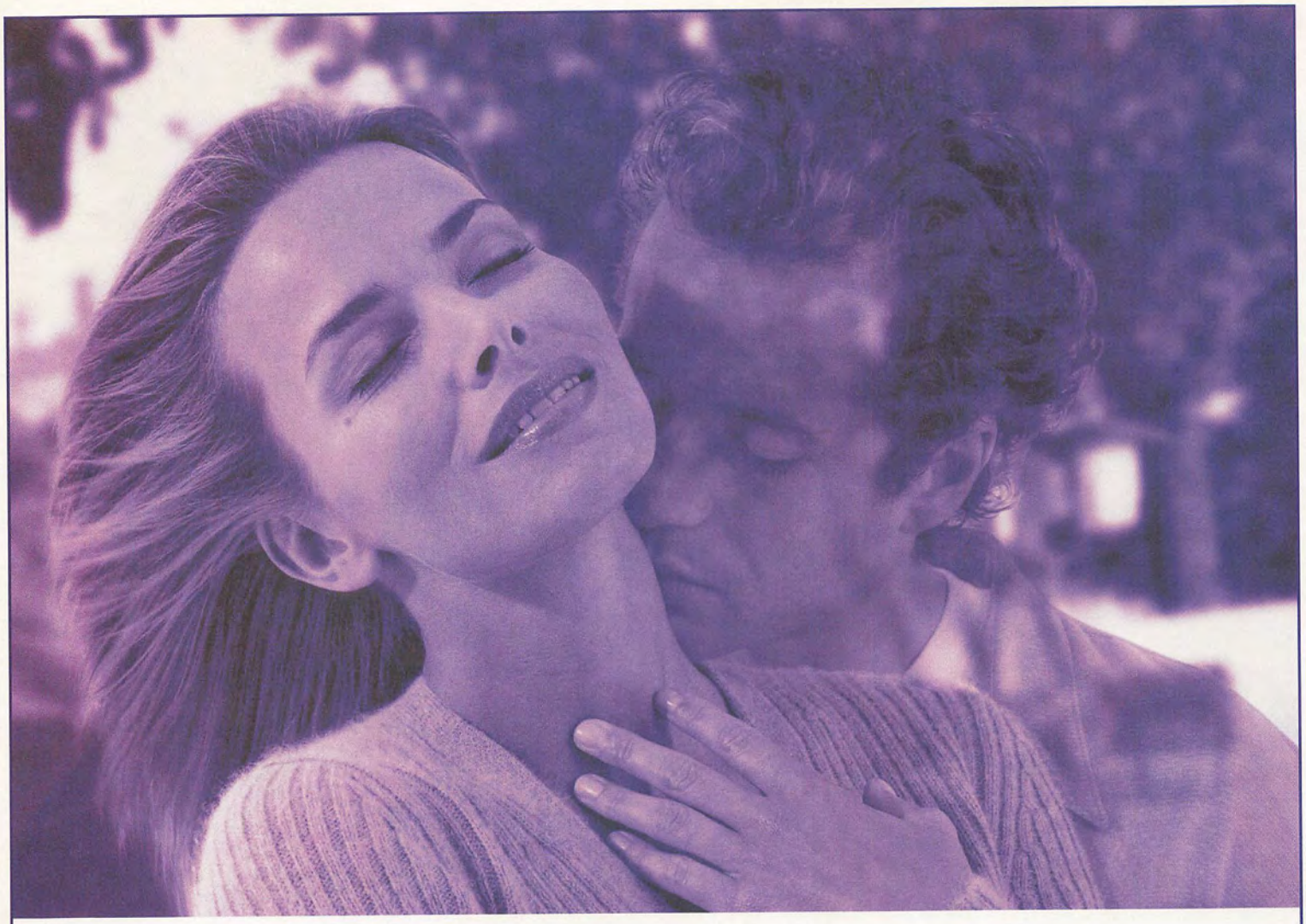
KELLY BROOK

photo by STEPHEN PERRY



loaded WORLD CUP

Left to right: Jimmy Greaves, Sean Connery, Yul Brynner, Bobby Moore
photo from *ENGLAND: THE OFFICIAL FA HISTORY*, published by Virgin, at £16.99



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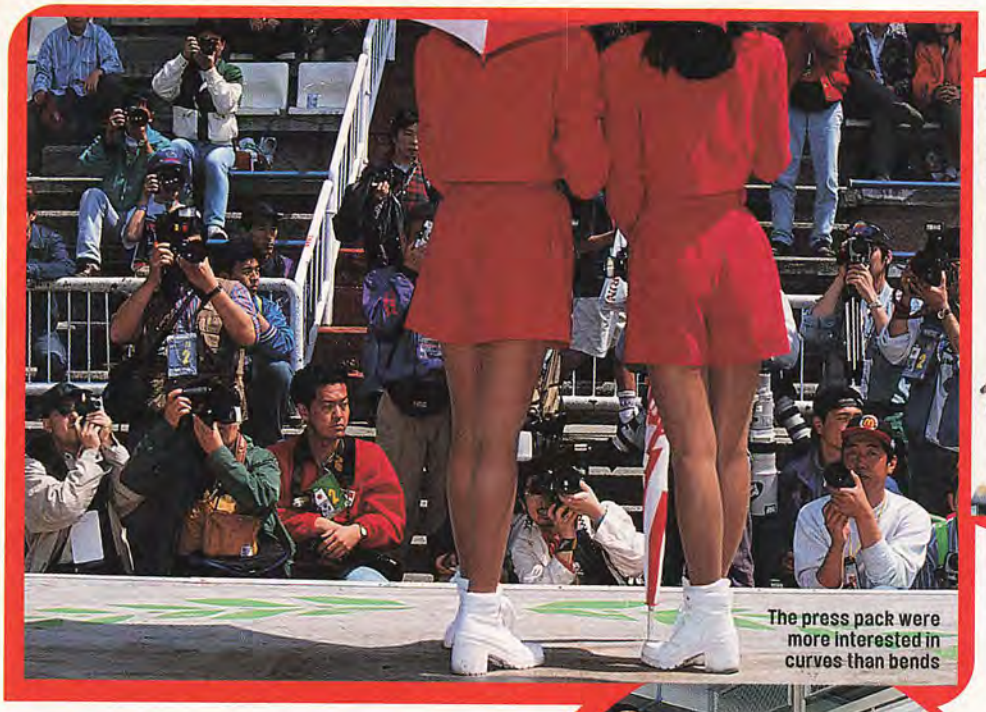

The press pack were more interested in curves than bends

An early Japanese experiment in harnessing vomit power

tarmac. On the latter, for extra dramatic emphasis, you can get a brief sphincter-tightening appreciation of the actual moment before they hit the tarmac. Even Robinson, the cocksure professional thrill-seeker, emits a brief but breathless "Fuck!" as his internal organs jostle for space in his throat. Pregnant women and people with heart conditions are best advised to opt for the stand or the television coverage which is screened live in both the pit lane and the sponsors' lounge.

"Everyone else is so tall!"

THE LUCKY STRIKE GIRLS AT THE circuit are beautiful but bored both witless and shitless. Despite the fact that it is neither raining nor particularly hot, they are compelled to carry around a huge Lucky Strike golf umbrella and stand together in that familiar beauty pageant pose which demands that women appear to have pulled a superficial muscle in the back of the leg. Most of the time they spend re-applying their postbox red lipstick and smiling for the benefit of the sponsors and, no doubt, their wives. The riders, meanwhile, ignore everything but the engineers who collect pages of numerical detail on every aspect of the bikes' performance and spend talkless hours retuning everything with the serious application of a paediatric surgeon.

This is high stakes sport. Kenny Roberts, a former motorbike World Champion from the Sheene era and one-time employer of Robinson before he found a works ride, has said, "When everyone is racing at 100 per cent and you beat them, you really do beat them. You have to train your brain to handle all this, to filter what's acceptable from what's not, so that when you have to race to your limit, even though you know that you can die, nothing affects your concentration." Robinson finds himself in full agreement with Roberts, but adds, "It is the concentration needed to win which stops you worrying about injury. At the moment I have to push my bike beyond what it might be able to do in order to make up on the top five bikes, and that makes for accidents."

"I have to push my bike beyond what it might be able to do, and that makes for accidents"

The photographers, identically dressed in beige combat vests, gather like a pack of high-tech scavengers behind the safety of the gravel pit and the crash barriers. With a fat daddy of a lens trained on the tight S-bend chicane, they sit on their haunches waiting for a crash which will hopefully be in frame and focus if the patron saint of sports photographers is feeling beneficent.

"Where are you most likely to crash?" asks **loaded** photographer Haynes in a bald statement of honest enquiry that causes me to raise both eyebrows and wince. "On the chicane," replies Robinson, not changing down a gear or missing a beat of the conversation. "Everyone tries to pitch in before the bend, it's all about braking late and diving in… that's where you get the crashes."

"Right, see you there, then," says Haynes.

The routine is the same for every Grand Prix except Holland: untimed practice begins at 9.00am on the Friday for the 125cc riders, 10.00am for the 500s, and finally at 12.15pm for Robinson's class of rider. Forty-five minutes later, timed practice begins for the 125s and finishes for the 250s at 4.15pm. The pattern is repeated on the Saturday as the racers aim to record the fastest possible time and, thereby, the best position on the grid. Sunday is race day but is preceded by an untimed practice in the morning for all riders. A more natural order is adopted for race day, with the 250s starting at 12.30pm after the 125s.

The left-shoulder dislocation to three-time 250cc World Champion Max Biaggi, it should be noted, does not stop him competing in the Grand Prix on a circuit which he knows well enough to hold the circuit's lap record (at 2 minutes 10.492 seconds) and the top speed of 269.3kph, only 35.1kph slower than Michael Doohan, the current 500cc World Champion. Robinson, only one Grand Prix into his first season on a works bike, clocks in after his first free practice with a top speed of 244.8kph and is lying in 20th position. A position he is not happy about, "Fucking bollocks," as he puts it.

He eventually qualifies in 19th position, despite clocking the 14th highest speed (250.5km/h) in the final practice on race day. "Suzuka is a really difficult track," he explains, before climbing onto his bike, his broken foot tucked underneath him. A touch more contrite than previously, there is something in his voice as the countdown to the race gets into ✈

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single-figure minutes. "There are hidden bends here and it's really long," he says.

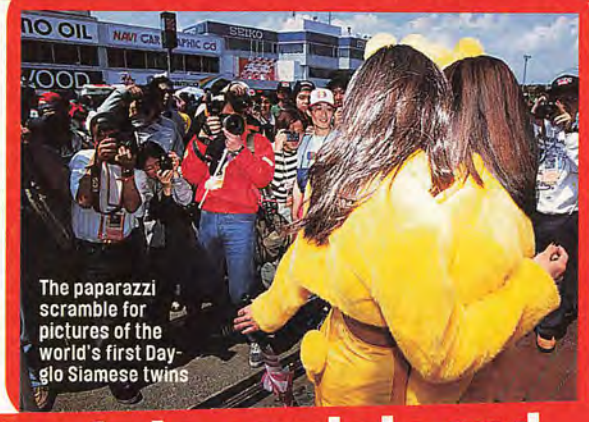
"What's it like to be thrown off your bike and into the air? Do you have time to realise that you're going to hurt yourself before you hit the tarmac?" I want to know.

"If you come off at speed, on a corner for example, then you know nothing about it," he answers, bringing his hands in once again for diagramatic purposes. "You're just flipped, but if you're pitched into the air, well… it can be pretty scary."

I remind him that he is talking to a man who has just been on the Space Shot.

The pit lane comes alive as the races start; bikes being tuned, over-revved and then retuned, riders getting their heads together. The engineers and mechanics become agitated, the team managers stressed and the spectators restless. Robinson prepares himself and then, as the 250s roar off the grid, like F14s leaving the deck of an aircraft carrier, and into the first bend, he finds himself in 7th position. His teammate, Numata, is several places behind. The natural ability of the young Brit and his acute-angle, elbow-on-the-tarmac riding style ("Balls out," he calls it) gets him ahead of the pack but his inexperience of the circuit ensures that he begins to fall back through the field.

Purple helmets, exhaust pipes etc



The paparazzi scramble for pictures of the world's first Day-glo Siamese twins

"My ambition is to emulate and then overtake Barry Sheene. I will win the World Championship"

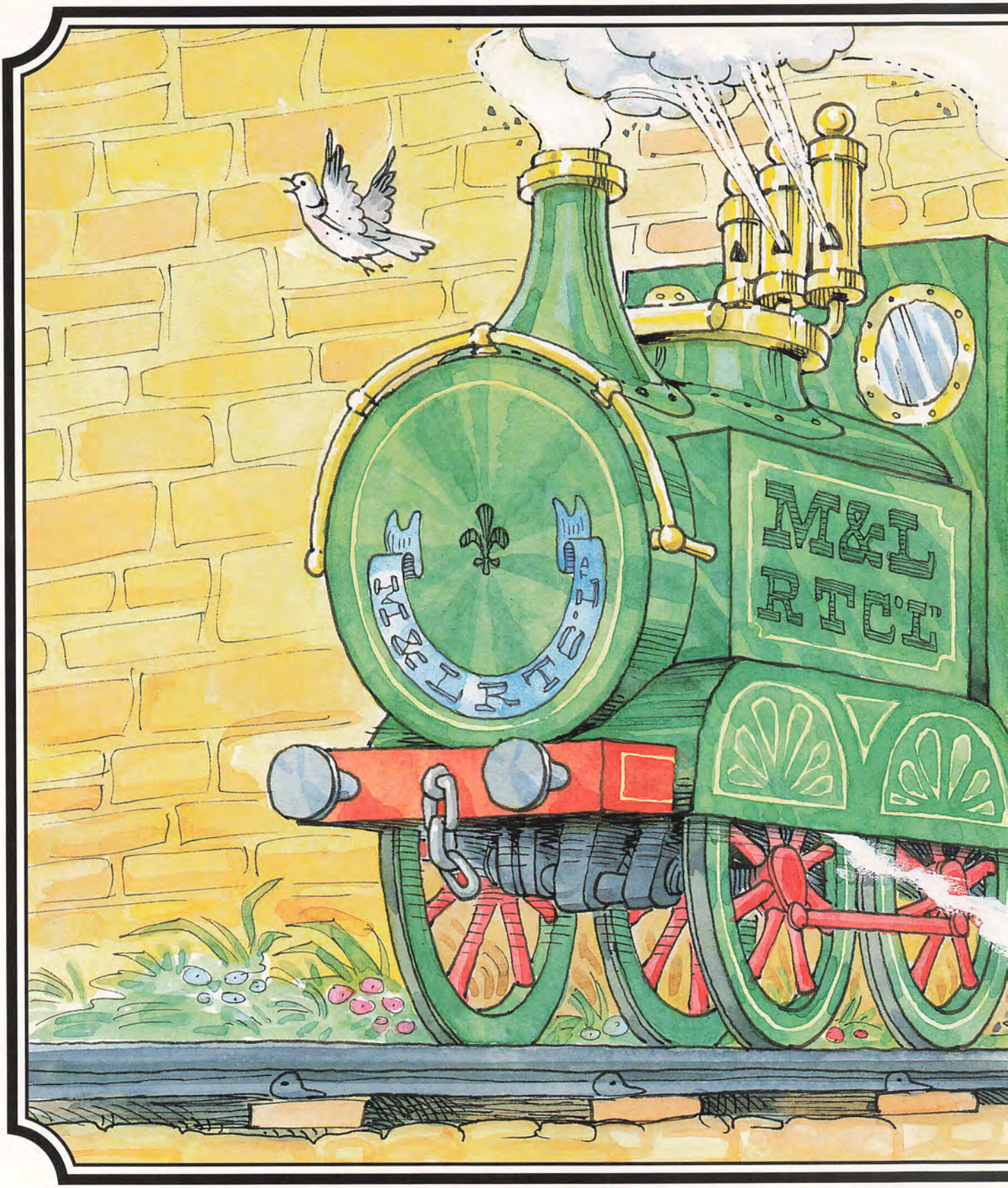
Numata eventually overtakes him and finishes ninth. Robinson, despite being forced onto the grass at the end of the race, comes in 14th with an average speed of 157.12kph. In other words, over 110km in just under three quarters of an hour, 50.7 seconds behind the winner. Five of the first six places are taken by Japanese riders, giving some substance to his assertion that knowledge of the circuit is vital at Suzuka. "I was after a top 10 place," he explains after the race. "But I'll settle for 14th with an injury on a new track." The rider who forced him onto the grass comes into the pit area to apologise. He bows. "You nearly killed me, you little fucker," smiles Robinson. "Ah," replies Choujun Kameya, a wildcard rider unable to understand a single word of English, and backs out of the pit area, staring at the ground.

"Can't you leave yer throttle alone for five minutes?

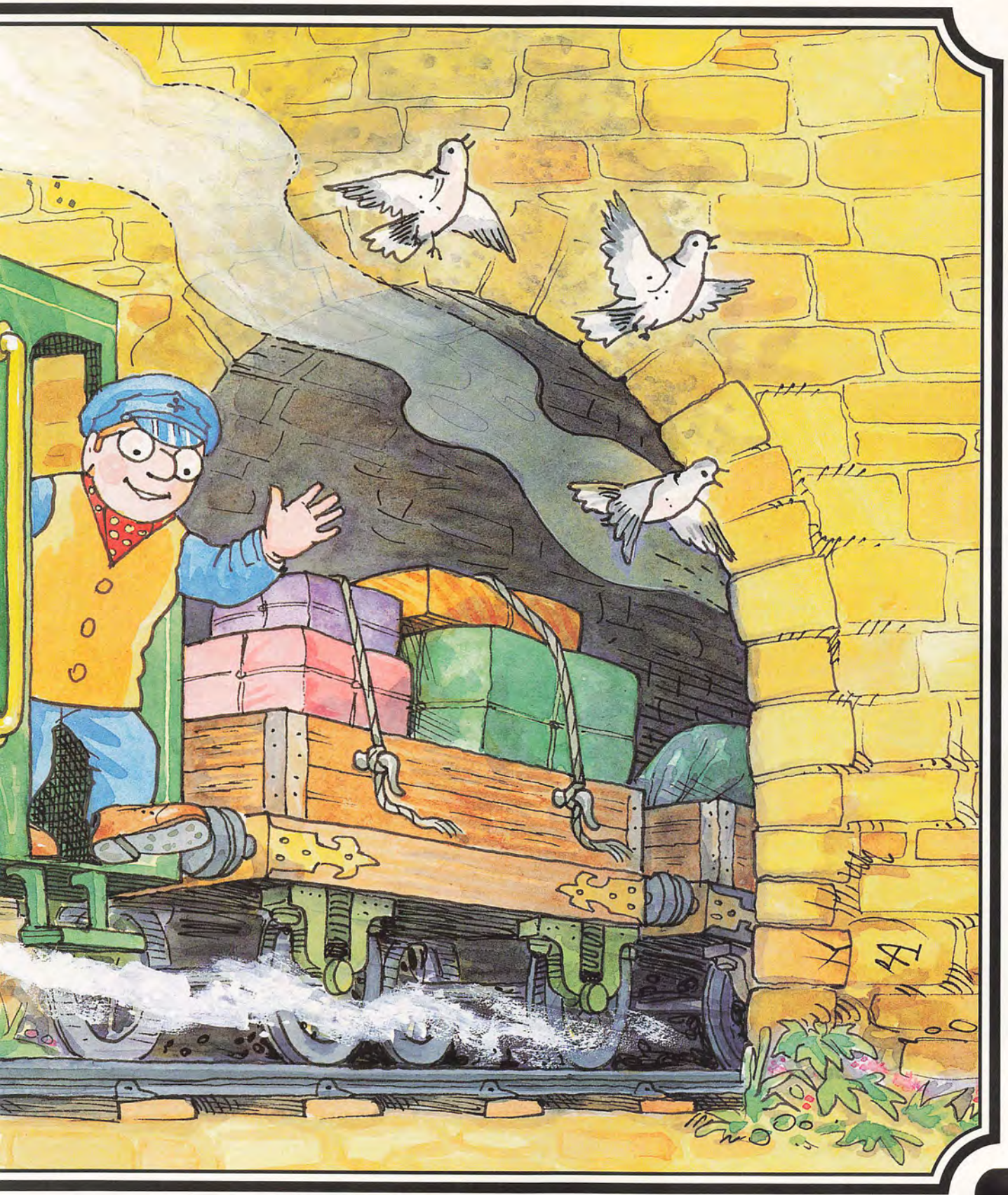
"Sooner I get into 500s the better," says Robinson. "That's my ambition, to emulate and then overtake Barry Sheene. I will win the World Championship." He has some way to go. Ability: check. Balls: check. That indefinable extra something that makes a World Champion: unable to confirm. At the time of writing he is in Australia preparing for the Grand Prix. Since Japan he has acquired another bike, caught a severe infection in the left-hand side of his body, hit the tarmac at Donington during first qualifying practice for the British Grand Prix, been pulled up for a stop and go penalty and then ran off the circuit (in the same race).

In the Czech Republic he qualified 16th on first practice and then a disappointing 28th during 'Qualifying Two'. He eventually finished 15th. In Spain, he qualified 21st at the end of the first session before moving up to 13th, but failed to finish. The official press release says, "Going through into turn one of lap two at 257kph/160mph Jamie received the biggest shock when the throttle stayed open. Amazingly, Jamie managed to save himself and the bike from crashing and brought the Suzuki RGV 250 to a stop at the side of the circuit, narrowly missing what could have been a fatal crash." The World Title might not be coming to back to Britain for a while.

AFTER FOUR DAYS ON THE RUN, TIRED OF planes, trains and motorbikes, we leave Suzuka and head for Tokyo and then Ebisu underground station back to the hotel. Might as well take the Grey line. From the balcony, across the neon-lit intersection in the blackcurrant dark of a Tokyo night, a police car, blue lights strewn behind it like the acid-blown tendrils of a kite, accelerates past a couple of hundred yards of stationary four-door saloons on the wrong side of the road. The car is pursuing a minimum-750cc motorbike. It roars away. The lights change, two cars at the head of the congestion pull out into the path of the police car. Brakes. The siren is still screaming. The bike drops a gear, goes up a tone and is lost. Bike-riding for the connoisseur. ◼

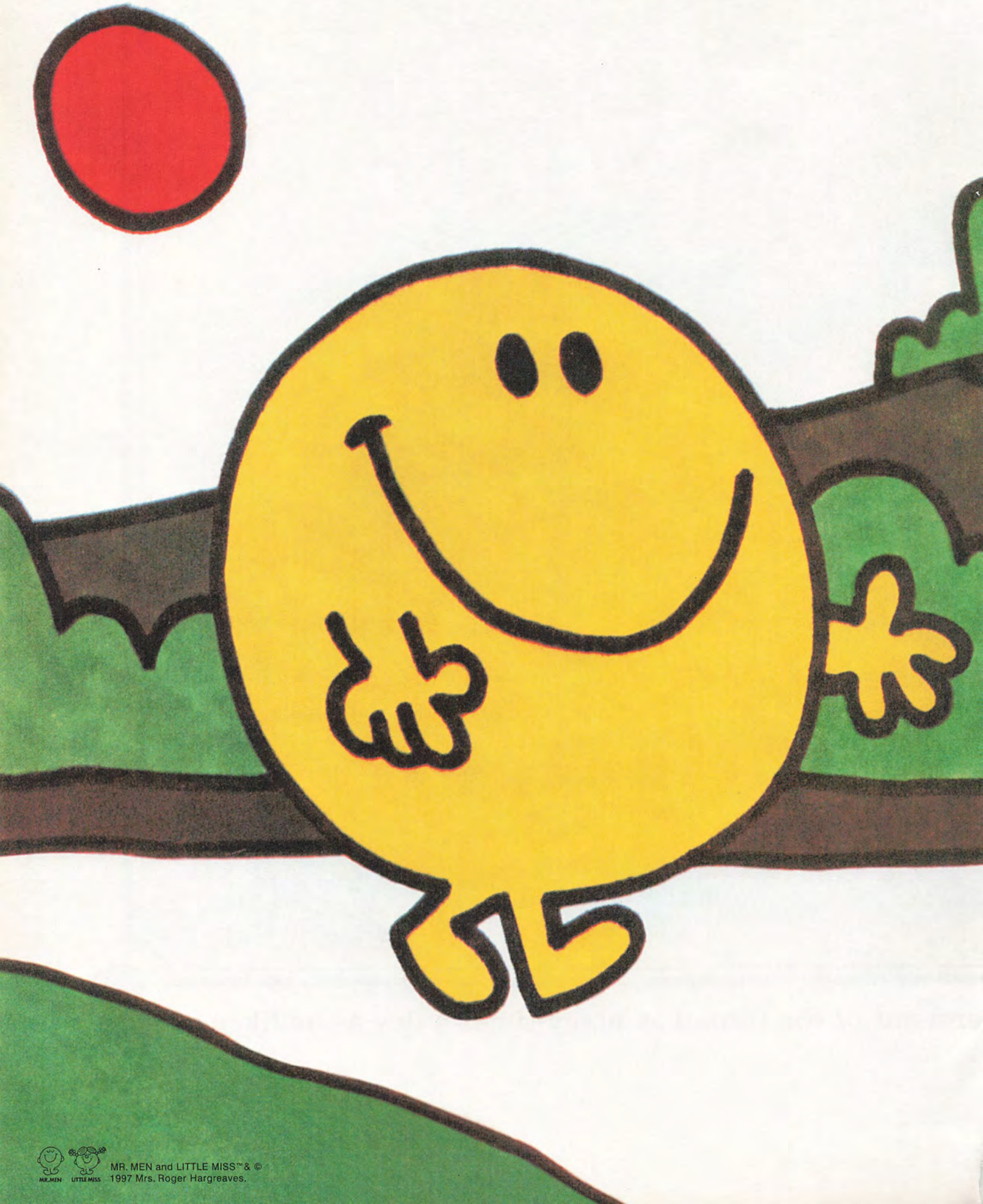


Ivor the Engine whistled happily. Now he could go in



and out of the tunnel as many times a day as he liked.

THE LYNX EFFECT



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Mr Happy always had
a big smile on his face.

THE LYNX EFFECT

bolton THUNDERER

Foul-mouthed northern lass and *Girlie Show* presenter Sara Cox invites loaded to play Twister

NINE-THIRTY AM, SOMEWHERE IN LONDON, AND SARA COX IS LOOKING SENSATIONAL for the camera. Her hair's shining, the teeth are gleaming, the face looks gorgeous and the sex is pouring out of her like syrup. Through the camera, she appears as a goddess. A goddess of sex. Her clothes cling to her curvaceous frame like clingfilm with a mind of its own. She is, without doubt, all lady. Weird, then, that most of last night, and a good part of this morning, Sara has spent sloshed out of her face. Beginning at Oasis's final gig at Earl's Court and ending up in one of London's trendy bars till the early hours, she's been talking pissed gubbins to anyone who'll listen to her, fallen over twice, collapsed into a taxi and fallen into her bed at around 6.30am. Two hours later, our photographer will ply her with champagne just to keep her awake for our pictures. Surely, this is the girl of our dreams. ✈

interview by PETE STANTON photos by STEVE PERRY styling by MARCELLA MARTINELLI

LONG VINE DRESS, SEE-THROUGH WITH PLUNGING NECKLINE: DAWN STRETTON, AVAILABLE FROM HYPE DE. TEL: 0171 937 6355. MAKE-UP: LORNA MULLION AT BRAMWELL O'DONNELL. HAIR: ADAM FEEHAN AT BRAMWELL O'DONNELL

Sara threatens
to show us her hotpot

LACE TOP WITH MATCHING LACE SKIRT, SUE ROWE AT HYPE DF, TEL: 0171 937 3100. BRA & BRIEFS, GOSSARD.

The previous afternoon, myself and Sara Cox share a cheese salad sarnie in a pub just off London's Oxford Street. She looks gorgeous. Tall, slim, blonde and very fancy, with a sort of dirty but watch-your-step presence. Her most attractive feature is when she opens her gob. A fantastic thick Lancashire drawl dollops out like a big bag of spuds. It's a voice that Betty's hotpots are made of, and I'm fancying her even before I start my tape recorder. But Sara Cox, if her image is to be believed, eats blokes like me for lunch. For, her being one of *The Girlie Show*'s three presenters, it was she I saw growling at me from billboards when the show started.

"I've been told that I look quite unapproachable," says Sara with a mouthful of onion rings. "It's probably because of the show. Blokes think I'm gonna go over to them and say, 'Hey, let me have a look at your cock. Is it big?'" She lets out a big laugh. "If I behaved like that, I wouldn't have any friends, would I? But it's good to think people find you a bit frightening."

The Girlie Show, if you didn't see it, was one of those late-night Friday shows on Channel 4 aimed at the inebriated masses getting in from the pub. It was like a well-tuned *The Word*, which placed more emphasis on the girls. 'Wanker Of The Week' slots uncovered a male star who'd pissed them off that week (Chris Evans and Mick Hucknall were both winners), and celebrity shag stories would be exactly that. Home videos of blokes dancing like twerps also made for good telly, and all the while Sara would make obscene gestures and rock the telly about a bit whenever the camera was on her. But, like *The Word* before it, *The Girlie Show* picked up its fair share of moaners for its style of entertainment. As it stands, a third series of the show is still on hold. In fact, the only notoriety to come from the show came when ex-presenter Rachel Williams called the show crap and Sara herself was accused of causing a rift by nicking co-presenter Sarah Cawood's boyfriend.

"*The Girlie Show* was just a late night bit of fluffy, guffy fun. It was about having a laugh. When you get home from the pub you don't want something serious on the telly. It did the job. It got the highest ratings for that time slot that Channel 4 had ever had. It's like people having a go at **loaded** for having birds with their tits out in it, but people still read it... I read it."

How much do you enjoy working on the show?

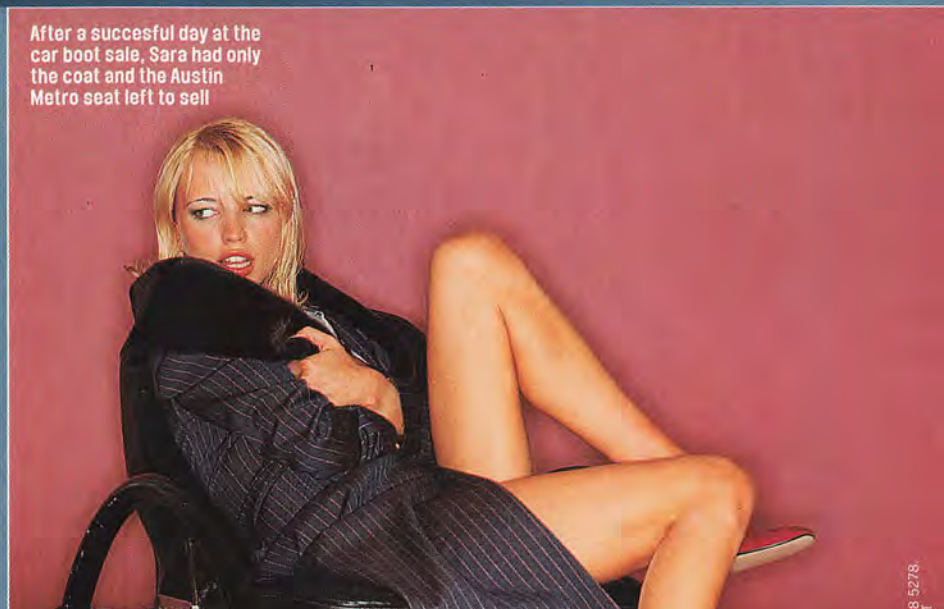
"I was a lot more confident by the second series, I'd made more friends. I was more in control. I was going out loads. It'll be sad if it doesn't come back. I suppose I'll be remembered as *The Girlie Show* girl for a while yet, but that's OK. I think willies and bums and boobs are hilarious, but I find other stuff funny too, so I wouldn't mind moving on a little bit."

And what about the stealing the boyfriend bit?

"Oh, that wasn't that bad really. She doesn't give a flying fuck, now."

While the decision on *The Girlie Show* hangs in the balance, Sara is keeping herself busy in other ways. At one end, you can see her fronting a few shows on MTV, while on the other she's promoting Vladivar party vodka and Vladivar vodka goggles (created along with Red Or Dead). She's working her arse off at the moment, which is odd for her, as she readily admits to being, "Basically dead lazy until someone gives me a kick up the fanny, and then I get started."

"I'm basically dead lazy until someone gives me a kick up the fanny, then I get started"



After a succesful day at the car boot sale, Sara had only the coat and the Austin Metro seat left to sell

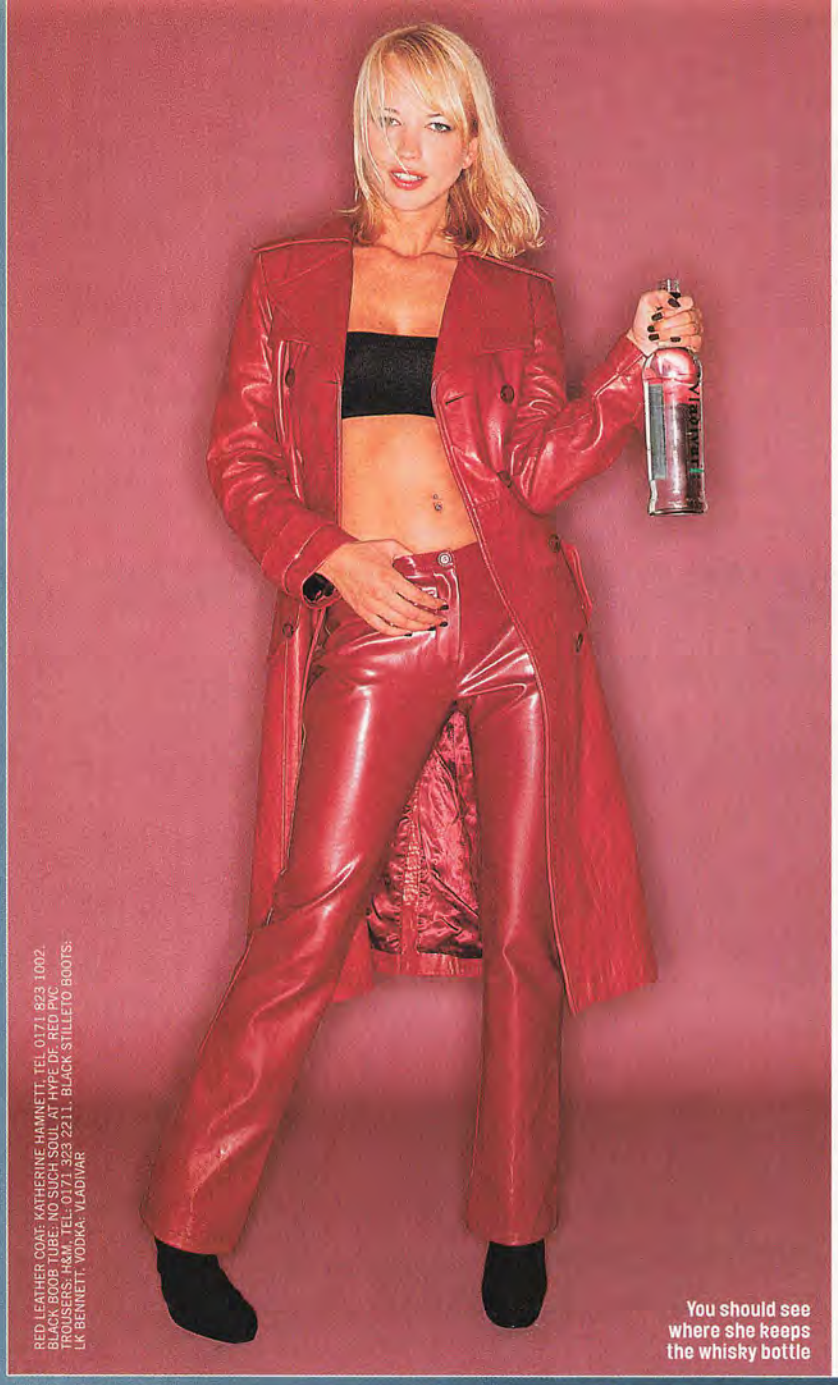
PIN-STRIPE COAT: JOHN RICHMOND. TEL 0171 978 5278. BRA: GOSSARD. PINK SUEDE SHOES: LK BENNETT

THE SARA COX STORY IS A SHORT ONE AND TAKES US ON A TRIP FROM HER birthplace in Bolton to Paris, Korea, London, and then back to Bolton again – but generally only every Christmas. The youngest of five children, Sara was born on 13 December 1974. Her father is currently a wagon driver and breeds beef cattle, while her mum is a pub landlady. The set-up couldn't be more northern if Jack Duckworth himself was her uncle. At school she was called 'Tefal' (because of her high forehead) and 'rubber lips' (because of her big lips). "'Crazy legs' an' all," she adds. "I was lanky with bent knees and had a clicky hip when I was born." Yes, indeed, Sara sounded all lady around that time. But at the age of 15, clicky hip or no clicky hip, she lost her virginity with some Bolton fella in a field with a few sheep in it. Finally blokes had twigged on to the fact that this Tefal bird wasn't that bad looking. A few years after this, while she was visiting her sister in Paris for Bastille Day, a man offered to help her become a model. Fortunately, she met one of the few blokes that actually meant what he said, and soon enough she was on the books of a model agency.

"It wasn't that fancy, though," she admits. "Sometimes I felt really stupid. I'd have a casting for a washing-up detergent and I'd have to laugh out loud to show what fun you have while washing up. Which you don't, do you?"

The glamour reached as far as the local chemists', when Sara's legs graced a few packets of tights. "My crotch was famous all around Boots stores for a while." To make up the shite earnings, she worked a few nights at her mum's pub. Then the modelling life came to an abrupt and drunken fireworks finale while on a three-month shoot in Korea.

"It was a sort of underwear show," she recalls. "One day I'd been drinking solidly from about 8am. The job was supposed to be at one in the afternoon. I was bladdered by then. I was dressed as a cowgirl, but in underwear, and I had a feather boa draped around me, which I was using to tickle all these straight-laced Korean men under the chin. You weren't supposed to do that, really. Anyway, I got so drunk that I couldn't ✈



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You should see where she keeps the whisky bottle

BOLTON: THE FACTS

There's more to this Lancashire town than the lovely Sara Cox, as these illuminating facts show:

- Bolton used to be known as Bolton-le-Moors. Its motto, 'Supera Moras', means 'overcome delays'.
- Boltonians are sometimes nicknamed 'trotters'. The name originates from the practice of playing practical jokes on visitors to the town, known as 'trotting'.
- Matthew Ferguson was mauled to death by a leopard in Bolton in 1844. He was supervising the menagerie in the Star Museum in Churchgate at the time.
- Bolton Wanderers beat West Ham 2-0 in the first FA Cup final to be played at Wembley, in 1923.
- The highest point in Bolton is on Smithills Moor, and is 1,476ft above sea level.
- The Bow Street multi-storey car park can hold 665 cars. It's the biggest car park in town!
- Maxims restaurant/bar on Bradshawgate has karaoke between 8pm and 11pm, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.
- Bolton's Town Hall, The Albert Hall, boasts an impressive organ which has 3,339 pipes.

and gets filthier with every mouthful. She's brilliant company. On the subject of her boyfriend, Dan, Sara somewhat graphically reveals how it all kicked off.

"He said, 'I actually want to fuck you now, is that OK?' And I said, 'Fine.' Actually the kiss came first. I don't ask any more now. I have a wank without waking him up."

She lets out another raucous laugh and holds her hands over her mouth as if to stop herself saying more. As my Gran would say, "You can go and scrub that mouth of yours with soap and water until that language stops." This, of course, never worked.

"I'm better off doing late-night stuff because I swear so much," she admits. "I don't trust myself at any other time. I got interviewed once after the Brits, and I think I said to ITN, "Oh, it's pissing down here," and on GMTV, I said, "Oh bloody hell, isn't this exciting?" It's not what they wanted to hear."

Somehow our conversation turns to the subject of nudity.

"I was offered £60,000 last year to get me kit off by some *Razzle*-type mag. My agent told them I'd do it for £500,000."

And would you?

"I'd do *Playboy* for no money. That'd be cool to do. I'd need plenty of warning though, so I could get to the gym and shit like that. I'd do tits and arse, but not me legs akimbo."

"I fall over really easily. I ended up on my arse after polishing off a bottle of vodka and tried to pass it off as a breakdancing move. I didn't fool anyone"

get up. The other models reckoned they couldn't wake me up. They thought I was dead or something. The next day I got sent home and was told I had a drink problem and that I was a bad influence on the other models."

Sara lets out another dirty cackle. Two days after she got back, she got the job on *The Girlie Show*. She'd somehow achieved the impossible, by landing a job which employed her for every reason the last job had sacked her.

"I don't get drunk loads of times," she insists. "It's just that I'm really geeky. I fall over really easily. My legs just go. I ended up on my arse at the Vladi Long launch night. I was on the dancefloor with these transvestites after polishing off a bottle of vodka. I tried to pass it off as a cool breakdancing move when I fell, but I didn't fool anyone. I got so pissed I called Michelle Gayle 'Gayle' all evening, and asked Emma Harrison if she was Melinda Messenger. Well she did look like her a bit."

We've got through a few drinks ourselves during this interview, and the conversation flows like the booze. As she relaxes, Sara laughs a lot more

When I jokingly ask her why she prefers being a woman to a bloke, she pauses, thinks and then laughs, "Because we can shag footballers easier." And that's very true if you think about it.

Time swiftly arrives at 5pm. For Sara, her night of Oasis, booze, gubbins, falling over, taxis, sleep and photo shoot is about to begin. I ask her if she's in for a quiet night and she lets rip the dirtiest laugh of our chat. A laugh you'd expect to hear from an 80-year-old hag with false teeth and a lung missing. Which, of course, she isn't. Sara Cox is a fantastic girl from Lancashire with, I assume, fabulous lungs. Her job is to talk about music on telly and plug a vodka brand she already drinks. Not bad for a chips and gravy-loving saucepot from Bolton. Or, as she so succinctly puts it:

"I get fucking good money when you consider what I actually do isn't that much work. I'm only the same Sas who used to have a daft perm and knobbly knees."

And here's to your clicky hip, too. Cheers!

09

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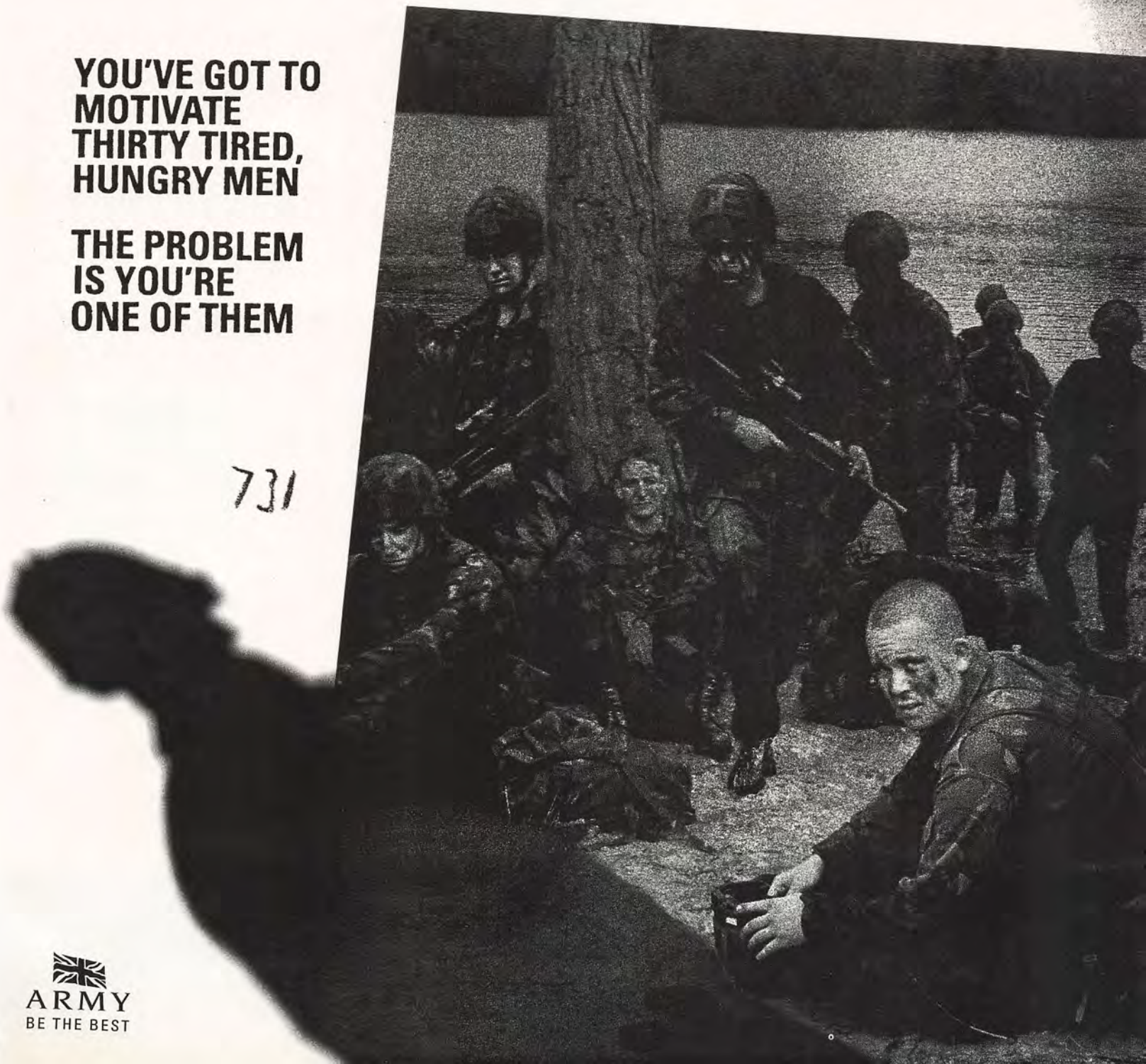

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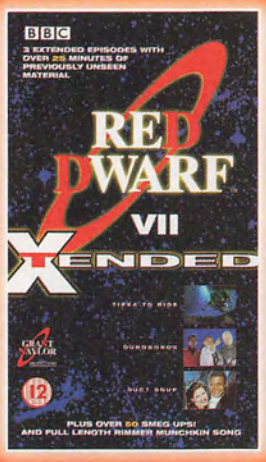

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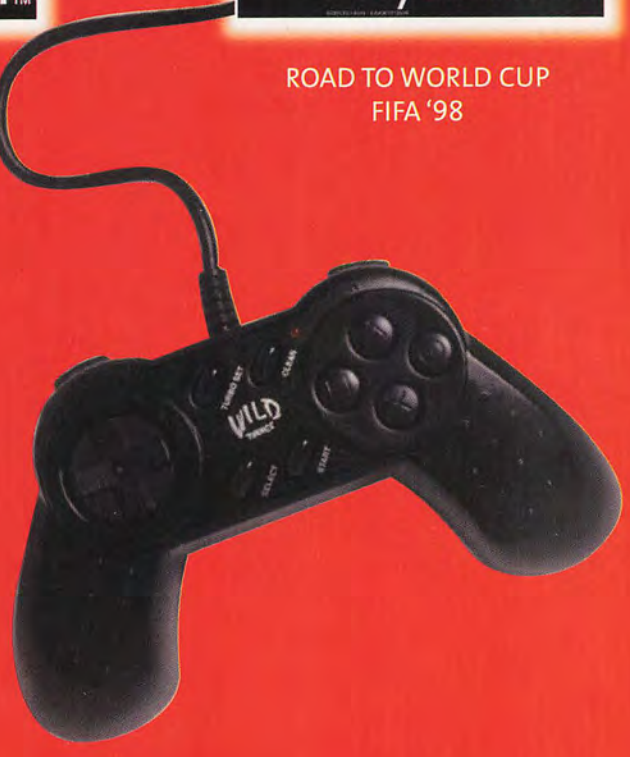

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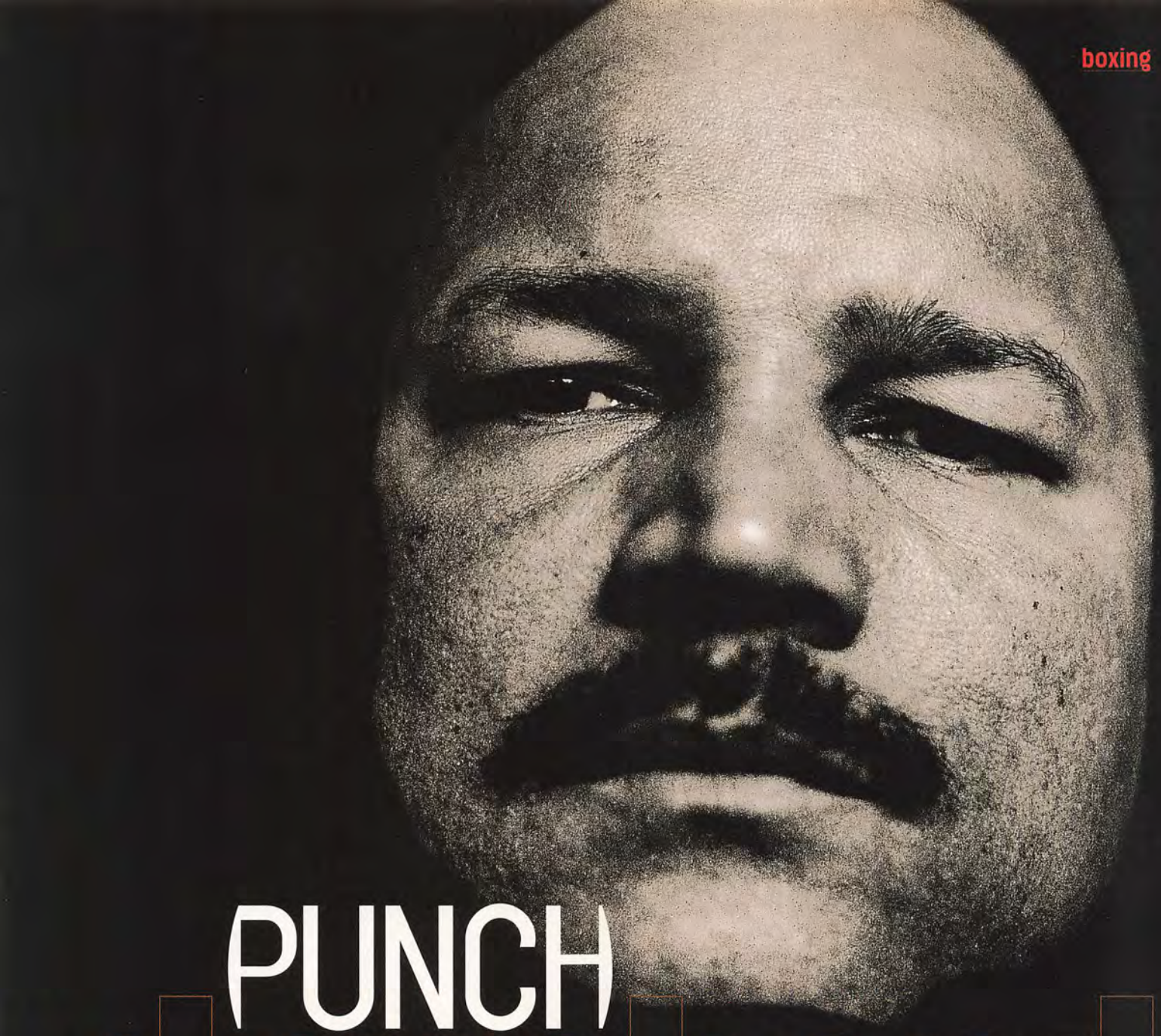


PUNCH drunkard

World champion boxer John Conteh had beaten all but one opponent – the bottle

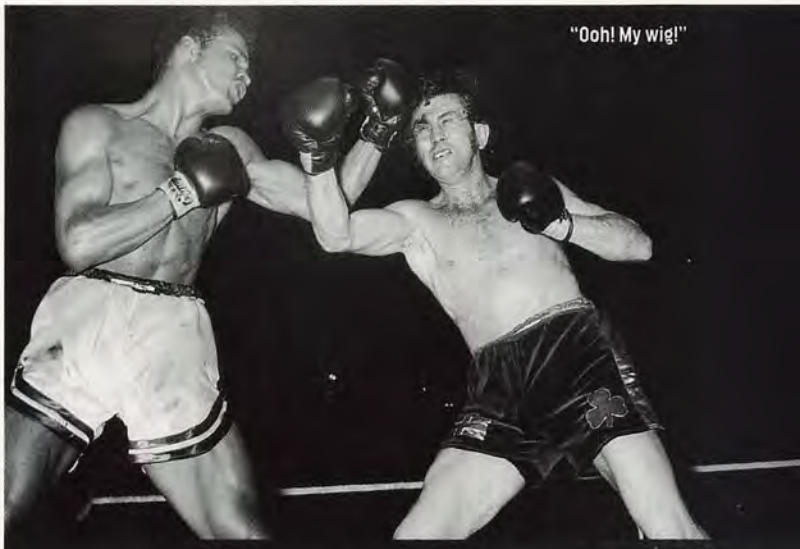
ENTERING THE LIVING ROOM OF JOHN CONTEH'S SHIPSHAPE SUBURBAN home, your curiosity is immediately ambushed by the framed photo propped up on the sideboard. It shows Conteh standing next to Muhammad Ali. There's something unusual about this picture but you can't, for the doggone life of you, work out what it is. The longer you stare at it, the more unyielding the mystery seems to be. And then, after a minute or so, it hits you – with the force of one of Ali's demolition jabs. This is one of those rare photos where the person sharing the frame with Ali appears undiminished by his supernatural presence. To all intents and purposes, these two boxing legends stand together as equals. Or at least within a fish's whisker of being so. ✈

story by JON WILDE photos by ROB WILSON

All of which serves as a reminder that John Conteh was once described as, "the closest thing to Muhammad Ali that British boxing has ever produced". That was back in the '70s when Conteh, along with Georgie Best and Alex 'Hurricane' Higgins, was the most exciting and colourful name in British sport. Like those other two notorious raisers of hell, Conteh brought to his sport the cult of the romantic, misunderstood genius. Like them, Conteh came out of nowhere, hauled himself up by his bootstraps and, catapulted forward by dogged perseverance and large dollops of the right stuff, carved it out large. And then, quick as you like, he proceeded to piddle it all away down the nearest back alley.

In October 1974, John Conteh outpointed Argentinian Jorge Ahumada to become light-heavyweight champion of the world. On the face of it, the new champion appeared to have everything going for him. The whole bag of tricks. He was young, handsome, wealthy and extremely popular – a true people's champion. And, what's more, he possessed a talent vast enough to keep him on the top of the world for as long as he desired it.

Just weeks later, newspaper pundits were saying that he seemed determined to destroy everything he had created. Like Best, they said, he possessed within him a devil of self-destruction that would ultimately bring him crashing down. Through the '70s and early '80s, Conteh often appeared to be doing his darnedest to fulfil those prophecies. Until, finally, it did come crashing down – the whole kit and caboodle. In 1981, he booked himself into a psychiatric clinic. Just seven years after winning the title, Conteh found himself licked, stuck and stumped. It was then that he found just how far down you sometimes have to go before you can start turning the whole thing round.


"Ooh! My wig!"

"Missed again"

IT'S A STORY OF HEROIC SUCCESS, FOLLOWED BY STARTLING DECLINE, followed by near-miraculous rehabilitation. Along the way, it's packed with enough human drama to fill a whole slew of airport blockbusters. There's booze and broads. Brawls and business disasters. And so much more besides. At the end of it, you're left with a boxing hero who learnt the hard way that sometimes you have to surrender in order to win.

During the course of an afternoon with John Conteh, you get to see at least two diverse versions of the man. There's the waggish court jester, firing off punchlines with an expert comic timing honed in the Liverpool pubs of his youth. Then there's the tormented soul who's still struggling to come to terms with the mysterious forces that damn near left him dead and done for. Not unlike a pair of tomcats in a tinker's sack, these two factions vie for attention and jostle for space and supremacy throughout.

"Winning the world title was the grea 'Hang on, this ain't gonna last.' Then

He always was a man of extremes. And perhaps it was always a sure bet that his eventual downfall would prove to be as dramatic as his rampant ascent towards fame and sporting heroism. As Conteh tells it, he was still in the ring, celebrating his world title triumph, when he first caught the unmistakable whiff of his self-ruin.

"Winning the world title was the greatest feeling in the world," he recalls. "When referee Harry Gibbs lifted up my arm, it was just like a dream come true. But even with the applause ringing out around me, I remember thinking, 'Hang on, this ain't gonna last.' I sort of knew that I was, in some way, going to destroy this thing that I'd created. I tried to put that thought out of my head and enjoy the moment for what it was. After the fight, I buggered off down the Playboy Club. I enjoyed myself – but I couldn't escape the thought that it was all downhill from here."

He'd discovered boxing at the age of 10 – having been taken along by his dad to the local amateur club. From all accounts, it was soon obvious that Conteh was pure boxing gold.

"I realised I had a certain talent for boxing," he says. "At the same time, I didn't particularly want to make a career out of it. I'd rather have become a musician or a singer. So you might say that I ended up doing something I

"Oi, copper, I'll see you outside"

PHOTOS: CENTRAL PRESS PHOTOS/ ALPHA/S&G

"Stand still, damn you"

had to do, rather than something I really wanted to do.

"As a schoolboy boxer and a junior, I didn't achieve much. But I'd fail, learn from it, then move on. When I got to be a senior amateur, I knew it was a choice between boxing and working in a factory. Having chosen boxing, I knew I could fulfil my potential so long as I gave it everything I had. Total application and total dedication. I knew that if I carried on like that for five years I could be in a position to fight for the world championship."

As it turned out, it took him just three years. Between 1971 and 1973, he romped off with the British, European and Commonwealth light-heavyweight titles. Then, in 1974, he outpointed Ahumada over 15 gruelling rounds and found himself crowned as the undisputed king o' the hill.

At his peak, he was a formidable. Fast, incredibly strong and, when he most needed to be, downright mean. As sports journalist Hugh McIlvanney once noted, "Conteh at his best combines the grace, reflex speed and physical power of a magnificent athlete with the pragmatic deadliness of an inspired tearaway. He can box like an angel and fight like a fiend."

Ask what motivated him in fights and Conteh's response is unequivocal.

"Fear," he says. "Simple as that. I'd sit in the dressing-room before a fight and feel the fear run through me. I wasn't stepping into the ring to kiss babies and have a nice cup of tea. I was going in there to fight. And I was afraid of being beaten up. I was afraid of being shown up as a coward. I was afraid of having my vulnerability exposed. But I knew that, if I had prepared myself properly, I would be alright. I could let the fear go through me and retain what was useful to me – the hatred and bitterness I felt towards the opponent who wanted to do these things to me. See, he was the bad guy. I'm walking into that ring as an innocent man. I was never attacking. I was just defending myself. What I didn't find so easy was dealing with the fame. The image. The attention. All of it. I always felt it was out of control. Pretty terrifying, really."

In the wake of his championship triumph, he was dubbed "JC: Superstar" or "The Playboy Champ". And he lived the playboy role up to the hilt. Between three successful defences of his world title, he would devote his energies to the frantic pursuit of pleasure via the time-honoured route of showbiz parties and fancy nightclubs.

"For a while," he recalls, "it was fantastic. Absolutely wonderful. Wine, women and song. It was all there on a plate and I just wanted more and more of everything. I thought if I made myself enough money, I could have this life forever. I had this playboy image and I suppose I played up to it. But anything that powerful – it's going to hurt you eventually. I just didn't realise it at the time.

"They used to call me a womaniser. But sex was never the addiction. The addiction was alcohol. The drinking started long before I became world champion. From the age of 17, I loved the effect. But it was only after winning the title that I crossed the line. There was no stopping me. I never drank when I was in training for a fight because I knew it would threaten my position. It was only later on that it started to take its toll. Physically, I wasn't as hard or responsive because of the alcohol. That's when it really started to go downhill."

Complications also arose as a result of what McIlvanney once described as Conteh's "crusading independence" – which led him into numerous run-ins with managers, promoters and boxing's controlling body. All of which culminated in 1977 when he was stripped of his title after refusing to fight the nominated challenger in Monte Carlo. A decision that Conteh later described as the biggest mistake of his life.

That episode proved to be a crucial turning-point. His career went into a tailspin – a succession of failed attempts to win back his world title. Meanwhile, the playboy metamorphosed into a full-blown hellraiser who kept the gossip columnists working overtime. The drinking escalated and he developed a taste for cocaine. His behaviour became more wayward than ever. There were stories

...test feeling. But I remember thinking buggered off down the Playboy club"

of week-long binges, restaurant brawls and hotel-wrecking sprees. On one occasion, after a lengthy drinking session in a West End bar, he ploughed his £30,000 Rolls Royce into a line of six expensive cars at three in the morning. His marriage was also in trouble as he embarked on a series of affairs, including a long-running liaison with the daughter of boxing legend Jake La Motta. And so on. Arse over tea kettle all the way.

"Maybe there was a self-destructive urge in me," he says. "It all came down to the booze, to alcoholism. Even when I was doing cocaine, I was only using it to control the alcohol. I'd take coke to get the drunkenness out of me so I could get more drink inside me. I was never actually addicted to coke. It just happened to be around. Alcohol was my whole world. It was my higher power. It was my God. It was everywhere. King Alcohol... when I fought, he was sitting there in the ring laughing at me. He was the champ before I got in there. He had nothing to fear. He had me knocked out before I even began. It got to the point where I was looking forward to giving up boxing – it would free me to get stuck into the drink on a full-time basis."

By 1979, it was clear that Conteh's chances of regaining the title were receding faster than Henry Cooper's hairline. That same year, commenting on his flagging performances in the ring, he quipped: "I'm going down so often these days, you'd think I was starring in a blue movie." In 1980, he suffered the most humiliating defeat of his career – knocked down five ✈

times in four rounds during a bout with Saad Muhammad in Atlantic City. After the fight, he was found wandering naked around the corridors of his hotel. The following day, he claimed to have no recollection of the incident.

When he retired in 1981, the news was accepted simply as an inevitability. There was a half-hearted attempt at a comeback in '83 when he was refused a boxing licence – a decision he later contested and lost in the High Court. His boxing career was done to a finish. Outside the ring, he was now fighting tooth and nail, slug and slosh, for his own survival.

"Let's cut to the chase here," he says. "The booze had brought me to a place called Hell. It took me there in a plane, flew me up and left me up there without a parachute. There'd be times when I thought I was winning the fight – then I would slip back into it. I'd book myself into a clinic for alcoholism, get out of there and have a drink to get over it. Around about 1984, I found some people who helped me find an answer to the riddle. I was sober for two-and-a-half years. Then I started up again. It was the same old problem. I had one drink and then I couldn't stop."

Through the '80s, as he continued his fight with the sauce, he also faced the problem of deciding what to do with the rest of his life. For a brief period, he attempted to widen his horizons by taking an Open University course in the Arts. He invested a large part of his savings in a West End restaurant – which eventually went belly-up. He made a short-lived attempt at breaking into the pop world – releasing a jazz version of 'Land Of Hope And Glory'. Then he tried his hand at acting which, for a time, looked as though it might prove to be a success. He won a role in Willy Russell's *Blood Brothers* on the West End stage. Lead roles in the TV series *Kidnap Inc* and the movie *Tank Malling* followed, with Conteh starring alongside Nick Berry, Amanda Donohoe and Page Three's Maria Whittaker.

"All through that period," he says, "I suppose I was looking for an identity of some kind. Boxing, for a while, gave me an identity. When that came to an end, I just reached out for whatever was there. Like running the restaurant. That was crazy. I knew nothing about restaurants. I'd have been better off putting the money on a horse. The acting was different. That was something I loved doing. But I was attempting to do it while in the throes of alcoholism. When I was doing the West End play, there were six occasions when I was too pissed to perform. To stop drinking, to really stop, I had to realise how powerless I was. And to realise that, I had to go down as low as it was possible to get. Which I finally did.

"It was 1989. I was in my kitchen when the realisation came to me that I was completely mad," he says. "It was at that point that I started to see the way forward. I started to evaluate my life, then. I'd come from fuck all and become champion of the world. Then I'd been brought down to the pits of Hell. I started to understand how I got there and how I could get out of there. What I needed to do was to surrender. As a boxer, surrender meant defeat. With alcohol, I had to surrender in order to win. When I learned to surrender, that's when I started to climb. And the joy I got out of that was greater than anything I felt when I won that world title." Since that time, he has earned a decent crust on the after-dinner speaking circuit – where he provides a regular potpourri of sporting anecdote, cracking one-liners and stark-naked confession. You might be forgiven for lumping him in with so many other sporting luminaries who have battled with the bottle and then emerged on the other side to graze on the rubber chicken circuit. In which case, you'd be counting your rubber chickens before they'd hatched…

"There's times when I wish I was out to graze," he says. "I wish I could say that my life was that easy. But it's not. The after-dinner speaking is something I enjoy doing and it's something I work hard on – to make sure it's as good as I can make it. But it still doesn't answer the question that has been plaguing me since my childhood: what am I going to do for the rest of my life? I still don't know. I'm still looking for something to fill the hole in my soul. And that's not gonna happen. Not on this planet. 'Cos life don't work like that. Life… it's about opposites. Life, death; up, down; night, day; right, wrong; suffering, serenity. It's a mystery, y'know. That's my job in life now. Accepting life on its own terms. Rather than trying to cut life down to suit me…

"Even as I'm telling you all this, I'm aware that people will read this in **loaded** magazine and say, 'This John Conteh fella… Is he some kind of God freak? Is he off his rocker? Is he nuts? Is he insane? Is he completely mad?' And the answer to that is: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! But that's not anybody else's problem. That my problem. And I've got the rest of my life to deal with it." ◼

FALLEN CHAMPIONS

Jack Johnson
The first black world heavyweight champion this century, Jack Johnson fled to Europe from the US in 1912 to avoid arrest for sleeping with his white girlfriend. He lost his title, held since 1908, to the 'great white hope', Jess Willard in 1915.

Terry Marsh
The former undefeated IBF world light welterweight champion spent 10 months on remand charged with the attempted murder of Frank Warren in 1987. He was acquitted, but more recently, Marsh stepped down as Basildon's Lib Dem parliamentary candidate because of a pending fraud case. He was eventually cleared.

Leon Spinks
Spinks beat an unfit Mohammed Ali in February 1978 to claim the world heavyweight crown but lost it in a rematch seven months later. His life then descended into ruin via the much-travelled drink, drugs, spending sprees and women route. Spinks was once voted the fourth worst heavyweight champ by *The Ring* magazine. Last heard of working in a Chicago restaurant.

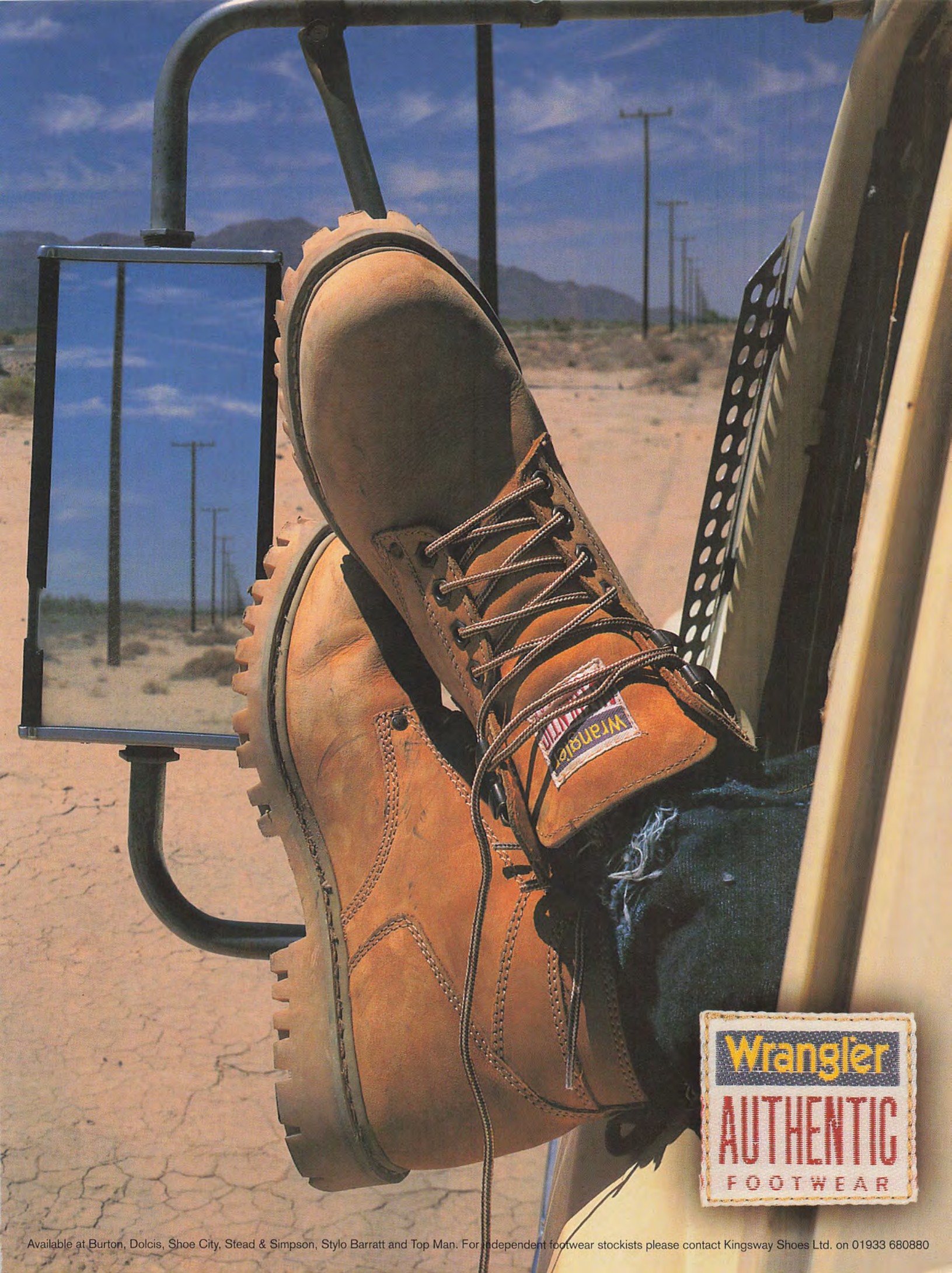
Mike Tyson
What can you add about a fighter who's served three years for rape and took a chunk out of his opponent's ear?

George Walker
A former middleweight champ, Walker used his earnings to start a business empire, Brent Walker, later to be deposed as its chairman by the board in 1990. The police investigated him for fraud a couple of years later.

NIALL HAMPTON

"Alcohol was my whole world, it was my higher power. It was my God. King Alcohol"

Dear all; I've hired some help around the house



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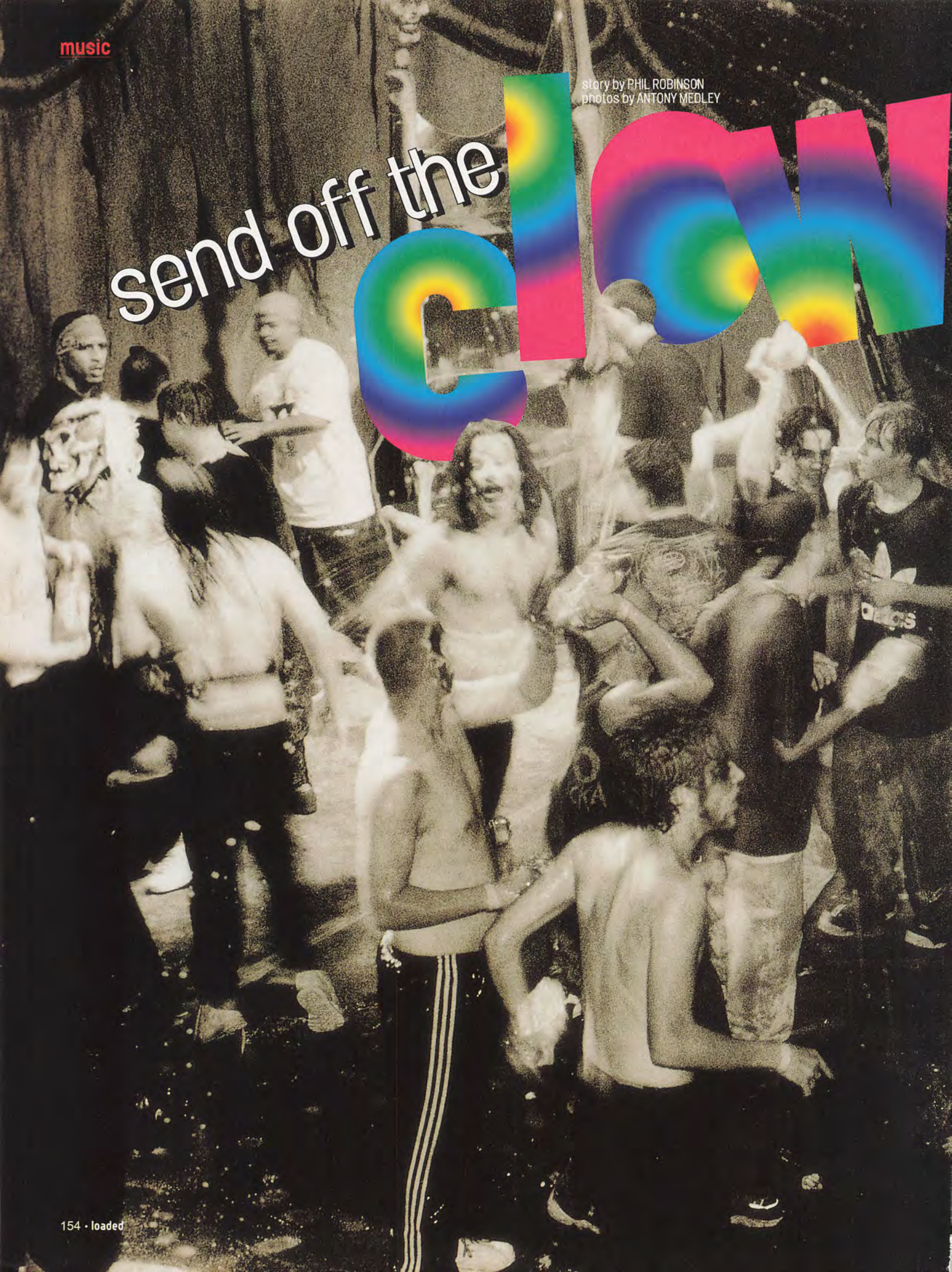

Rap band Insane Clown Posse prophesy the Dark Carnival. Not your average night out at Chipperfield's, then

STANDING IN A CIRCLE OF LIGHT, THE INSANE CLOWN POSSE'S SHAGGY 2 Dope is rapping about mutilating rich folks while pouring a bottle of green Faygo fizzy pop over his head. Stage left, Violent J, the other member of the ICP, launches more pop bottles over the heads of the audience by bouncing them off a small podium. They either rocket straight into the crowd's bloody faces or spin upwards to 20ft, hovering in the air like neon dragonflies. Their fans – wiry flyweight imbeciles known as Juggalos – bounce off the walls kicking and belting each other, while one large man with a shaven head walks in circles around the outside of the mosh pit, anticipating each hit and nodding along to the music with a Buddhist-style separation. At the back of the stage, zombies limp around and kick missiles into the audience. Later they will dance and wave flags while Violent J moves around behind them like Worzel Gummidge doing a crab impression. Shortly, two cowboys with guns will shoot both the Insane Clowns dead. ✈

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BOOM BOOM. Justice. This is the kind of bloodthirsty entertainment that we've been waiting for our whole lives: drinks and a show rounded off with a tidy blood bath. Having heard word of their plasma-chilling rise to power we thought we'd request a sit down with the instigators of this chaos – the two bad clowns who want to honk America's nose and pull its tongue out through it's throat.

ST LOUIS, MISSOURI IS NOW AN OFFICIAL CLOWN Town. Today, the birthplace of TS Eliot and Chuck Berry welcomes harbingers of the apocalypse and prophets of the Dark Carnival, Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope, sole members of the near legendary Detroit White Horror Rap outfit, The Insane Clown Posse. Backstage at the theatre, three guilty-looking young girls in dirty jeans stand around waiting for a repeat audience with the Insane Clowns. They shouldn't be here. Having sex with a man in full clown make-up would be too much even for a seasoned prostitute. My heart breaks for their parents.

Inside the dressing room, we sit down with the clowns. Frightening. Both of them wear wrestling masks because the make-up lady hasn't turned up yet and it would break with their code to show us what they really look like.

"Wrestling is the greatest," says Violent J, pointing at his head. "But the only reason I wear the mask is because I'm fuckin' ugly, and if I wear the mask, I can still get chicks."

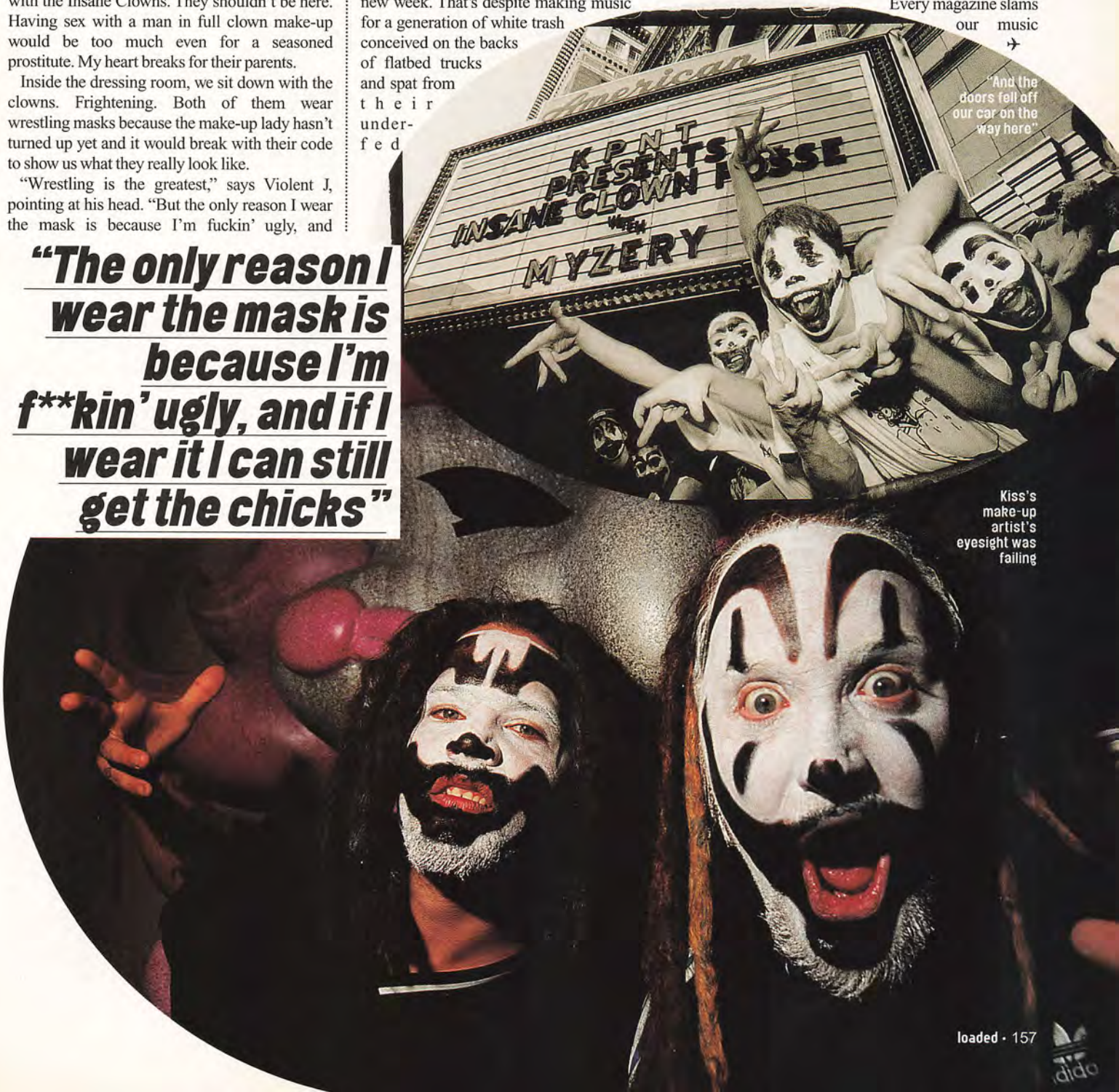
There's a smelly old bandage on his hand that makes it look like a dead penguin's flipper; an injury sustained while serving up a kicking to a fan who attacked one of his security guards. A firghtening glimpse of circus fury, and not the first time the band have come under attack.

"We don't have any friends in the industry," he shouts, his voice somewhere between Bob Hoskins and Eddie Murphy. "Other bands hate us. I'm like, fuck them – they hate us because we're shit and they know it."

The equally large Shaggy 2 Dope lolls around on a separate sofa trying to shake off some tranquilizers. His mask is nicer than Violent J's.

In reality, they aren't too bad for a pair of clowns. Their fourth album, *The Great Milenko* has already shifted 500,000 units in the States and is currently selling 20,000 more with each new week. That's despite making music for a generation of white trash conceived on the backs of flatbed trucks and spat from their underfed mother's wombs into a life of cat piss, mildew and gang violence. Filled with demonic laughter, random carnival noises and mutilation, the album was originally released by Disney-owned Hollywood records, who subsequently pulled it off the shelves just six minutes after its release – not wishing to be associated with its general filthiness, colourful lyrics about sex with girls, vile deaths and mutilations. Level 42 they ain't. Now with Island records, and following all the publicity in the press over their record's mass withdrawal, they find themselves to be singularly the most famous apocalyptic white circus rap outfit in America, regularly playing to over 5,000 Juggalos in Clown Towns all over the continent. That said, the majority of the music business think they're a load of old shit. On this matter, Violent J gives no argument:

"Everybody hates us; other bands hate us. Every magazine slams our music



"And the doors fell off our car on the way here"

Kiss's make-up artist's eyesight was failing

"The only reason I wear the mask is because I'm fkin' ugly, and if I wear it I can still get the chicks"**

The Americans are at the forefront of new riot control techniques

"BEHIND YOU!"

"Bleedin' joker – I asked him for 'Millwall'"

"We suck. Insane Clown Posse doesn't make any sense at all. We don't have an ounce of talent"

and tells people how much we suck. But it's not for them. We're for the people. When I write a song, I don't picture *Rolling Stone* and what the critics will think of it. Our shows are insane, we're out of control. We suck. Insane Clown Posse doesn't make any sense at all. That's why people like it, because it's stupid. We don't have an ounce of talent, an ounce of skill. We're the people's band; at our concerts it's the people on the stage and us in the crowd. It's pure insanity."

Shaggy attempts to sit up: "If we offend somebody, fuck 'em," he croaks.

Violent J continues: "We are a complete idiotic stupidity band with no scruples and no bottom line. We don't give a fuck about nothing except getting paid and getting women – that's the only reason we're here."

"You'll never see us doing any benefit concert for Tibetan monks," says Shaggy squeezing his large hands behind his mask to rub his eyes. "We don't care about saving the rainforest, we don't give a fuck. I'll jump on a fuckin' bulldozer and flatten it myself. Tonight's concert is a benefit concert. It benefits me and him."

Violent J channels his zeal and preaches the gospel of the Clown:

"Take the ghettos, they're like a carnival, and what do clowns do? They run around and bop each other, they throw pies in each other's faces, they smack each other and they hurt each other, the same things that people do in the ghetto; they shoot each other, they kill each other, for no reason, and all the people in the suburbs are sitting in the stands of the circus, laughing, "Hahaha, bop 'em again!" What the clowns need to do is kill them. The ghettos are full of clowns, so why are we killing each other if we're in the same boat? That's where the Dark Carnival comes into play. You see, a carnival travels. The wagons go from city to city; the mass ghetto carnage that goes on in Detroit is going to travel and it's going to travel into the suburbs, into the rich people's houses. That's what's going to happen after the sixth joker's card."

I can feel a prolonged armed seige coming on…

"The bottom line is the Dark Carnival. It's what powers us," says Shaggy, lolling towards the left side of the chair and dropping onto his elbow.

"Every album we have is black with a clown's face on it, called the joker's card, and the clown has a different face on each card, on each album. *The Great Milenko* is the fourth joker's card [*the first was* Carnival of Carnage]. There will be six until the end of time as we know it. That could be the end of ICP, the end of the world, the listener or Noel Gallagher. Nobody knows what's going to happen but, as the sixth joker's card is released, something is going to happen."

So despite the fact that they've just signed a five album deal with Island records, ICP is only going to do two more albums, then?

"I don't know if it's going to happen when the sixth joker's card comes out, or a bit after it comes out, but er… after the sixth album, something's going to happen – that's it… the Dark Carnival reaches every one of us, but it might not reach you as the Dark Carnival."

Shaggy sits up: "An old lady in a bingo hall ain't gonna get the Dark Carnival, she's gonna get touched by somethin' else. If you're evil, you have to deal with yourself when the time comes. You might be at home takin' a shit." Listing to the right, he carries on. "The deal is this, brother: we're just messengers preaching the warning. It came to us. It smacked us like a cinderblock."

"It was gradual, yet really fast," Violent J snaps his fingers. "Over like that, yet it took two months. I suddenly realised that being out there without clown make-up on made me feel naked. We had to be clowns. And instead of talking about guns and drive-by shootings, I started talking about stand-by shootings and drive-by stabbings – it all became real. Every joker's card is a warning. The second joker's card is called the Ring Master. It says in the album notes that when you die you have to face your own sins in the ✈

perfect twins WERE SOMETHING HE COULD never

GET HIS hands on....

It had become an obsession. And the mere thought of it sent his head reeling. The first urge had started on the top deck of a bus. He'd put it down to the vibration. But then this urge would come on with increasing frequency, wherever he was.

He knew it was getting out of hand. This craving to find the perfect pair. He also knew he was dealing in extremes. Was he alone in this or did anyone else share his peculiar tastes? Was it forbidden to have two at once, and for them to not only be perfectly formed but identical?

He daren't tell anyone of his secret, even though nowadays the thought seemed to fill his every waking moment. He wanted them more and more. He knew it was nearly impossible. But when it came to the crunch, he would never be satisfied until he'd got his hands on two that were exactly alike.

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form of the Ring Master. In other words, Mother Teresa's Ring Master was probably tiny, but a serial killer's Ring Master will be the size of a giant, kicking his arse. You know how big your Ring Master is. I don't know. How powerful is your Ring Master? The third joker's card was the Riddle Box. You die, and you see a Riddle Box on the table and you turn the crank."

Violent J starts to sing 'Pop Goes The Weasel'.

"What pops out of that box? Heaven or hell? It's another reflection of you. I can't tell you what's in your Riddle Box, only *you* know. You might be a serial killer at night. But with the six albums you will get six ways of viewing yourself, and you have that amount of time to change before the Dark Carnival comes for you."

Ah haaaa! I see now!

"This religion is the track that we stand on. The rest, the other 90 per cent of us, is just pure fucking insanity. This shit is real, this ain't a movie. There ain't no director around to say 'cut'. Those kids out front tonight, those kids are serial killers, ready to get set off like a bomb. I pull the switch and it's mass carnage all over the world, a horror movie right up in your face. Bigots, wife beaters, mutilated with bare hands."

No guns then?

"We don't talk a lot about guns, we like cutting your throat and pulling your tongue out."

Proper killing.

"Yeah, guns are too easy to come by – you don't need shit to strangle someone."

Shaggy 2 Dope seems to have dozed off into a catatonic slumber, but it's difficult to tell under his wrestler's mask. Do the lady clowns like it when they wear the masks?

"Perversion, ahhh. I like pouring Faygo pop over their titties. I want chicks, nekked, with their titties hanging out. All I want is chicks. I want chicks to the left of me, to the right of me, morning, noon, breakfast-time, snacks. They shot a porno movie in our fucking tour bus called *Back Stage Sluts* and we're in it."

What do you do in it?

"I got chicks on my lap with their titties in my fucking face; it's the greatest thing in the world. That movie comes out soon. It's a porno on our bus and we tell stories about stuff that happened backstage and the porno people act it out. There are other bands in it, too. And the lead chick's name was Julie Rage – she's one of the porno stars. At one point the crew left the bus… AND I FUCKED HER!"

Really?

"Yeeees! In the back of the bus."

With the mask on?

"Yeeeeesss with the mask on. She would have never fucked me with it off, believe me – with it on I was intriguing and sexy! I fucked her, and I'm so proud of it and I've got three of her movies in the bus right now. I tell all my friends 'I fucked Julie Rage' and that's fresh! JULIE RAGE MAN! I FUCKED HER!"

Well done.

"I feel really good about myself."

Good.

The lion had escaped

"Isn't Power Rangers BRILLIANT?"

"I pull the switch and it's mass carnage all over the world, a horror movie right up in your face"

You can't beat 'Ring-a-ring-of-roses' to get the crowd going

AT THE GIG LATER THAT EVENING, THE Dark Carnival itself. Rushing to the front of the stage, Violent J punts a full bottle of cheap Detroit Faygo pop into the air, his 100th or 200th of the last 50 minutes, where it explodes, showering the crowd.

In the mosh, pasty-fleshed, clown-faced children try to kill each other. Dangerous little fuckers with Faygo in their eyes, Faygo in their hair, up their noses, down between their girlfriends' breasts, behind their mates' ears, under the soles of their shoes, down the backs of their socks, sinking through their pores and running through their veins… the E numbers sending them all totally insane.

Turning around to Shaggy 2 Dope, Violent J sees there are still 80 odd bottles of pop in the coffin at the back of the stage.

"Hey motherfuckers… Juggalos! We still got Faygo left!"

On cue, like a naused-up barrage of Capistrano Salmon, the Juggalos try to make it onto the stage. Flipping up over the barriers, through the orchestra pit and over the security, using their bodies like ladders. One by one they break through, splitting across the stage like white cockroaches. Bottles fly through the air, bouncing off security who pull and punch and gouge anything in combat trousers or cheap dungarees. The scene is filled with doom-painted young offenders and little trash mouths, smacking and biting anyone within reach. The clowns retreat to the side and watch what they have created. The Dark Carnival may be coming sooner than we think.

The Great Milenko *is out now on Island Records.*

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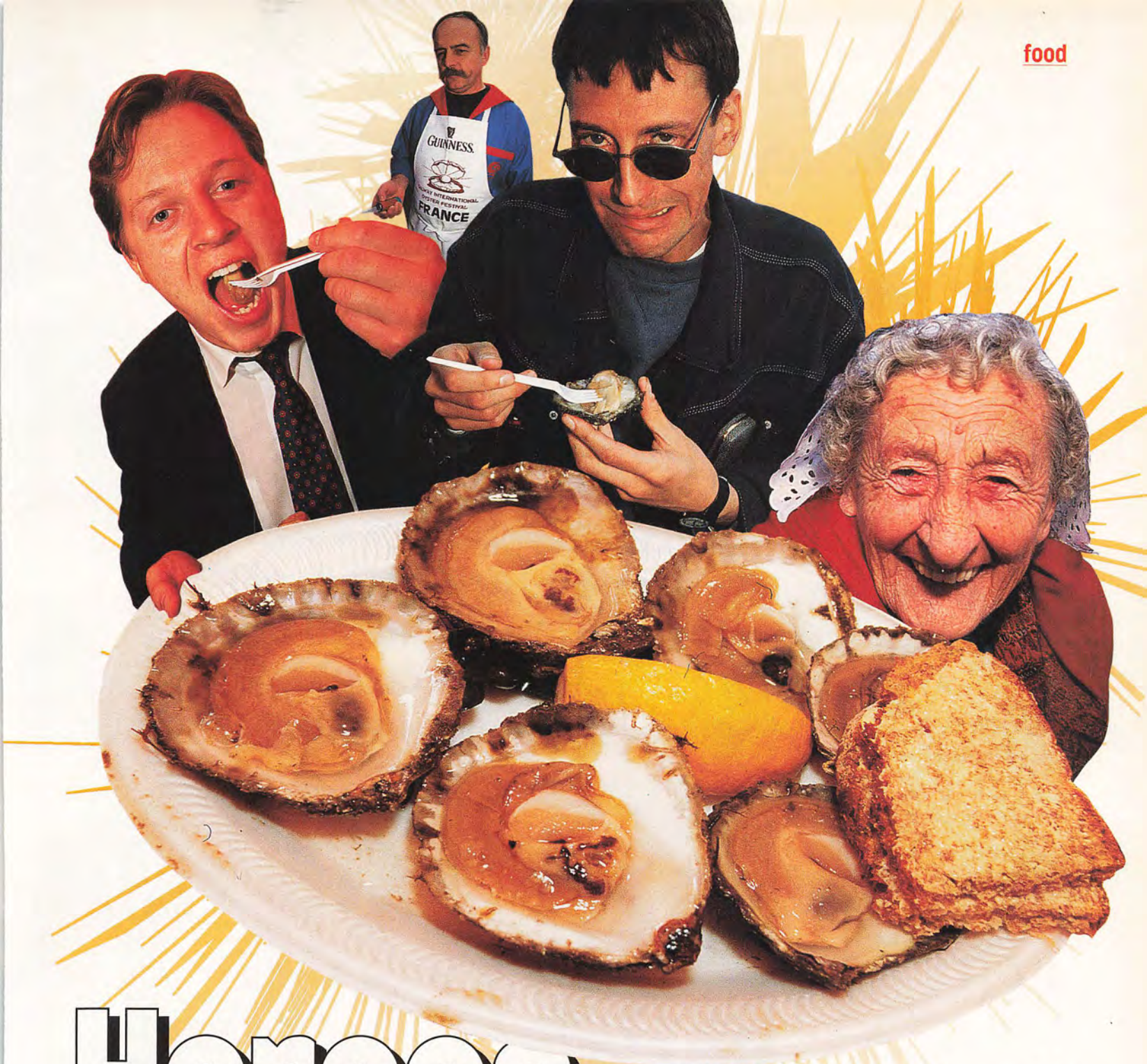


Heroes in a half shell

Not turtles, oysters. Lots of them. loaded turns green on the Emerald Isle

story by MICK BUNNAGE photos by ANTONY MEDLEY

CASANOVA HAD 50 FOR BREAKFAST. HENRY VIII DID 100 AT once just to prove he could. Emperor Nero would have his slaves wake him regularly throughout the day so he could bang them down in vast quantities round the clock. What am I on about? Foreigners? Bananas? Painted whores?? No!! Hang on, don't tell me… oh Christ, it's not little Moroccan boys is it, because that's well out of order. No, no, no. Bollocks to that lot. It's oysters. Nature's seafruit bounty, rich in zinc and minerals and the choice of foppish top knob epicurean gourmand ✈

types right back through history. Christ knows why. I mean, from the outside they look like some briny Gothic scab that's dropped off a big crusty sea lizard. And on the inside… well, assuming conditions of an average head cold, it'd take two weeks in bed and a whole bottle of Benylin to shift anything even half that size. God's little love muscle. The aphrodisiac of the angels. Yes, it's a brave man indeed who first ate an oyster. "Here, try this, I just found it out there in the sea. It tastes like snot with gristle and sand in it. Oh go on. I've done a dozen and I've got the horn something rotten. Cheers."

So it is with some trepidation that we hoof it over to western Ireland for the annual Galway Oyster Festival. We're promised a mad stout-soaked mollusc frenzy of a weekend, featuring blokes in short skirts playing bagpipes, beautiful flaxen-haired local girls throwing themselves at perfect strangers and people from all nations stumbling about amiably and chucking up over each other's shoes. Excellent. The whole shebang culminating in the 43rd Guinness World Oyster Opening Championships. Just the ticket. It may involve eating one or two oysters, but hell, how bad can it be? I've eaten Australian maggot soup, and photographer Medley reckons he's done goats' testicles and burnt sheep's face with the eyeballs still in. Oysters? We'd laugh in their rubbery little faces if they had any. Hang on… the eyeballs still in, you say? Jesus Christ, Medley.

Face and BA Baracus turned up unexpectedly

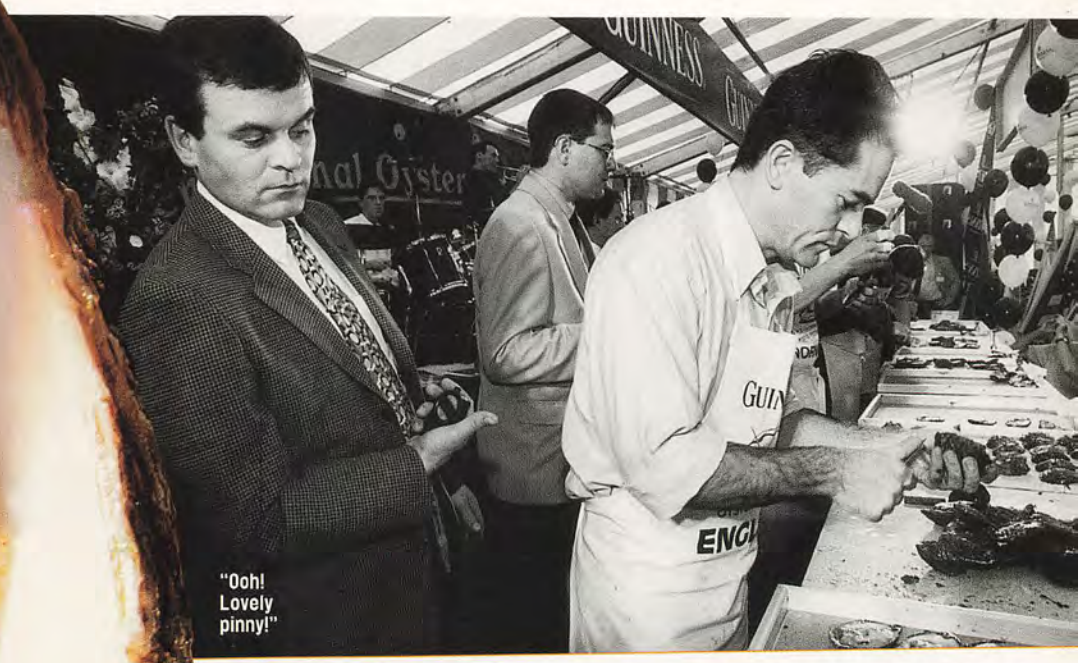
"There's enough zinc in one oyster to produce your daily sperm load, so the full dozen must push your sacks to breaking point"

No one was safe once the oysters started to kick in

FRIDAY EVENING, THE SKY GREY AS SCOT'S porridge, the town heaving with pissed Americans, Swedes and rich Cockneys, we bowl into town and up to the Mayor's Inaugural Gala Oyster chow down (full Dinner Suit – no denim, no fighting). The sauce is flowing already, and the queue for the Guinness is six deep. That's the problem with the national drink. I estimate it takes about 3 minutes to bang out a pint properly so if the bloke in front is ordering for his family, relatives and close friends, you're looking at one whole side of *Led Zep IV* before you'll even get a sniff. And, since everyone's wise to this, they order their entire night's estimated pint intake in one go. That's probably why you'll often see a room full of blokes standing about with just one totally pissed bloke shouting at the curtains.

The guest of honour four years ago was Bob Hope. Judith Chalmers brought the cameras in since and had a right old knees-up. Top bloke this year is Mick MacCarthy, Ireland's football manager. I was hoping for Wogan. Every time we try to get near McCarthy he legs it to the bogs, so we amble up to the Mayor of Galway instead. He looks like the young Mr Grace. "Good evening, your worship. Peters and Lee, The London *Times*." "Ah yes," he smiles benignly, obviously well used to dealing with berks. "Will you be doing any oyster jokes in your speech this evening?" "Oh no," he says. "I don't do jokes. Why, do you think I should?" Medley pulls a face that says, "It's your funeral, grandad." "Do you know any oyster jokes?" asks the mayor. "I know one about a goat, you could change it a bit," says Medley. "I can write it down and slip it to you before you go on."

The mayor does attempt a joke about an oyster, which gets a rapturous round of applause. Medley winks and gives him the thumbs up. He looks well chuffed, but the glory is short lived. The proper comedian comes on and trumps him



"Ooh! Lovely pinny!"

"Try this, it tastes of snot with gristle and sand in it, but I've got the horn something rotten"

with a wasp joke. That's showbiz.

Afterwards, the bloke who runs the event comes over for a chat. "Everything OK, fellas?" he asks. "To tell you the truth I've never read your magazine. Any good is it? My brother-in-law loves it. He said, 'What do you want that lot here for? They'll just get drunk and wreck the place then take the piss.' Ha ha." "We don't do that any more," says Medley, slumped against a pillar. "We're all on smack these days. New management directives, responsible journalism, that's the way forward."

"Just so long as you're not from *EastEnders*," says the bloke's mate, clearly still upset by the soap's recent Irish slur.

A drunk man bowls up to me at the bar. "I'm pissed as a fart," he says. "What's your excuse?" "Er… I haven't got one." "Ha! I don't blame ya!" he says. He tells me he owns a fish factory in Galway. "I come here every year, it's the only party in town. Enjoy yourself. It'll get pretty crazy later on. Have you seen my wife? Oh well. Let me know if you need any fish."

At 5am we stagger home and Medley snores so loud I have to sleep in the bath. Sounds like he's trying to inhale through a straw in a bucket of oysters. The bass notes alone could fracture his skull. "You should have just hit me," he says the next day. "You'd be doing me a favour."

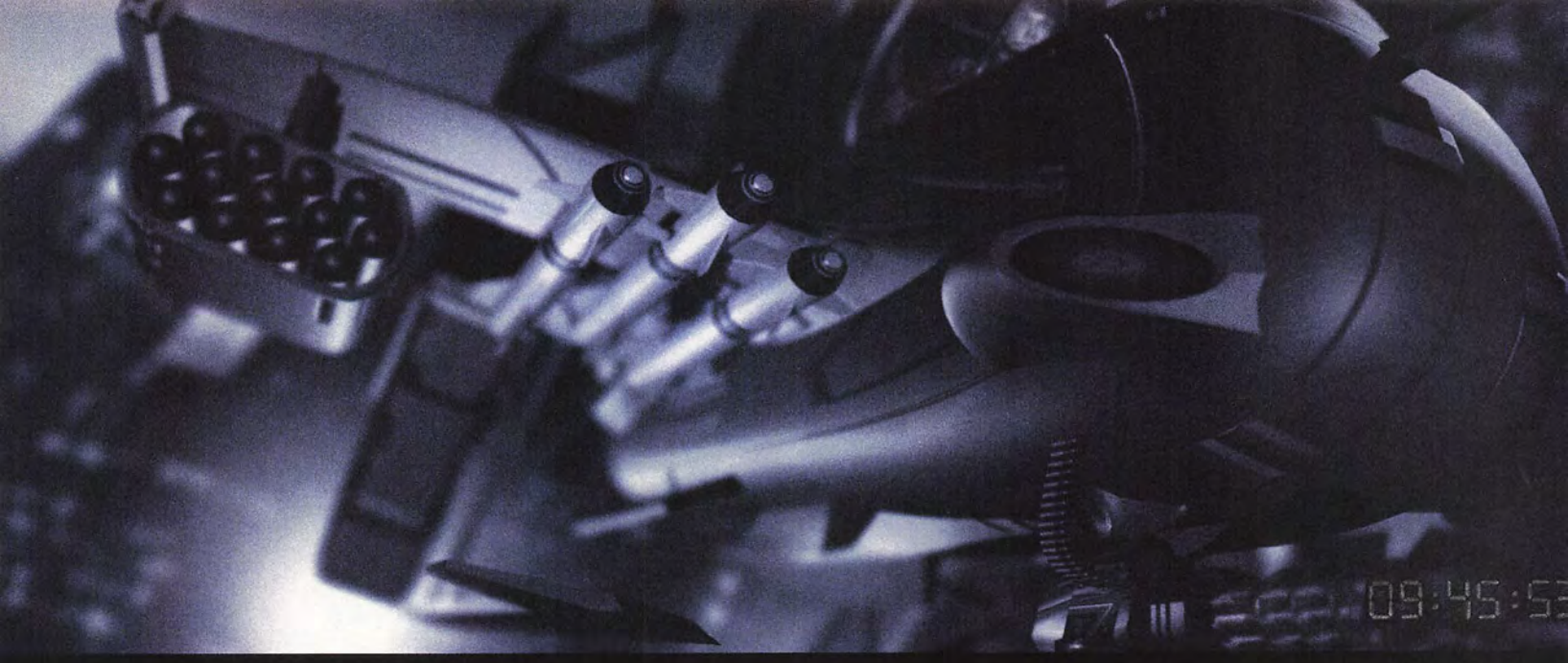
I SALVAGE ABOUT AN HOUR'S KIP OUT IN THE lobby before we're off again for the big day down at the quayside marquee. This is not a good day to be an oyster. They do about 10,000 over the weekend, apparently. The poor little bastards are rattling in their crates waiting to get cracked open and washed down two thousand throats in a black tide of freshly pumped Guinness. First there's a massive procession through the town to get us in the mood. Thirty Ferraris brought over from England choke up the tiny streets, revving up unnecessarily and doing 10-yard spurts, cheered on by the crowds, and followed by bands of pipers and drummers and Girl Guides playing 'Inky Pinky Parlez Vous' on recorders… It's chaos. There's a massive bottle-neck outside the Abra-kebabra on the corner. They'll not be doing much business this weekend.

At the marquee everything's kicking off big time. The stout is free all day and the oyster stalls are banging them out a half-dozen to the plate. There's about 1,000 people in the tent, all smashed out of their skulls, tucking into the oysters. Girls walk round with white plastic sick buckets and the band are doing Thin Lizzy songs back to back with Irish knees-up numbers.

We drink Guinness till we can hardly stand up, then we head for the tent where the oyster opening contestants are loosening up. Now the trick with opening an oyster, we're told, is to get the flat side down in the palm of your hand while you stick a flat small knife into the shell to break the hinge, then prise the whole kit open and lever the sloppy meat free without spilling the juices. So as you don't cut yourself to shreds you wear a thick rubbery glove on one hand. If you get any shell in the oyster you lose points. If you get any of your own blood in there it's fucked. You get marks for speed and presentation. I get talking to Ben who's worked in a bar ✈

LET THEM EAT OYSTERS

Oysters have got a snobby image these days, but in Victorian times they were considered pretty downmarket. Cheap staple nutrition. In fact, there was a massive oyster riot in London's East End when servants got fed up with being given oysters all the time. People were eating 300 a day, they were sick of the sight of them. The Globe Theatre is built on oysters – it was a huge dumping ground for the shells. Can't have smelled too good. Get a dodgy oyster and you can tell it a mile off. It smells like nothing on earth. Eat one of those and it'll fire out of your arse like a rubber bullet.



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round Liverpool Street station in London flogging oysters to city boys flash with cash. It's about 15 quid for six, though why anyone would pay that much for something that grows round a sewer pipe is beyond me. "There's enough zinc in one oyster to produce your daily sperm load," he tells me. "Christ almighty," I say, "so the full dozen must push your sacks to breaking point." "Never thought of it like that," he says.

The American competitor bowls over in cutting gear and glove. He's called Scott. Unlike the Norwegian standing next to him his hands are not all scarred up. "I don't have a technique, you just gotta be fast," he says. "The bottom line is not to leave any bits of your finger in there."

Eventually they all wander over, tooled up and itching to kill some stuff. The Englishman's from Brazil, the Irishman's from up the road but the Frenchman looks like he's fresh from some sitcom. Big moustache and a determined look. I sidle up for a pre-match tête-à-tête. "Good turnout. Strong opposition. Quietly confident?" I say to him, pen and pad poised. "Bonjour!" he says and wanders off.

The Scandinavians look frighteningly over-motivated as they all traipse up onto the stage in heats of four or five, taking position behind trestle tables lined with neat rows of chopping boards and trays of 30 oysters a piece. On the bell, mobbed by press and judges, the contestants start hacking into the shells while the band kick into 'Yellow Submarine'. The crowd go ballistic. Favourite with the girls is the Canadian. He looks like De Niro in *Mean Streets*. He's wearing this pork pie hat and doing all these fancy footwork shuffles under the table. I don't know much about oyster opening but I suspect this'll cut little ice with the burly Frenchman next to him. The stocky Swede is flailing away like a threshing machine, banging them down on the board like he'll kill anyone who says he's taking it too seriously. As the band turn the heat up a notch with 'Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da' there's bits of shell and stuff flying all over the shop. The crowd are shouting, "Ah ya big shite!" at no one in particular. It's chaos. The little Singapore fella looks resigned to defeat, having made a total pig's ear of his crop, he's just grinning and carving his name into the chopping board. Further up the table the big Dane's buoyed up by a huge fan base of boy scouts with flags and fancy green shorts. They keep shouting his name. It sounds like Ursula.

But none of them are a match for the Frenchman. With a Bonapartian air of haughty disdain combined with the clinical finishing of gagmeister Rene out of *Allo Allo,* he completes the job well ahead of the pack. His assistant throws a towel round him like he's just done 10 rounds with a pack of wild dogs rather than busted a few old seashells. The boards are removed for judging, and a tense 30 minutes or so later they return to announce the obvious. The Frenchman takes it with the Brit in second place and Scott the Yank in third. The Frenchman pops the cork on a bottle of Champagne and sprays the crowd as the band go full pelt into 'Hi Ho Silver Lining', and it all kicks off again.

Inevitably, it's time for Medley and me to try the oysters. We've put it off for as long as possible but now we're too pissed to care. Queuing for six each and some brown bread we sit down to face certain death. One last fag then we tip back three each really quick and wait for the reaper in his cloak, carrying a sick bucket. "Umm, not bad," says Medley. "Yeah, not bad. Not good, though." "No, not good." "I feel a bit dizzy," I say. "Me too," says Medley. As we slump there in silence, a short geezer in a cardigan strolls up to us. "Are you blokes from the press?" he says. "Look, Jack Nicholson's here but he doesn't want any publicity." Minutes later he's back with this enormous bloke in sunglasses. "These are the fellas I was telling you about, Jack," he says. The fat bloke sticks out his hand. "OK, boys," he says. "I can give you two minutes." "Who are you?" says Medley. "Show him, Jack," his mate says. "There you go," says Jack, producing an Irish driving licence. "Jack Nicholson." "Christ," says Medley. "It's Jack Nicholson." "That's right lads" says the big Irish fella. "Is it the mayor of bloody Galway you were expecting?" ■

"I've had enough of oysters, I'm slitting my wrists"

Why would anyone pay that much for something that grows round a sewer pipe?

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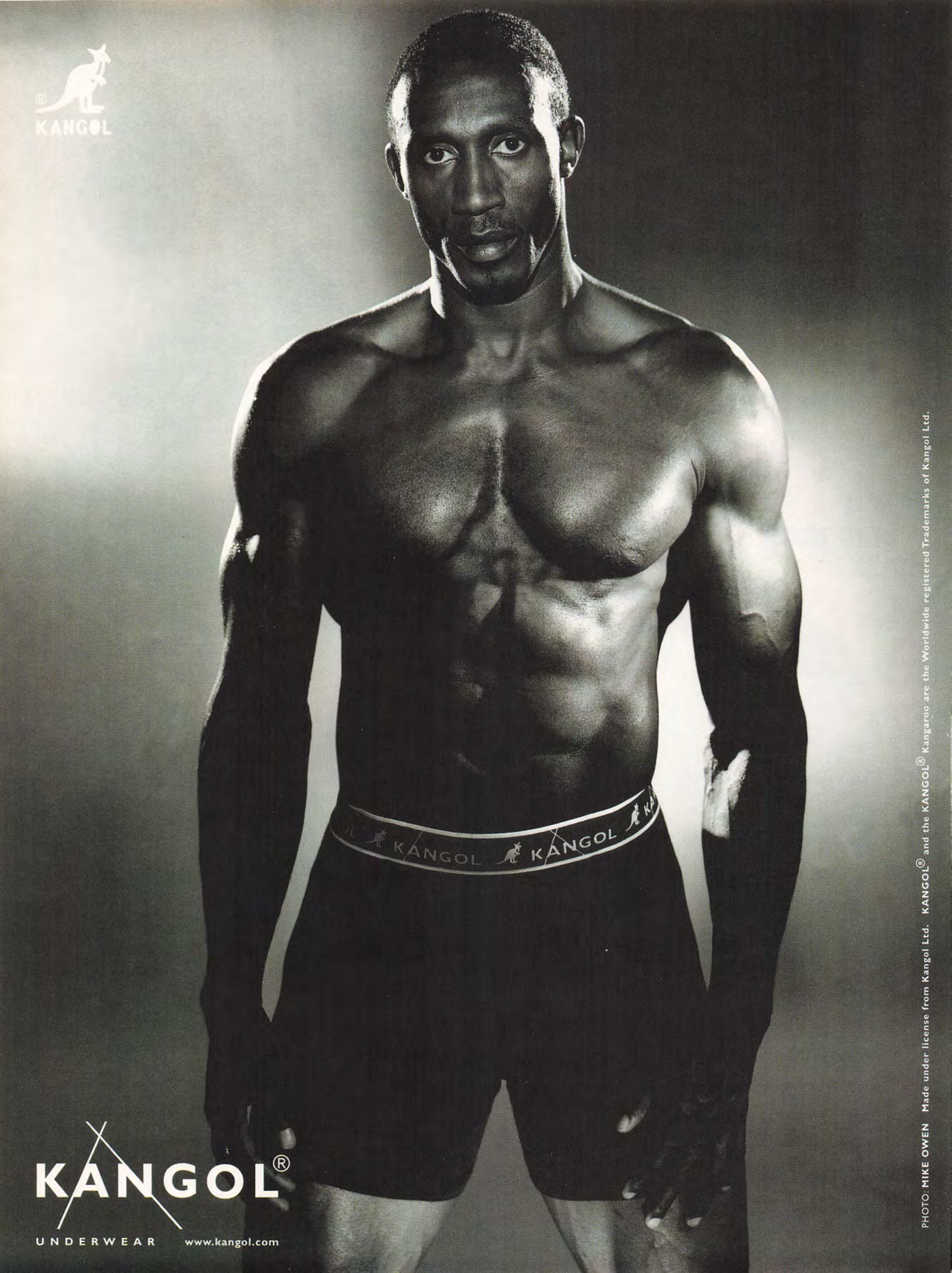
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loaded fashion contents

edited by BETH SUMMERS

p172-179 **Ship shape in Bristol fashion:** Pants, bras and stuff, modelled by a fancy bird on a boat

p185-191 **Cotton all over the world:** We're talking about denim, the stuff that jeans are made of

p195-201 **Fashion Farm:** Country casuals. Go out and spread your muck in some top clobber you'd never see farmers wearing in real life

p202-203 **Buy George:** George boots, that is. We've got loads of them, and some famous Georges that might wear them

p207 **Stockists enquiries:** So you too can look as good as our fashion pages

NAVY WIND CHEATER £175 BY AQUASCUTUM **BLUE WINDOW PAIN CHECK SHIRT** APPROX £69.50 BY BURBERRYS **TAN COTTON WEAVE TROUSERS** £85 BY CP COMPANY **CHECK WOOLLEN WAISTCOAT** £112 BY ETRO

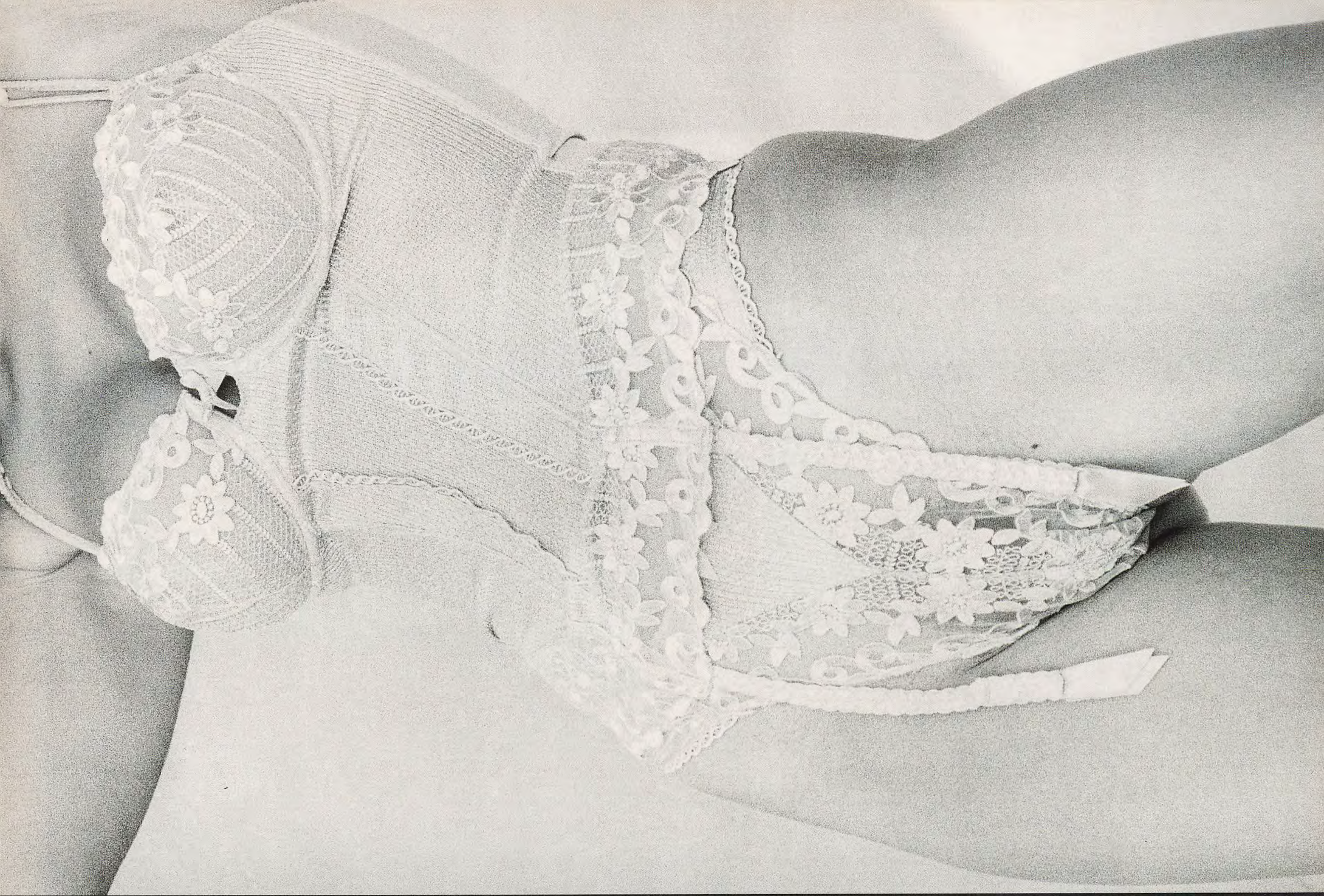
SHEER WHITE AND PINK NET CAMISOLE £104 **MATCHING DEEP-LINE BRIEFS** £54 AND **SUEDE LILAC SHOES** £208 ALL BY LISA JOHNSON

SHIP SHAPE IN BRISTOL FASHION

Undies you can purchase for the lady in your life, even if she hasn't got a lovely boat. Hoist the mainsail. Oof!

photos by STEVE PERRY model KELLY BROOK styling by BETH SUMMERS assisted by SARAH PEEL
thanks to all in the Silk Cut Round The World Challenge team

(previous page) **Deep blue lace plunge bra** £120 and **matching deep-line briefs** £125 both from La Perla (this page) **Dusky pink lace skirt** £22 and **matching soft-cup bra** £21 both from the Marilyn Monroe collection by Warners



Turquoise basque £110 and **matching thong** £36.95 both from Exotica

Maid-inspired black and white bra £50, **matching suspender belt** £35 and **g-string brief** £25, all from Agent Provocateur

Deep-red lace underwired full cup bra £40 and **matching g-string briefs** £40 both by Rigby and Peller. **Silver waist chain with silver heart pendant** £135 and **gold ankle chain with purple heart pendant** £120 by Wright and Teague

Black and silver longline bra from £25 and **matching deepline brief with suspenders** from £25 both by Charnos. **Cream sheer lace-top hold-ups** from £6 by Pretty Polly

Black microfibre basque £95 and **matching thong** £35 by Cotton Club. **White sheer lace-top stockings** from £6 by Pretty Polly

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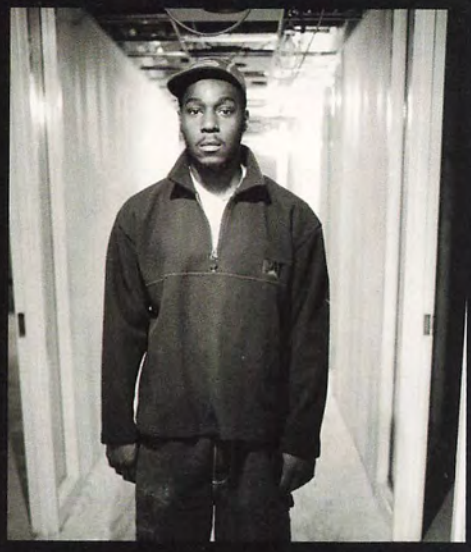
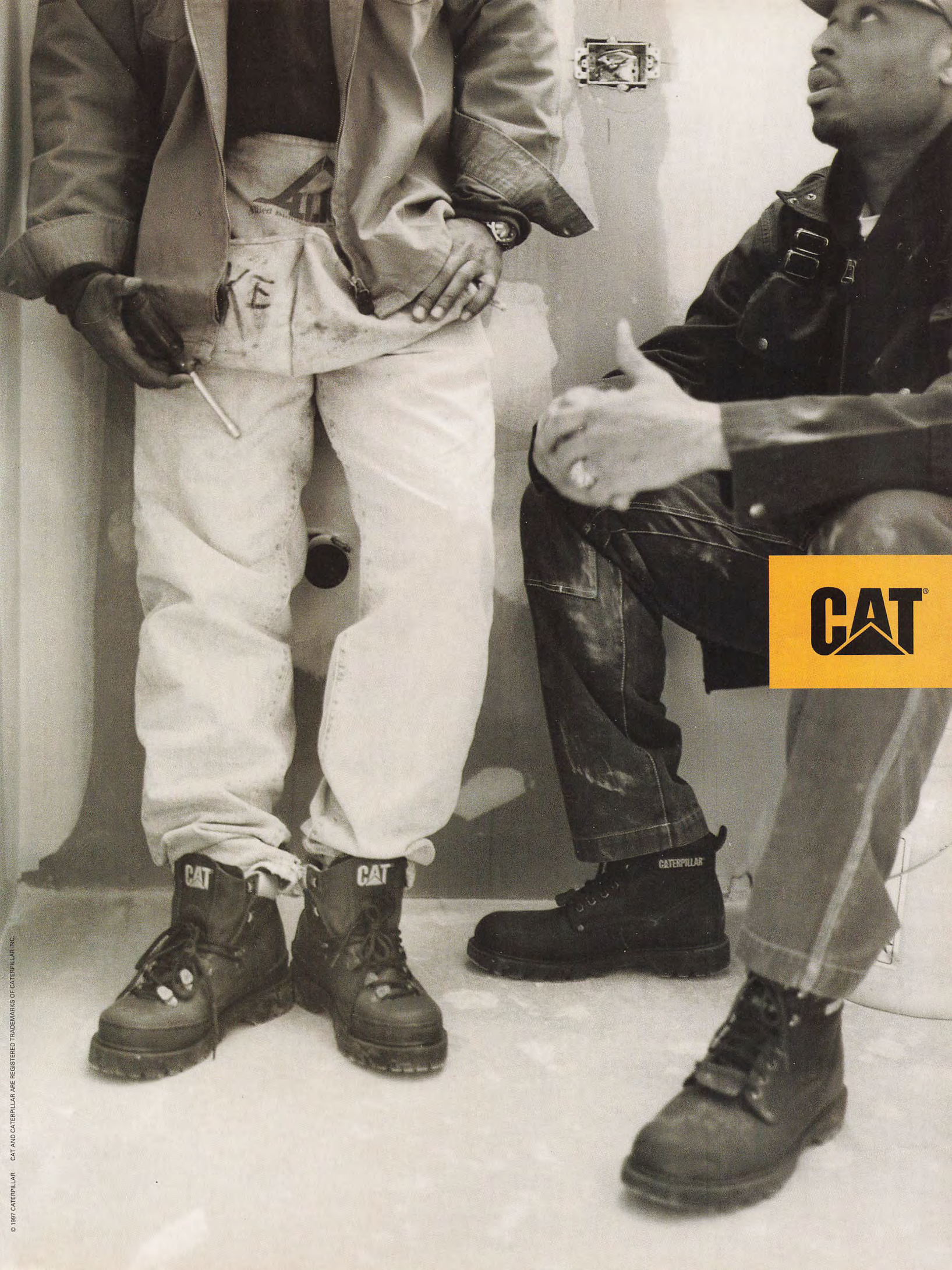


Mike Coleman, Keith Sean-Cole and Mark Peterson, Construction Workers. Alphabet City, NYC.



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Clinton Multi-Pocket Work Jacket. Style No: GG10012
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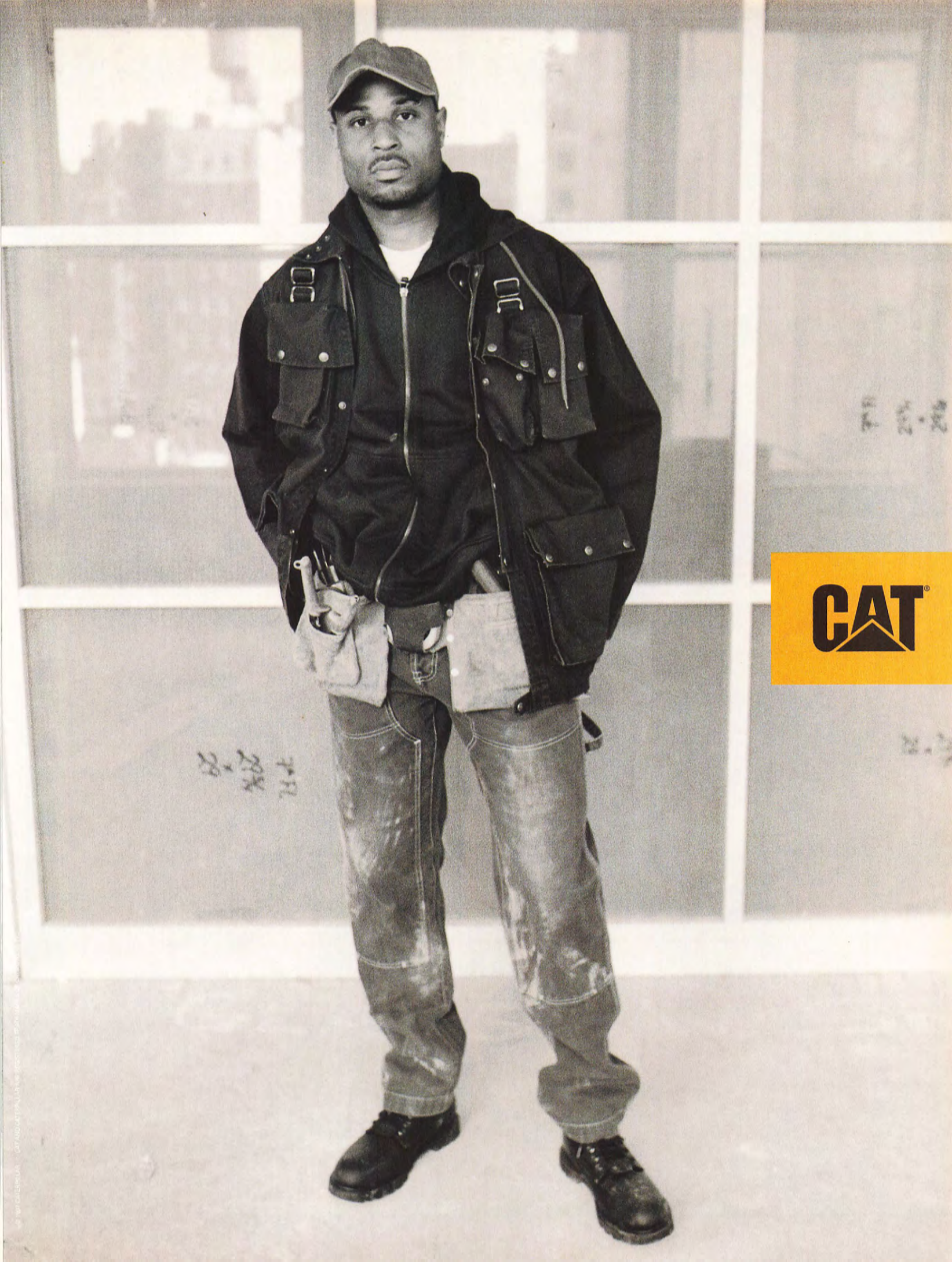
CAT

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cotton all over the WORLD

Tired of the same three cords? loaded's own Dr Denim casts his twill-weave indigo eye over some top jeans

story by BETH SUMMERS and BEN MARSHALL

DAVID REDFERN

"Look! His arse sags all the way down to here!"

Miles accesses his staff appraisal

EVERYBODY HAS, DOES OR WILL WEAR DENIM. IT'S NOT LIKE RUBBER, or even leather, which cater to fairly specific tastes. Denim is universal, not so much a fabric as a style. If you're to believe the adverts or our own Dr Denim, it's a way of life. It is worn in literally every country in the world, and at the end of the '60s became a mass youth uniform on a scale never seen before or since. It started out as a material worn by American gold prospectors, miners, cowboys and other working men. It was just about the cheapest thing you could buy this side of sackcloth, and the most rugged. These days you can pay as much for a pair of jeans and a denim jacket as for a designer suit, and the last thing you'd do in them is manual labour. Denim has as much to do with high fashion as it does with workwear; more, probably, since every big designer's got in on the denim game. So what looks good, what feels right, what has the right logo and the most appeal to the opposite sex? That's what we asked ourselves as we stripped to our kecks in the fashion department under the strict eye of fashion editor Beth Summers, who insisted on giving Tom some new underpants for some reason.

Our testers were fashion guru Tom Stubbs, writer Ben Marshall and designer Jim Parry, whose taste in denim is almost as expensive as his taste in poncey bed linen. Meanwhile model Misha rated the attractiveness of the garments by looking at their sagging arses. Leading the panel was Dr Denim, aka Miles English. What **loaded** art boy Miles doesn't know about denim could be engraved on an ant's bollocks. In fact, we've been trudging up and down the jewellers' shops in Hatton Garden looking for someone who can do just that. Miles lives and breathes denim. If he had his way, **loaded** would be printed on denim, but only the really good quality, 20-year-old stuff bought in specialist shops for £150 a square foot. Miles, by the way, was wearing a £200 pair of original Levi's bought in mint condition from an obscure denim dealer he knows and whose address he wouldn't divulge.

BEN & DAVE

GAP (£38)

There was a suspicion these had been over-dyed and that the finish was bad. There was a strange brushed feeling to the denim which didn't go down well with anyone, and the logo was pretty awful as well.

Dr Denim's verdict: "It looks like they were designed by some soft Yank. Plus, when you turn them up, the turn-up's too dark."

Pulling power: none.

Final rating: 3.5/10.

CERRUTI (£75)

Horribly narrow with a revolting way of tapering tightly off at the ankle so they bunch up just above your trainer. The colour, finish and logo were all fine, but the jeans themselves felt and looked unwearable.

Dr Denim's verdict: "Unless you want to look like you're wandering around wearing bicycle clips, then forget about it."

Pulling power: Misha thought they were rubbish.

Final rating: 5/10.

JOHN ROCHA (£30)

Slim fit, excellent quality and finish. Another inexplicably modernist logo and some very dull stitching on the back pockets. Too narrow for trainers.

Dr Denim's verdict: "Good but not great, especially given the price."

Pulling power: Average to good.

Final rating: 6/10.

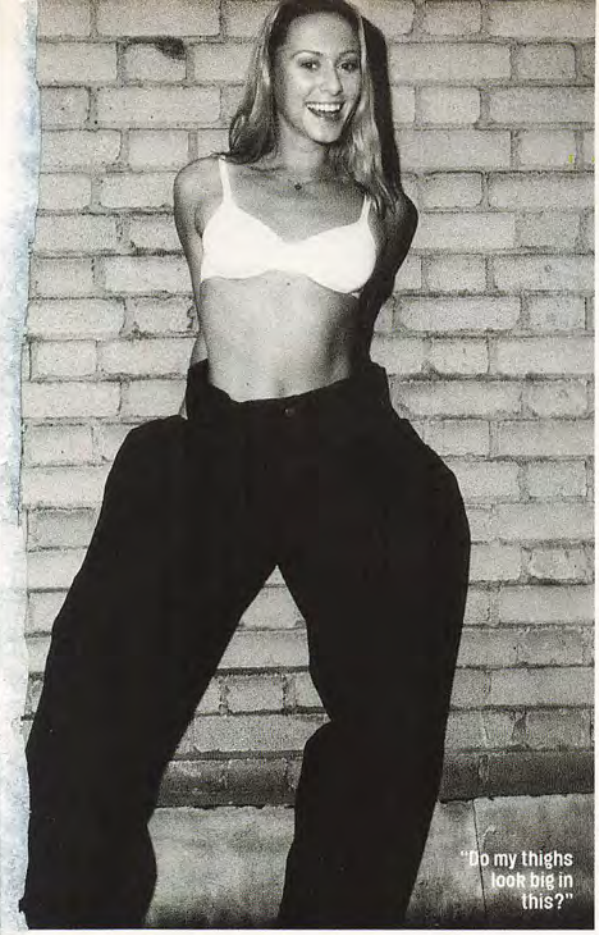
LEE (£49.99)

Excellent fit – classic slim fit jean. Lee have stuck rigorously to their original design. Good material, classic indigo colour that should make for a great fade in the wash. As for the logo, it's simple and near perfect.

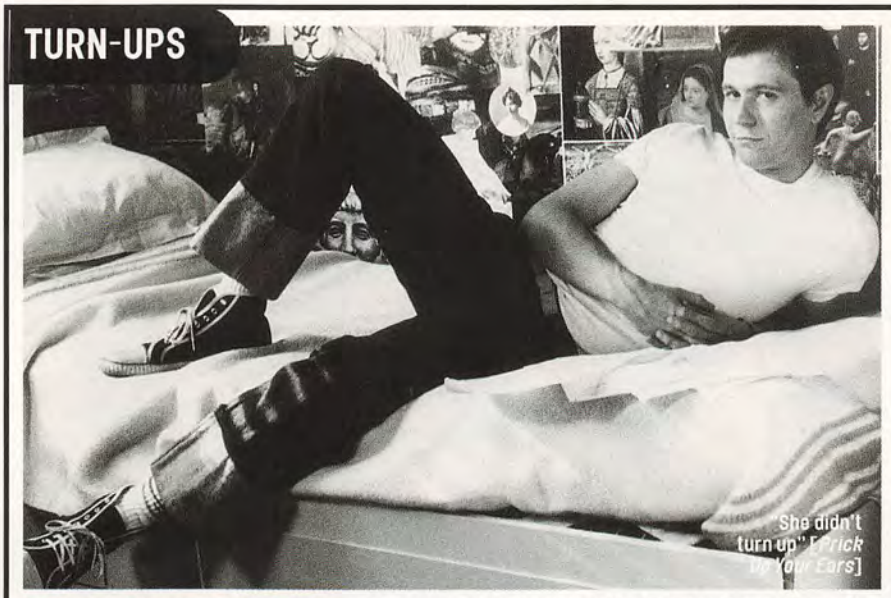
Dr Denim's verdict: "The great thing about these is there's been no change from the '50s, although I don't like the pocket shape much." Critical bastard, isn't he?

Pulling power: Very high. Misha reckoned these would suit both men and women, and when she put them on, we had to agree.

Final rating: 9/10.



TURN-UPS



Turn-ups are big at the moment, and we do mean big. All of a sudden, people have gone from wearing jeans normally to wanting to look like Gary Oldman as Joe Orton in *Prick Up Your Ears*. To wear turn-ups properly you still require a proper break over your trainer or shoe. This means jeans three to six inches longer than normal. Designer Helmut Lang has already started supplying jeans to these specifications.

Dr Denim says: "The Japs did it first to show off their authentic selvedges (the end of the cloth to you). Obviously it's gonna go the other way, eventually."
Round these parts, turn-ups are so widespread, your brighter modernist is already talking about turn-ins, where you tuck them in. The choice is yours. But don't blame us if it looks like you're expecting a flood in your front room by Christmas.

RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

LACOSTE (£69.99)

Truly appalling. Look like they could have been picked up in Woolworth's for under a tenner. The fit was shoddy, almost to the monk-like point of mortifying the flesh. Cheap-looking colour, Day-glo yellow stitching and a hideous pseudo-modernist rubber logo.
Dr Denim's verdict: "Jeans shouldn't look like they were designed by Terence Conran for Rab C Nesbitt."
Pulling power: A big turn off, according to Misha.
Final rating: 2/10.

HAMNETT (£80)

Great fit, very much on the hipster side. The finish was weird: Tom reckons Hamnett have been using some kind of right-on recycled dye from loads of worn-out Biros or something. Half of us loved the colour, although Dr Denim didn't rate it and marked it down for not looking like a colour Billy The Kid might have worn.
His verdict: "Didn't like the white stitching, but the '60s rock'n'roll look is in tune with the times."
Pulling power: Misha liked them a lot.
Final rating: 8/10.

PAUL SMITH (£95)

Decent fit, but again, tapered leg sits badly on trainers. The denim was comfortable but thin, and there was the endlessly debatable question of the green stitching. No one liked the logo.
Dr Denim's verdict: "A kind of gingham quality to them."
Pulling power: Misha was off changing, but we didn't rate it ourselves.
Final rating: 5/10.

C17 (£50)

A peg-leg tapered jean made from a good denim but with inferior finish and a lousy logo. Generally they weren't popular, given the trainer factor and the fact that they looked like they might burst in an emergency.
Dr Denim's verdict: "Not sure. The only thing I really liked about this pair was the quality of the denim."
Pulling power: "Real ankle stranglers," said an unimpressed Misha.
Final rating: 4/10.

PCB – aka Psychos (£60)

Arguably not just the worst jeans in the world, but the worst piece of clothing ever designed. Imagine Brian Harvey's jeans, only 20 times bigger. They're clown trousers – you could fit two or three people into one leg. "You'd get stopped by the police wearing these," fretted Tom. Ben reckoned the only good point was that they had pockets so deep, you could get eight cans of lager in them. The fit was poor and the denim felt thin and badly stitched together, which considering they're supposed to be skate jeans, is truly atrocious.
Dr Denim was close to spontaneous combustion. He genuinely felt they were a corruption of everything denim stands for. And they had a zip fly.
Pulling power: Misha was repelled by them. She even tried to refuse to wear them, and we were paying her to.
Final rating: 0/10.

ARMANI (£105)

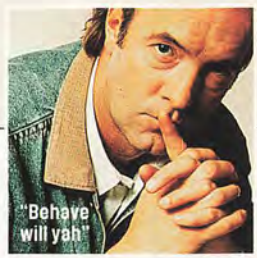
Jim was impressed with the '80s faded look, which is exactly why no one else liked them. However, he judged the fit to be "Euro", the denim "horrible", the stitching "shit" and the logo – well, let's leave that to…
Dr Denim: "The most overwrought poncey nonsensical piece of cheap-looking rubbish." But his verdict: "I'd still rather wear Armani than some of the other shit I've seen today. At least they've got a name behind them."
Pulling power: Negligible, unless anyone was impressed by the name. Final rating: 4.5/10.

EVISU (£115 to £200)

Caused a real stir around the office. The denim-obsessed Japs actually bought the original Levi looms in order to produce precise replicas of the first Levi's. These scored highly with everyone other than Ben, who didn't like the huge 'E' motifs on each back pocket – "the equivalent of putting on work clothes then sticking a huge diamanté brooch on each tit and two on your arse."
Dr Denim reckoned they were across the-board unbeatable, although he admitted the price was a bit over the top.
Pulling power: Misha didn't rate them at all. She commented on their "horrible colour" and said we all looked like we'd been working on a building site. We said some women might like that.
Final rating: 8/10.

LEVI 501 (£55)

The general opinion was that Levi should have stuck with the original design that Evisu now use. The fit and quality were good and the colour OK– it was a bit like New Coke; no one hated it, they just preferred the old stuff.
Dr Denim's verdict: "The logo is the all-time classic, but they really should try and model them on the original look and colour."
Pulling power: "Good to high," said Misha.
Final rating: 7/10.


"Behave will yah"

THE DENIM HALL OF FAME

AMERICAN CHAMPION: Martin Sheen as spree killer Charlie Starkweather in *Badlands* – he killed his underage girlfriend's dad, burnt her house down, then drove across the midwest with her in tow shooting everyone in sight, without getting a bloodstain on his jeans. He was also one of the few men who didn't look like one of the Village People whilst wearing head-to-foot blue denim.

"Like my belt?" [*Badlands*]

Runner up: Christopher Lloyd as Reverend Jim from *Taxi*, a street-crazed Vietnam vet with a thousand yard stare and a host of false memories – maybe he wasn't in 'Nam after all. He always wore denim and white trainers. While the rest of the cast, with their bouffants and flares, would be openly mocked on the streets today, weirdo Jim was a shabbily timeless ball of confusion.
Highly commended: Warren Beatty in *Shampoo*. Playing a hairdresser who pretended to be gay in order to get women, he wore Wranglers so buttock-huggingly tight, you had to wonder if they were legal, and if perhaps he was gay after all. Neither hairdressers nor rodeo riders have ever really recovered from this.

"But it's cheaper than going down the gym" [*Taxi*]

BRITISH CHAMPION: Jimmy Corkhill from *Brookside*. There's none more denim. Fashions may come and go, but Jimmy's connection to indigo blue cotton seems written into his DNA. He wears denim jackets, denim jeans, denim waistcoats and denim shirts, and has even been known to wear denim shoes. If they sold denim socks, Jimmy would have had 'em. Whenever he knocked off a post office or dealt smack to kiddies, the police photofit must have looked like the window of C&A. It's only now that he's taken a wage cut to go into school teaching that he's been forced out of his jeans.
Runner-up: Jackie Corkhill. Denim dresses tastefully embroidered with flowers and butterflies or stretch denim jeans for special occasions, like being thrown downstairs or eloping with the revolting Ron. Denim, in fact, is the only thing that the saintly Jackie and the pathologically criminal Jimmy have in common. Some couples have passion to bind them; others

DIESEL 'FANKER' (£50)
Diesel's hipsters caused furious debate. Jim and Miles, who represent traditional values in denim, criticized the look, light blue colour and fit. Tom, the moderniser, believed they were the way forward, and reintroduced a variant on the '80s casual look: "They have a very slight flare at the bottom so they hang perfectly over the trainer, and a sky-blue, washed-out colour." Fashion editor Beth reckoned much of their wearability would depend on the wearer's skin colour: "The darker, the better." The logo was also "appropriate and well-considered".
Dr Denim eventually concluded that Diesel should stick with their original design, then got really annoyed and howled, "I mean, why change a design classic? Why? WHY? WHY?"
Pulling power: Misha didn't like them at all.
Final rating: A surprisingly high 8.5/10.

DIESEL 'WANKER' (£69.99)
Excellent fit, a nice vintage feel about the denim, although the finish seemed a little flimsy and the logo wasn't much to write home about. "Way too much going on in the back pocket for my liking," said Ben mysteriously. "They look like some cunt's turned them inside out," said Jim.
Dr Denim liked them except for the logo.
Pulling power: Misha had the Evisu building-site problem with these as well. Wonder what building sites she goes to. Wherever they are, the labourers must be earning more than the property developers.
Final rating: 7/10.

WATSON (£29.99)
Good fit, but the denim felt really cheap and the logo erased itself from the memory as soon as you looked away. Nobody liked them much.
Dr Denim's verdict: "Don't like 'em."
Pulling power: "Don't like 'em."
Final rating: 4/10, "Don't like 'em."

EASY (£34.99)
Straight leg, but judged all round not to be a great fit. The denim was an odd colour. The finish and stitching are adequate but not outstanding. The logo looks like it was thought up by a drunk first-year design student.
Dr Denim's verdict: "A nice finish, but the stitching's dull, the logo's rubbish and the fit's so-so. Not recommended."
Pulling power: Our model liked these.
Final rating: 6/10.

"Oh, oh, oh delightful"

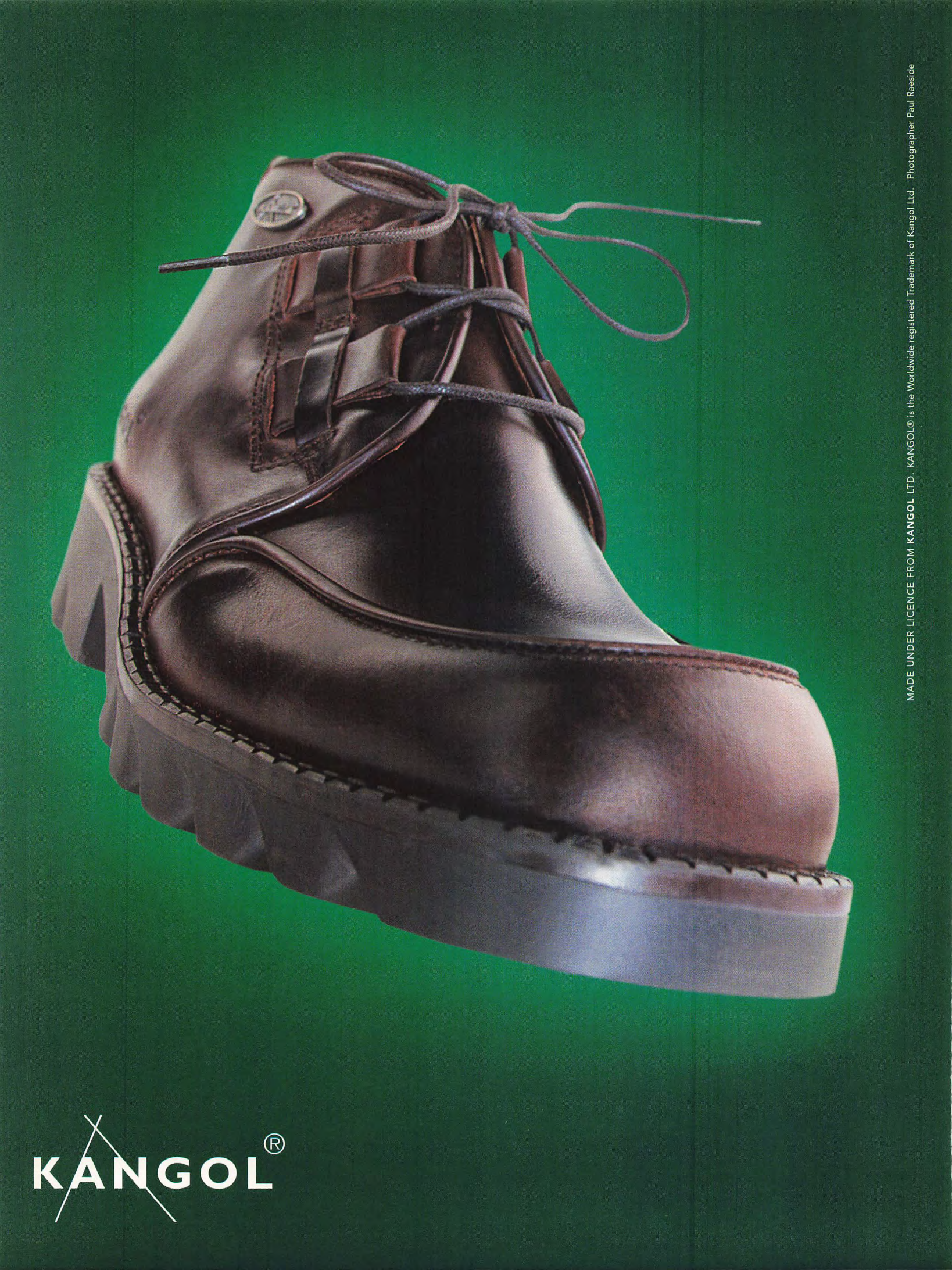
have hobbies or comfortable friendships. Jackie and Jimmy have something more durable: stonewashed cotton fabric.
Highly commended: All the other Corkhills. The rat-faced little one who died. The daughter who got banged up in Bangkok. The brother who ran off with Sheila Grant. The spotty one who became a copper. Whatever they did, they all did it in denim. Maybe Jimmy nicked a job lot 15 years ago and they've all been wearing it since.
Honorary mention: Tom Jones, not renowned for denim – more likely to be found in leather or a flash suit – but have a look at him in these indigo Levi's (right).

"Open wide and we'll practise" [*Shampoo*]

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONS: Europe. Not the Continent, the band. Wrote 'The Final Countdown' and 'Rock The Night', which contained the immortal line, "It ain't easy, running out of thrills." For them, we think, it would have been harder running out of denim, ya? The crazy sons of goats. Other bands have tried to emulate the look of The Beatles, The Stones and so on. Europe eschewed such bourgeois attempts at hipness and went straight for the Status Quo look, in jeans so tight they could have posed for a life-drawing class. We could do you a picture of their testicles even now. But we don't want to.
Runners-up: Eastern Europe. Not the band, the continent. When the Berlin wall collapsed, a West German was asked by *Newsnight's* Peter Snow if there was some way in which East Germans innately differed from their Western cousin. "Oh yes," he replied, "zey are all wearing zer marble effect jeans and zer brown cardboard boots."

There are many arguments as to why communism fell – Glasnost, Perestroika, Reagan's escalation of the arms race – but one of the most compelling must be that you can't create a five-year plan for fashion on the basis of a single Sam Fox video.
Highly commended: The Baader Meinhof group (Germany), The Red Brigade (Italy), and all the other '70s guerrilla gangs of posh college students in flared Levi's whose idea of getting Daddy's attention was to blow him up. At least all the Brit-based crusties called Nigel and Tamara just sit in holes wearing combat trousers and talking mockney.

RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE/PARAMOUNT COMEDY CHANNEL/LONDON FEATURES INTERNATIONAL


KANGOL®
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GIGLI (£100)
We had a problem working out whether these were wide straight-legs or flares. They were so shapeless, they may as well have been a blanket. Again there seemed to be some vague attempt to court the skate market, but how many skateboarders can afford to throw away a hundred quid on a pair of jeans? The denim was adequate but dull, as was the finish, and the only thing that seemed remotely to justify the price was Gigli's fairly handsome-looking logo.
Dr Denim's verdict: "Nice pocket detail but otherwise Lionel Blairs."
Pulling power: Zero.
Final rating: 5/10.

MARKET STALL (£15)
Called something like Georgio Riviera. Caused genuine horror even before anyone had put them on. Pretty much everything about them was terrible. Sagged around the arse, tightened round the knee, sagged again around the calf and bunched around the ankle. The logo was admittedly an improvement on the original Armani one, but then anything would be. Comments included: "shit", "snide", "boring", "nasty", "lethal" and "horrible pockets".
Dr Denim just kept muttering, "Scum... scum... it's jeans for scum."
Pulling power: negative.
Final rating: 0/10.

POLO (£65)
There was a severe amount of anti-Americanism floating around with these. This was partly to do with Ralph Lauren's denim jacket which has a beermat-style stars and stripes stitched to its back, but mostly to do with the fact that everyone disliked the bloke-on-a-horse logo – which doesn't even appear on the jeans. The jeans themselves scored very low in terms of fit, denim and finish.
Dr Denim: "I hate all the American bollocks associated with all his fucking clothing."
Pulling power: Misha wasn't there.
Final rating: 2/10.

LANG (£80)
Odd foreign exchange student feel to these. As you put them on, you felt like you needed a multicoloured rucksack and an English phrase book. The single most interesting thing was the absolute absence of a logo, taking minimalism to its continental extreme.
Dr Denim had nothing to say.
Pulling power: "Good," said Misha, "so get yourself a rucksack."
Final rating: 6/10.

We also tested some Wrangler jeans, but we reckon they sent us the wrong sort, so the less said the better.

DENIM'S ROCK 'N' ROLL HALL OF SHAME

Status Quo:
Invented the curious Quo knob-dance, with thumbs shoved into front jean pockets, hands spread less than seductively over groin, and hips wiggled enthusiastically from side to side.

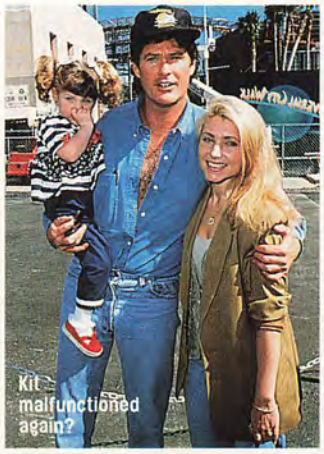
Shakin' Stevens:
A preposterous little Welshman who apparently still reads all his press. Read this and weep, Shaky.

James Taylor:
The crooning folkie embodiment of all that was denim about '70s USA.

John Denver:
Won't be needing denim any more, now those country roads have taken him home.

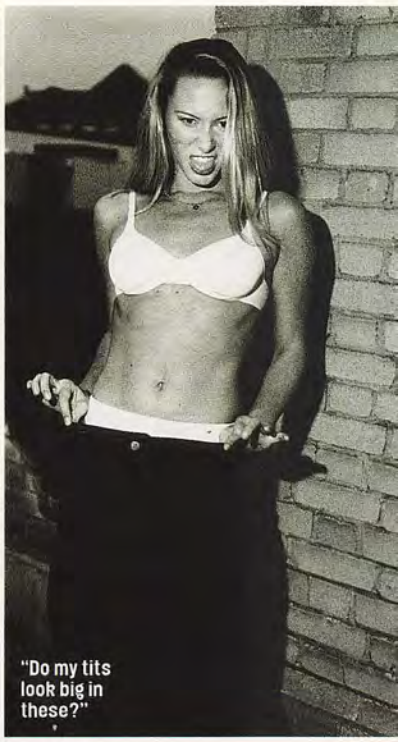
David Hasselhof:
Baywatch man who is also Germany's number one pop star, with dress sense to match.

"Cry just a little bit"


Kit malfunctioned again?

LONDON FEATURES INTERNATIONAL

"I'll blow the helium through my mouth next time"


"Do my tits look big in these?"

COMPETITION

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No need to stop. It's your turn to drive, as you explore the extreme, rugged landscape of the Rockies from the smooth comfort of your Quad bikes, before returning to your pit stop at the luxury Whistler Resort.

- If you've chosen to ignore the soft pillows and fluffy duvets at the luxury hotels provided for you along the way, you can always catch up on your sleep on the return flight to the UK.
- MOLSON will take one lucky loaded reader and three friends on this, the smoothest extreme experience you can imagine, to Canada, land of extremes.
- If all that sounds a bit too much of an effort, five runners up will receive two cases of 24 bottles of MOLSON 5% lager to share amongst the friends that you would have taken. You could even get them to take the tops off the bottles for you.
- Even if you don't win, you can always pop down to the pub and buy your own bottle of the new-look MOLSON. Also, keep your eyes open for MOLSON promotions in pubs and clubs for chances to win other extreme experiences.

HOW TO ENTER

For a chance to win the MOLSON/loaded competition, all you have to do is enter the draw by calling the competition line with your answer to the following question and enter the draw:

What extremely smooth lager brand is sponsoring the Vancouver Indy in September 1998?

When you know the answer, ring:

0897 505777

Open 24 hours a day, seven days a week.
CLOSING DATE 31 December 1997.

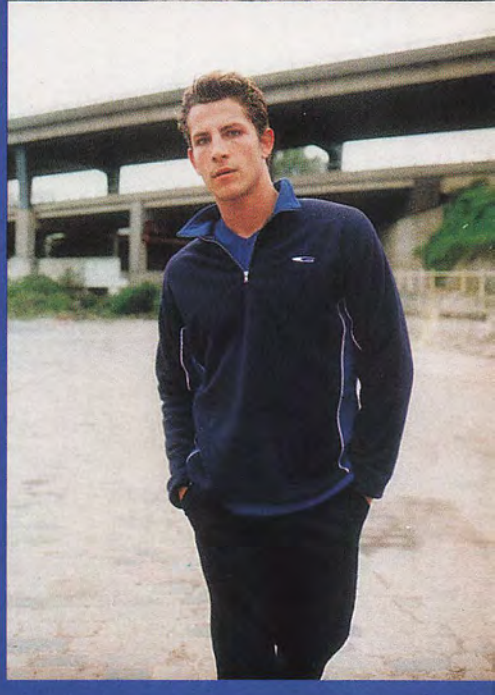
Telephone the Molson/loaded competition number before the closing date. Be ready to leave your name, address telephone number and answer. Your call will last no longer that 1 minute and will cost £1.

RULES

1 The competition is open to all Loaded readers over the age of 18, resident in the UK. The first prize winner and travelling companions should be aware that the legal public drinking age in Canada is 19.
2 Closing date for receipt of entries is 31 December 1997.
3 The competition will be administered by the promoter, whose decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into. The first prize will be awarded to one entrant answering the question correctly, picked at random from all entries. Five runners-up will also be picked at random by an independent judge.
4 No employee of Scottish Courage Ltd, it's subsidiaries, agencies, or anyone connected with the competition is eligible to enter.
5 No purchase of Molson beer is necessary.
6 As an alternative to the competition telephone number, you may post your entry to Molson/loaded competition, 80 Buckingham Avenue, Slough, Berkshire SL1 4PN. Postal entries should arrive no later than 31 December 1997. Responsibility cannot be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in transit. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.
7 Absolutely no cash alternative will be offered. The one-week prize holiday must be taken as specified, as a group visit. The winning group must be available to travel on specified dates: departing from London Heathrow at the beginning of September 1998. The holiday will coincide with the Molson Indy Vancouver, 4-6 September 1998. Prize details are subject to change. The travelling dates may be subject to change due to international airline scheduling and hotel availability. Included will be: basic travel and personal accident insurance, six nights' hotel accommodation and some meals. A cheque for £300 spending money will be provided for the group. The prize is for up to four people sharing two rooms. Travel to and from Heathrow is not included.
8 The first prize winner and travelling companions must ensure their own valid passports, and visas if necessary, appropriate clothing for outdoor activities, and confirm sound physical health.
9 The promoter reserves the right to refuse inclusion of any individual/s, and also to substitute the specified prize with other comparable arrangements, at any time before or during the visit.
10 All entrants may be sent information about Molson from time to time, unless otherwise requested.
11 The first prize winner will be notified by post by 30 January 1998 and must confirm acceptance by 20 February 1998. Names of the winner and runners-up will be available by writing and sending an sae to the promoter, Scottish Courage Ltd, Fountain House, 160 Dundee Street, Edinburgh EH11 1DQ by 20 February 1998. Mark the envelope "Molson/loaded competition."
12 Any queries about this competition and the competition telephone number should be addressed to the promoter, Scottish Courage Ltd. Details as above.

GLOBAL ADVENTURE

PERFORMANCE CASUALWEAR



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ABOVE: NAVY COAT WITH LEATHER COLLAR £200 BY TIMBERLAND. **BLUE AND CREAM FLECK KNIT** £110 BY NIGEL CABOURN. **DENIM JEANS** £30 BY WATSONS **DOUBLE-BREASTED TAN LEATHER JACKET** £495 BY FRENCH CONNECTION **PLUM COLOURED BOILED KNIT** £110 BY RED OR DEAD **DARK GREY HERRINGBONE COTTON JEANS** £86 BY STONE ISLAND

ABOVE: HOUNDS TOOTH CHECK BASEBALL CAP £25.50 BY KANGOL **NAVY QUILTED JACKET** £215 BY NIGEL CABOURN **GREEN AND BLUE WINDOW PANE CHECK SHIRT** £59 BY HACKETT **BROWN SUEDETTE JEANS** £343 BY ETRO

LEFT: DARK GREEN OILED COTTON KAGOULE £295 BY KATHARINE HAMNETT **DARK DENIM JEANS** £34.99 BY EASY **BROWN AND TAN SUEDE BOOT** £100 BY KARRIMOR **YELLOW WENSLEYDALE CABLE KNIT JUMPER** £165 AND **SCARF** £30 BOTH BY KATHARINE HAMNETT **WIDE OLIVE CHECK TROUSERS WITH CLIP BACK** £185 BY PAUL SMITH **MAHOGANY LEATHER RAMBLER SHOES** £59 BY CLARKS

AMBER CORD SUIT £420 AND **ORANGE STRIPED SHIRT** £79 BOTH BY AQUASCUTUM

CHECK PEAK CAP £41 BY BARBOUR **CREW NECK ARGYLE KNIT AND MATCHING CARDIGAN** £225 FOR THE SET BY BURBERRYS **NAVY NYLON ARMY TROUSERS** £123 BY WORLD WIDE WEB **SAGE GREEN SUEDE BOOT** £110 BY KARRIMOR

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THE MEANING OF LIFE, EXTRA FRIES
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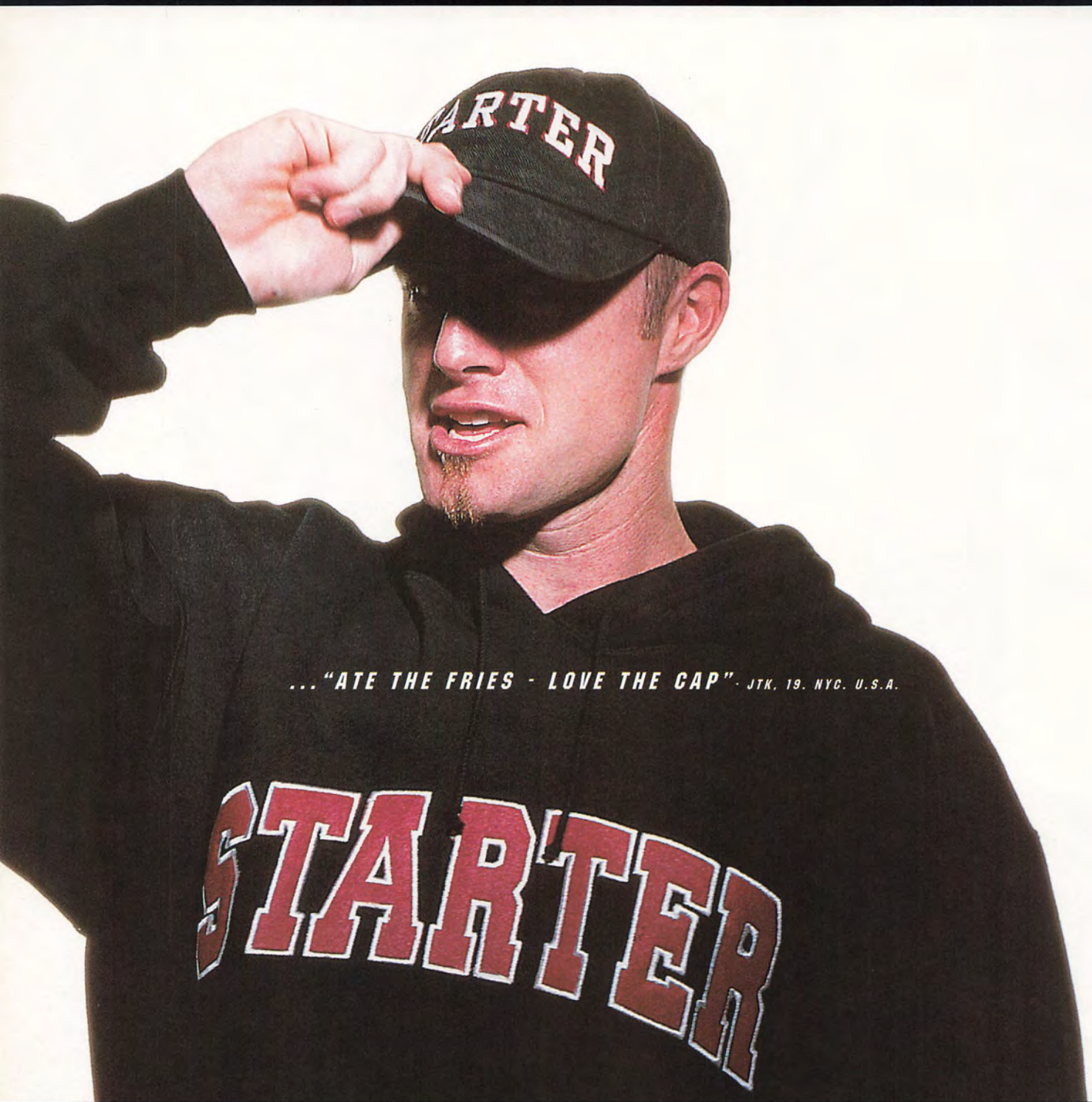

..."ATE THE FRIES - LOVE THE CAP" - JTK, 19. NYC. U.S.A.

STARTER

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COMPLETE SATISFACTION AND THE VARSITY ARCH CAP IS AVAILABLE FROM LEADING SPORTS STORES

ABOVE: **CAP WITH FLAPS** £39 BY HOLLAND AND HOLLAND **OATMEAL COLOURED ROLL NECK KNIT** £45 BY SISLEY **BROWN FLEECE CARDIGAN WITH HOOD COLLAR** £280 BY WORLD WIDE WEB **WIDE BEIGE CORDS** £65 BY O'NEIL

RIGHT: **WHITE WOOL CAP** £21 BY KANGOL **CREAM AND BROWN MARL TWEED SUIT** £695 AND **WAISTCOAT** £175 BOTH BY KATHARINE HAMNETT. **BLUE DOUBLE CUFF SHIRT** £69.50 BY BURBERRYS **THUMB STICK** £170 FROM HOLLAND AND HOLLAND

MODELS: DANIEL LEE AND BRADLEY. DOGS: MOLLY AND NELLIE

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STYLING: TOM STUBBS PHOTOS: DAVE BURTON

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MICHAEL: **Black boot with top stitching** £139 by Jeffery West. **BEST:** **Tan three-hole boot** £110 by Lionheart. **ROPER:** **Brown 'Kilmer' suede apron boot** £75 by Jones The Bootmaker.
ORWELL: **Dark-brown buckle boot** £200 by Patrick Cox. **HARRISON:** **Black pony skin boot** £ 99 by French Connection. **WASHINGTON:** **Black two-loop boot** £60 by Ravel.
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STOCKISTS

LINGERIE (from page172)

La Perla Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1; La Perla, 23 Brook Street, London W1; Chantelle, 8 Cambridge Walk, Southport and Heaven or Hell, 54 Wilson Street, Merchant City, Glasgow. Stockist enquiries 0171 235 5000 **Charnos** All major department stores. Stockist enquiries 01159 322191 **Pretty Polly** All leading department stores nationwide. Stockist enquiries 01623 552500 **Marilyn Monroe Collection – Warners** All leading department stores. Stockist enquiries 0115 979 5796 **Cotton Club** Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1. Stockist enquiries 0171 235 5000 **Agent Provocateur** 6 Broadwick Street, London W1. Stockist and mail order enquiries 01483 204469 **Lisa Johnson – Lingerie** Liberty, 210 Regent Street, London W1; The Square, 3-4 The Corridor, High Street, Bath and Maxxi, 162 Fenwick Road, Glasgow only. Stockist enquiries 0171 935 4722 **Lisa Johnson - footwear** Office, 10 South Molton, London W1 and Tokio, 309 Brompton Road, London SW3 only. Stockist enquiries 0171 935 4722 **Exotica** 15 Gloucester Arcade, 128 Gloucester Road, London SW7 and 15 The Arcade, Liverpool Street, London EC2 only. Stockist enquiries 0171 929 2669

Rigby and Peller Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1; Rigby and Peller, 2 Hans Road, Knightsbridge SW3 and Rigby and Peller, 22 Conduit Street, London W1. Stockist enquiries 01536 760282 **Wright & Teague** Jess James, Newburgh St, London W1. Harvey Nichols, London and 107/111 Briggate, Leeds. Strand, 15/17 Princess Square, Newcastle Upon Tyne. Stockists enquiries 0171 336 8633.

DENIM (from page185)

Cerrutti 76 New Bond Street, London W1; Flannels, 4 St Anneos Place, Manchester; John Goodwin, 95 Peascod Street, Windsor, Berks and Kafka, 15 Rose Mount Viaduct, Aberdeen. Stockist enquiries 0171 498 0755 **Polo Ralph Lauren** House of Fraser and USC stores nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0171 647 6500 **Lacoste** Boutique Lacoste, 20 Brompton Road, London SW1; 34 Princes Square, Glasgow; 33 Duke Street, Brighton and Hurley's, 83 Piccadilly Manchester. Stockist enquiries 0171 439 2213 **Evisu** Browns, Focus, 38-39 South Molton St, London W1, 0171 6290666, **Duffer of St. George** 29 Shorts Garden, London WC2, Doctor Jive's, 113 Candleriggs, Glasgow; Wade Smith, Matthew Street, Cavern Quarter, Liverpool and Zoo, 239 High Road, Ilford, Essex. Stockist enquiries 0171 734 9222 **Easy** All branches of Cromwell's, Best Trading, The London Jean Company, Debenhams and Burtons nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0171 450 9161 **Watson** Cromwell's Madhouse, 26-28 Oxford Street, London, Bolton Jeans Co, Unit 3 Bridgman Building, Exchange Street, Bolton, Fosters, 26 Meadowhall Centre, Sheffield and Fosters, 128 Lakeside Shopping Centre, West Thurrock. Stockist enquiries 01527 510545 **Paul Smith Jeans** 9-11 Langley Court London WC2; 10 Byard Lane, Nottingham; 66-68 Bridge Street Manchester and Wade Smith , Matthew Street, Cavern Quarter, Liverpool. Stockist enquiries 0171 379 7133 **Katharine Hamnett Denim** Harrods, Knightsbridge, London SW1, Cruise, 39 Reinfield Street, Glasgow; Flannels, 4 St Anne's Street, Manchester and Infinities 19 Hassel Street, Newcastle. Stockist enquiries 0171 823 1002 **Helmut Lang** Brown's, Focus, 38-39 South Molton Street, London, W1 only. Stockist enquiries 0171 495 2935 **Lee** Cromwell's Madhouse, 521 Oxford Street, Marble Arch, London W1; 47 High Street, Meadow Hall, Sheffield, Fosters Trading Co, Mersey Way Precinct, Stockport, Cheshire and Burtons, 44-46 Corporation St, Birmingham. Stockist enquiries 01247 800200 **Wrangler** American Classics, 400 King's Road London SW10; all Top Man and Bankrupt Clothing stores nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0115 9655000 **Giorgio Rivera** Any dodgy market. **Levi's** Original Levi stores nationwide. Stockist enquiries 01604 790436 **Armani** Emporio Armani, 191 Brompton Road, SW3; 84-86 King Street, Manchester and Unit 2, The Italian Centre, Glasgow. Stockist enquiries 0171 823 8818 **Romeo Gigli** 62, South Molton Street, W1, Flannels,4 St Anne's Street, Manchester; Hannington's, North Street, Brighton and Blumax, 2 King Street, Cambridge. Stockist enquiries 0171 495 6730 **John Rocha** Selfridge's, 400 Oxford Street, London W1; Autograph, 15 Ethel Street, Birmingham; Strand, Victoria Quarter, Leeds and Jenners, 48 Princes Street, Edinburgh. Stockist enquiries 0171 734 0123 **Diesel** Diesel, 43, Earlham Street, WC2; 8/9 Lower Temple Street, Birmingham; The Spires, Fisherwick Place, Belfast and selected House of Fraser stores nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0171 833 2255 **PCB** High Jinks, 25 Thomas Street, Covent Garden London WC2; Exit, Corn Exchange, Call Lane, Leeds; Natterjack, 22a Fife Road, Kingston KT12 and Air Clothing, 75 Union Street, Glasgow. Stockist enquiries 01892 824540 **C17** Nick Nack, 33 Oxford Street, London W1; Revolution Unit 65-66, Lakeside Shopping Centre, Thurrock; Otto, 25 Union Street, Broadmead, Bristol and Hellrazer, 225 Commercial Road, Portsmouth. Stockist enquiries 01892 824540 **Gap** Gap stores nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0800 427789.

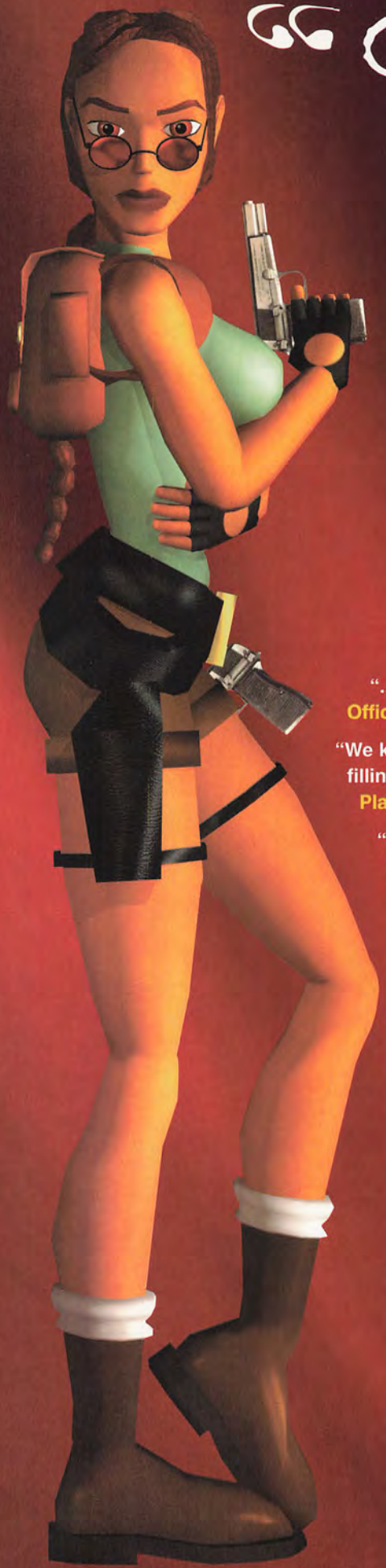
FASHION FARM (from page 195)

Iceberg Jeans Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London W1, Cruise, 39 Reinfield Street, Glasgow; Limeys, 58 Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham and Lewis Copeland, 39-41 Chapel Street, Dublin. Stockist enquiries 0800 282922 **Clarks** 203 Regent Street, London W1; 25 Church Lane, Liverpool; 497 Duke Street, Glasgow and 72 Market Street, Manchester. Stockist enquiries 0990 7850886

O'Neill Selfridges, Oxford Street, London W1; Woodies Emporium, 22 Morgan Arcade, Cardiff; Manchester Water Sports Centre, Unit 5, Bentinck Street, Manchester and Independents, 9 North Street Quadrant, Brighton. Stockist enquiries 0191 419 1777 **John Smedley** Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1; Cruise, 39 Reinfield Street , Glasgow; Flannels, 3 Brazil Street, Manchester and Robert Fuller, 12-14 High Street, Banstead, Surrey. Stockist enquiries 0171 734 1519 **Armand Basi** 12 Floral Street, London WC2; Motto, 12 Duke Street, Brighton; Massimo, 9 Creation Avenue, Lemon Street, Dublin and GQ Clothes, 3 Charter Square, Sheffield. Stockist enquiries 0171 278 4843 **Red or Dead** 38 Kensington High Street, London W8; 14 Cheapside, Nottingham; 18 Eldon Court, Devonshire Street, Sheffield and 70 Buchanan Street, Glasgow. Stockist enquiries 0114 2737827 **Nigel Cabourn** 65 Long Acre, London WC2, Spiral, 5 Gardner Street, Brighton, Wade Smith, Matthew Street, Liverpool and Fin, 15 Merchant Street, Bristol. Stockist Enquiries 0191 232 3772 **Quiksilver** The Quiksilver Boardriders Co, Thomas Neal Centre, Covent Garden, WC2; Snow & Rock, 14 Priory Queensway, Birmingham and Smile, 28 Fore Street, Newquay, Cornwall. Stockist enquiries 0171 836 5371 **Timberland** Timberland Store, 125 Long Acre, Covent Garden, London WC2; Aspecto, 85 Bridge Street, Manchester; Aspecto, 20 Gordan Street, Glasgow and Capoliton Roma, City Plaza, Cannon Street, Birmingham. Stockist enquiries 0345 669988 **World Wide Web** Woodhouse, 364 Oxford Street, London W1, Cruise, 39 Reinfield Street, Glasgow, Thackeray's, 228 Wellingborough Road, Northampton and Limey's, Sadler Gate, Derby. Stockist enquiries 0171 287 6767 **Holland and Holland** 31 Bruton Street, London W1. Stockist enquiries and mail order 0171 499 4411 **CP Company** John Anthony, 54-56 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1; Brills, 54-56 Street Lane, Roundhay, Leeds; Cruise, 39 Reinfield Street, Glasgow and Limey's, Sadler Gate, Derby. Stockist enquiries 0171 287 6767 **Katharine Hamnett** 20 Sloane Street, London SW1; Flannels, St Anne's Place, Manchester; Autograph, 15 Ethel Street, Birmingham and Cruise, 39 Reinfield Street, Glasgow. Stockist enquiries 0171 823 1002 **Stone Island** Apparel, 22 St George's Walk, Croydon, John Anthony, 2 Quiet Street, Bath; John Anthony, 11 New Broadmead, Bristol and Flannels, St Anne's Place, Manchester. Stockist enquiries 0171 287 6767 **Karrimor** North by North West, 3 Southampton Street, Covent Garden, London WC2; 202 High Street, Guildford; Scout Shop, 21 Elmbank Street, Glasgow and Open Air, 11 Green Street, Cambridge. Stockist enquiries 01254 385911 **Etro** 14, Old Bond Street, London W1 and Harrods, Knightsbridge, London SW3 only. Stockist enquiries 0171 495 5767 **Burberrys** 165, Regent Street, London W1, 39-41 Princes Street, Edinburgh; Porters, The Royal Exchange, Manchester and Hannington's, North Street, Brighton. Stockist enquiries 0171 734 5929 **Aquascutum** 100 Regent Street, London W1; 24 St Anne's Square, Manchester, 38 Park Lane, Meadow Hall Centre, Sheffield and Frasers, 21-32 Buchannan Street, Glasgow. Stockist enquiries 0800 282922 **Sisley** Selected branches of Benetton nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0161 929 9259 **French Connection** Branches nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0171 580 2587 **Barbour** Branches nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0800 009988 **Kangol** Cleo Accessories,13 Colonade Walk, Buckingham Palace Road, Victoria, London SW1; Applied Fashion 169 Portobello Road, W11, Hanningtons, North St, Brighton Swaines, 5 East Cross, Tenterden, Kent. Stockist enquiries 0171 487 4888 **Pantherella** Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London W1 and House of Fraser stores nationwide. Stockist enquiries 0116 283 1111 **Hackett** 137 Sloane Street, London, W1. Stockist enquiries 0171 730 3331.

BOOTS (page 202)

Jones The Bootmaker at 15 Fouberts Place, London W1;47 King St, Manchester and 72 Briggate, Leeds. Stockists enquiries 0800 163519. **French Connection** 249 Regent St, London W1, 14-16 St Anne's St, Manchester; 9 New Broadmead, Bristol and 107 Union St, London WC2. Stockists enquiries 0171 399 7200. **Lionheart** Office, 59 South Molton St, London W1 and 57 Neal St, London WC2. Stockists enquiries 0181 838 4447 **Jeffery West** from Office as before and Limey's 26-27 Sadler Gate, Derby; John Anthony, Quiet St, Bath. Stockist enquiries 01604 602075 **Patrick Cox** 8 Symons St, London SW3 and Autograph, 9 Ethel St, Birmingham; Flannels, Amazon House, 3 Brazil St, Manchester, Giulio 46-48 King St, Cambridge. Stockist enquiries 0171 730 6504 **Oliver Sweeney** from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1 and Briggate Leeds; Scotts, 86 Foregate St, Chester and Scotts, 39 Park Lane, Meadow Hall Centre, Sheffield. Stockists enquiries 01364 631529. Nicholas Deakin, Corn Exchange, Leeds; Liberty's, 210-221 Regent Street, London W1; Flannels, 4 St Anne's Place, Manchester; Wade Smith, Matthew St, Liverpool. Stockists enquiries 01132 446875. **Herbert Toe** from Jones, Floral St, London WC2; Aspecto, 10 King St, Manchester; Psyche, 215 Linthorpe Rd, Middlesbrough; Strand, Victoria Quarter, Leeds. Stockists enquiries 0171 607 1843 **Ravel** shops at 184 Oxford St, London W1; 85 High St, Birmingham, 50/52 Argyle St, Glasgow and 201 Western Rd, Brighton. Stockists enquiries 0171 631 4135; Liberty's 210 Regent Street, London W1 **Base** from Office, 100 King's Road, London SW3; Sole Trader, 63 Queensway, Stevenage; Schuh, 59/61 Church St, Liverpool and Envy, Broadmead, Bristol.



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Don Letts

entertainment all-rounder

He turned punks on to reggae, formed Big Audio Dynamite, made videos for the likes of The Clash and has just made his first feature film, *Dancehall Queen*

What was the first job you ever had?
Working in Jean Machine back in the early '70s on the King's Road, Chelsea. Which is a bit of a sod as I was in grammar school, which back in those days was a big deal for a little black guy. I was the only black guy in my school and mum and dad wanted me to become like a GPO worker but I'd got into rock'n'roll and seen another way. I couldn't play an instrument so the only way into that kind of alternative lifestyle in those days was the King's Road. Once upon a time that was the rock'n'roll grail, sounds absurd now but trust me, it was.

Do you know how much you earned?
I can't remember. Not a lot. You got paid in commission and on top of that you've got the sales staff fighting each other at the front door. Whenever anyone ever appeared with a list in their hand you'd almost drop out of the shop and grab them in.

You were DJing at the same time?
I opened a shop called Acme Attractions, which was a little myth in its own right, because it was like Malcolm McLaren's shop at one end of the King's Road and Acme Attractions at the other and they were the two hippest shops. The accountant for Acme Attractions decided to get a venue together for this new thing, punk rock, and that was the Roxy. He asked me to DJ and I said yes. I played what I liked, which happened to be reggae. It became successful at the Roxy. Good things came out of that whole reggae association with punk.

What was the worst job you ever had?
I've been quite fortunate because since punk rock I've been able to do things that I'm into and I make my living by working with music, musicians and various projects that turn me on. I'd rather earn less and do things that turn me on than try and go for big money.

What's been your greatest influence?
The turntable and music. Music is my religion, and the TV is my altar.

What was the first video you directed?
Public Image's debut, then 'London Calling' and all of the Clash videos after that, and then I went on to do over 300 videos. Almost all of them were bands I was really into, which is a lucky thing. Most people don't get to work on things they enjoy.

Do you like being the boss?
Yeah, but listen, if there's someone else doing a good job, I enjoy taking the back seat, actually. But rather than take a back seat and go on a dodgy ride I'd rather grab the steering wheel and know exactly where I'm going.

When did you last lay down the law?
About five minutes ago when I was told my family was crossed off the guest list for the premiere of my movie and I told them, that being the case, I won't be there. It's rough in the middle, guys.

Do you ever get angry?
Unfortunately sometimes it's necessary. Anger is a waste of energy. It's better to keep calm and really fuck them over.

Do you do anything to excess?
Yep. I have a very addictive personality without a doubt. We won't get into that, but there's a period of my life when... if people want to go out and read certain books... there's explicit notes on other people in John Lydon's book and it's all true. I'll try anything once, or twice or three times.

Do you wear any tailor-made clothes?
No. But I have to have hats made for me. Bloody big hats.

Do you have a personal philosophy?
Enough is never enough.

So you're never satisfied?
No, never. Why should I be? I deserve the best. Don't we all?

What would you think if you met yourself at some music biz convention?
What an arrogant cunt.

Do you rate yourself?
I think my track record makes me feel confident with myself. If I take something on I'll deliver, you might not like it but I will deliver. I'll put my name to it and hold my head up, so I dunno if I rate myself but I'm a bloody good bet.

What's best, being in a band or directing a video?
I actually think they're sort of the same thing. I was in BAD and I kept that film thing going on, and all that was kind of visual perspective: I wasn't writing songs, I was writing treatments for movies, so I'd say they were both great. I love being on movie sets though. It's like an army working together for a common goal, but in a band it's like that for about two weeks, and the minute the fame and the money comes in, everyone's gone for their solo career. That's what bands do, you burn brightly for a couple of weeks, maybe a couple of years. With any luck you blow up and explode as opposed to fizzling out, you know you ain't supposed to go on for ever and ever, that's never the point. Everyone has that window of opportunity, as long you have that little window that's what it's about, you use it, every generation needs its own soundtrack. You don't keep doing it over and over. Airwaves and TV space clogged up with too many fucking old farts that just maintain their profile. They should move over, enjoy their life and give some of the new talent a break.

Is directing your first feature length film the high point so far?
Yeah. I think everything I've ever done has been leading up to this moment. When I first heard Linton Kwesi Johnson's 'Five Nights Of Bleeding', I wanted to write a script. In fact I remember being on acid and saying I'm going to write a script , so I went off and wrote a script and I sold it. It didn't get made, but I did it. I've put 20 years of my experience into making that movie. I've been on both sides of the fence, don't forget, you know, like I've DJ'd, I've been in a group, made documentaries, made videos , acted, so I've put all of that into this movie.

Does success attract the opposite sex?
Well, better than failure does, doesn't it? No, actually, any extreme attracts the opposite sex. Some women are attracted by really bad people, right? People who have a death wish, like druggies. So any form of excess attracts the opposite sex.

How much do you earn ?
Extremely varied and, believe me, not as much as people think. It's funny, this kind of celluloid fame can give people the wrong idea. You get where I'm at, you'd be shocked if you knew. I describe myself as a high-class hustler. The minute I finish a job, I'm out there hustling for the next .

How much cash do you have on you ?
Funny you should ask that. I borrowed this off Rick Elgood, co-director on *Dancehall Queen*, this morning [*pulls out a large wad of £20 notes*].

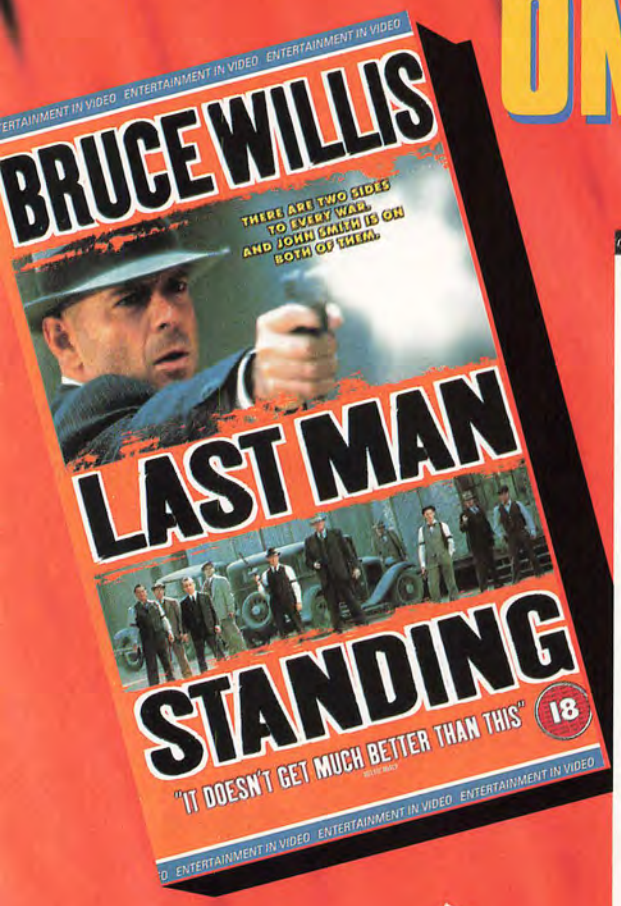
What's there, about £400?
There's a grand there man, I ain't gonna borrow £400. I normally take pride in having £100 in my pocket and I don't carry credit cards.

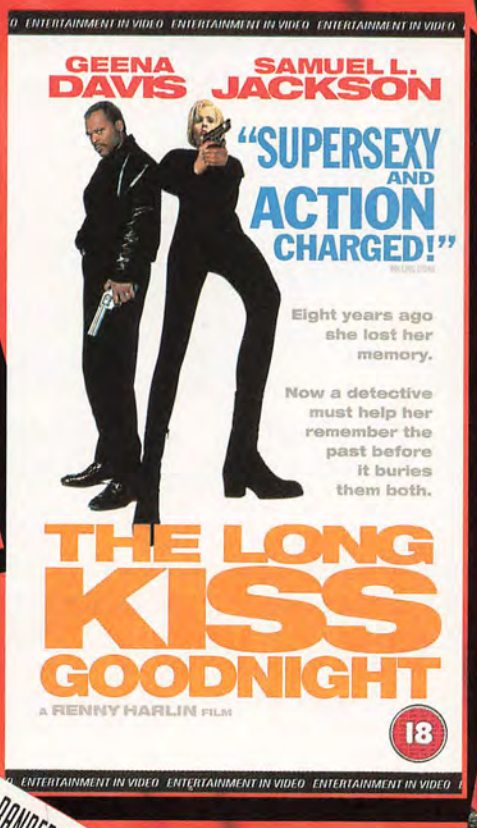
What ambitions do you have left?
To enjoy life. I'm really just looking forward to being able to sit back and enjoy life and enjoy other people doing what I did in a new language. Like I said, every generation needs their own soundtrack, I had mine, but I've still got my foot in the door. I'm told I have an uncanny knack of being in the right place at the right time.

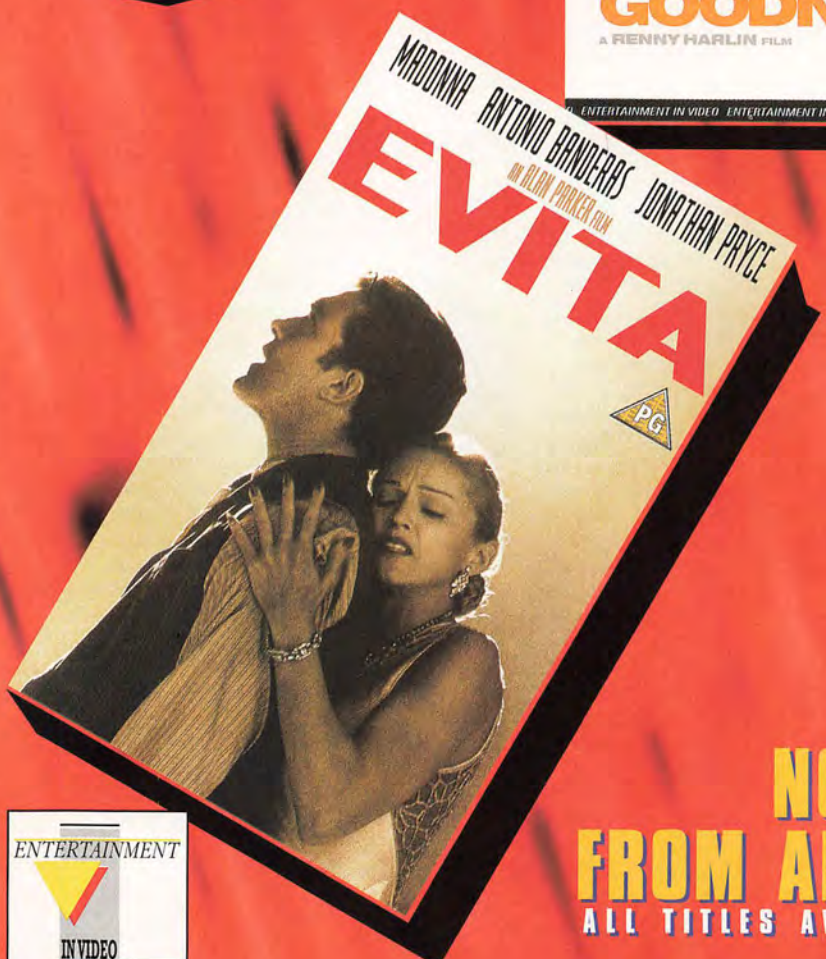
DANNY PLUNKETT

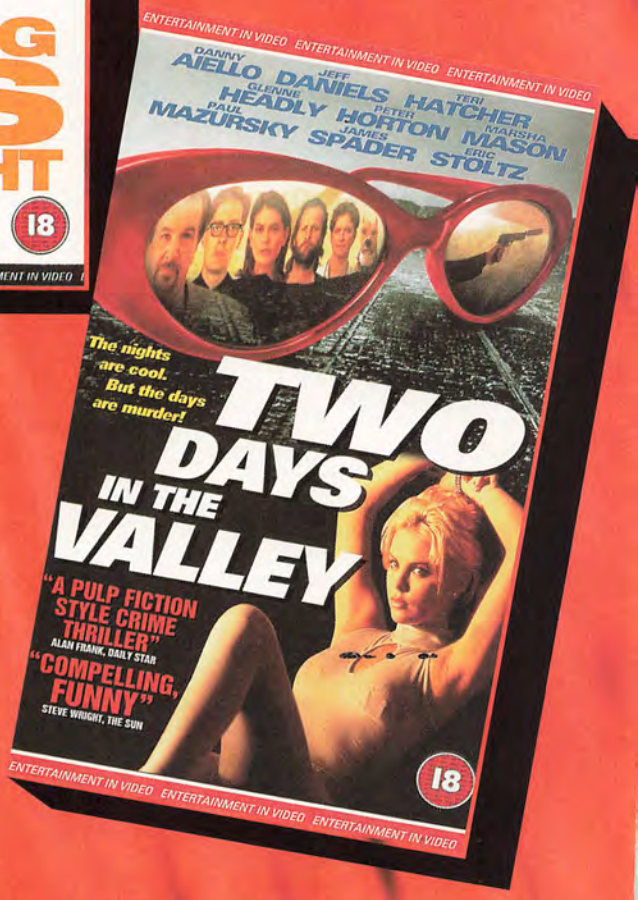
PHOTOS: CHRIS CLUNN ARCHIVES/REDFERNS

YOURS TO OWN ON VIDEO


ENTERTAINMENT IN VIDEO
BRUCE WILLIS
THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY WAR. AND JOHN SMITH IS ON BOTH OF THEM.
LAST MAN STANDING
"IT DOESN'T GET MUCH BETTER THAN THIS"
18


ENTERTAINMENT IN VIDEO
GEENA DAVIS
SAMUEL L. JACKSON
"SUPERSEXY AND ACTION CHARGED!"
Eight years ago she lost her memory.
Now a detective must help her remember the past before it buries them both.
THE LONG KISS GOODNIGHT
A RENNY HARLIN FILM
18




ENTERTAINMENT IN VIDEO
DANNY AIELLO JEFF DANIELS TERI HATCHER
GLENNE HEADLY PETER HORTON MARSHA MASON
PAUL MAZURSKY JAMES SPADER ERIC STOLTZ
The nights are cool. But the days are murder!
TWO DAYS IN THE VALLEY
"A PULP FICTION STYLE CRIME THRILLER"
ALAN FRANK, DAILY STAR
"COMPELLING, FUNNY"
STEVE WRIGHT, THE SUN
18

ENTERTAINMENT IN VIDEO

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The Hedonists' Handbook

What's going on in the world at the moment

214 **music** — Black Grape, David Holmes, Mogwai, Deftones, Dub Pistols, Alpha, reviews

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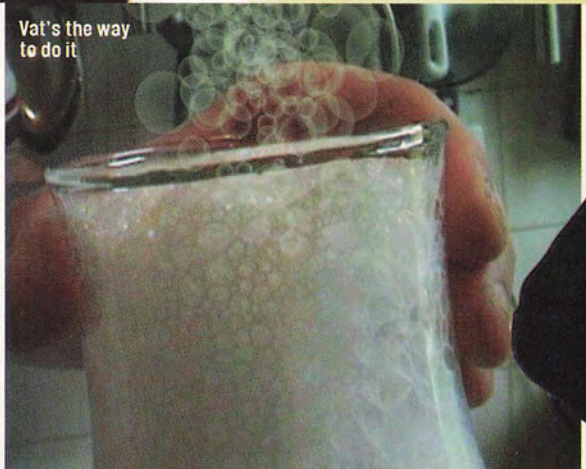
And then the fly did an impression of 'a regurgitating Shaun Ryder'



Vat's the way to do it

"So I gave 'im the old two fingers"

Shaun meets the heir to the Rizla empire

Grape apes

Baboom! Welcome to the world of Shaun Ryder

"Everyone loves boxing – Oof! – It's weird, violent – Oof! – Jab! It's perverted, fetishist – Left! Left! – It's greased bodies, bodily odours, blood – Oof! – Everyone loves boxing! You can't resist it!"

'Too Nice' Tom Bruggan is trying to explaining the appeal of his profession while Ensley 'Bingo' Bingham, the British light-middleweight champion attempts to turn his head to a bloody pulp.

As Tom dances around the ring of Salford's Phoenix Camp boxing gym, **loaded** snapper Tony asks Tom to stand still. "I can't!" he cries, "He'll kill me!"

Luckily Tom needs all the crazed (and, surprisingly, entirely natural) energy he can get; he's spent four years on the road with Manchester's own fun lovin' criminals Black Grape, filming *The Grape Tapes*, a jaw-droppingly candid documentary – or *rockumentary*, if you will – following the band from their first-ever rehearsal to the recent recording of their *Stupid, Stupid, Stupid* album.

The phrase 'warts'n'all' really doesn't cover the carnage that unfolds as Shaun Ryder, Kermit, Bez and the Grape posse rampage across the allotment of pop, tearing up carrots and trampling marrows. We see Shaun confessing to his crippling pie habit ("It's the pies, man! I can't get enough pies!"), 'doing' America ("I couldn't give two dogs' dicks about making it in America. Mike and Bernie Winters never made it in America, did they?") and presenting *TOTP* ("Here's the latest single from Toni Braxton, it's called 'Sex With A Labrador'!"). It's a miracle *The Grape Tapes* was ever made.

"It's nine years late," admits Tom later, as we relax in Mick Hucknall's poncey Barça restaurant.

"The original idea came in 1989 when we were going to make a documentary on the Happy Mondays. We were going, 'Yeah, let's get pictures of you fucking whores, taking drugs, everything.' But by the time I turned up with a camera – five years' later – the Mondays had just split up."

Luckily, that just happened to be the very day Shaun had invited a load of mates over for a jam. And there and then, with Tom recording every scrappy, bickering moment, Black Grape had their first ever rehearsal. *The Grape Tapes* pisses all over *A Hard Day's Night*, basically, like when the band are brainstorming lyrics for 'Kelly's Heroes'.

"It's historic!" enthuses Tom. "It's the very moment when they create the song! Kermit goes, 'Jesus was a black man,' and Shaun says, 'No, Jesus was Batman,' then Kermit says, 'No, that was Bruce Wayne!' and you can see Shaun's eyes light up and he says, 'Hey, that's a good lyric!'"

However, there are some things in the tapes that need to be wrapped in a tarpaulin and buried in a plague pit forever. Although we may get to see some of these in the *Grape Tapes II*, planned for release when Shaun's kids are grown-up.

"You can't explain some things to a six-year-old," says Tom with a smirk. "Even if 'Dadi Waz A Badi'. And anyway, Shaun's 35 now, he's a changed man. His mind is massive now. It's enormous!"

Tom sees Shaun not as a drug-crazed chancer who stumbles upon genius like a drunken metal detector, but as a spiritual guru.

"Absolutely! Shaun encounters the universe on such a larger scale than most of us," he rants happily. "Shaun has genuinely transcended the physical! There are billions of galaxies out there, and I know Shaun's in contact with some of them. They speak through him. I know it sounds quite daft, but Shaun is in tune with outer space!"

"Let's get pictures of you fking whores, taking drugs, everything"**

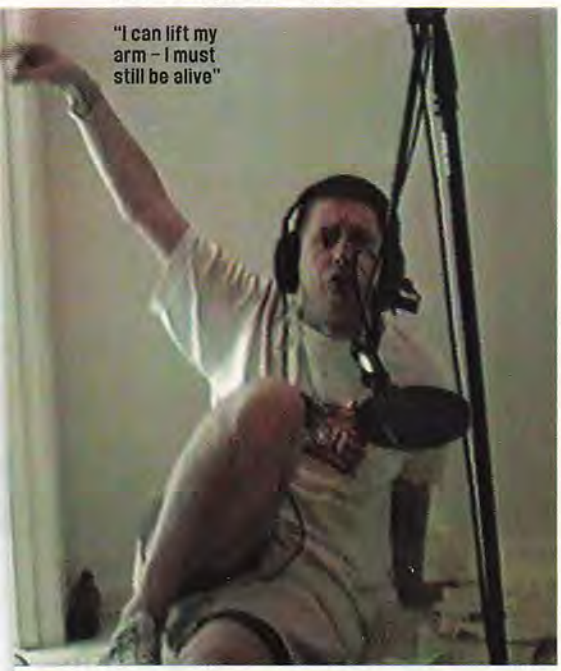
And mad as a bag of Meccano. But possibly the maddest scene in it is where Shaun is recording vocals in a darkened LA cupboard.

"Yeah, he was *totally* out of control," agrees Tom. "Shaun wanted to put a 'Crack Heaven' title on it. That was the highest, lowest, worst, most demonic, maddest, fucked-up state I've ever seen him in. It's some of the most putrid, maddest, fucked-up trip-speak I've ever heard. But at the same time, it produced 'Get Higher'."

Apart from ongoing work on *Grape Tapes II*, Tom and Shaun are about to plunge into a full-blown feature film, entitled *The Black Grape Weird Sex Science Fiction Musical Comedy Crime Caper*. "It may be crap, but it'll be dirty crap!" laughs Tom. "It's gonna be filthy! People take music too seriously. Take The Verve and 'The Drugs Don't Work'. The drugs *do* work! That's the point! I know that song's about being depressed and low, but fuckin' hell, that's not my life, or Shaun's life – we have a great time, and the drugs *do* work!"

JOHN PERRY

The Grape Tapes *is out on Radioactive/Universal.*



"I can lift my arm – I must still be alive"

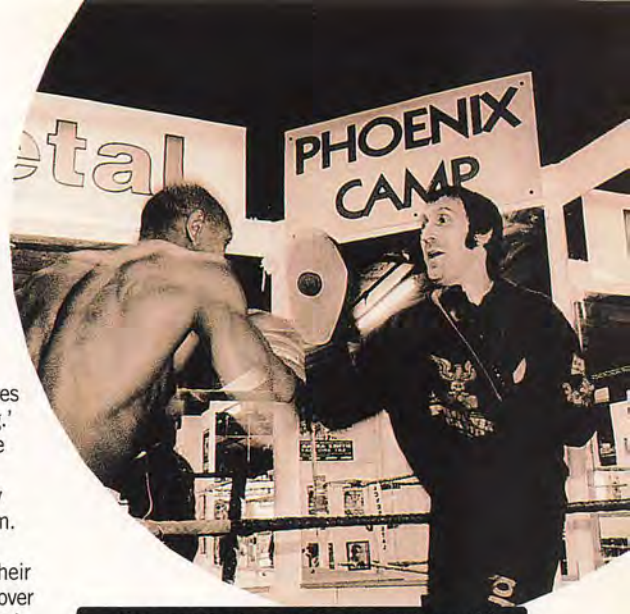


PHOTO: ANTONY MEDLEY

It's great when you're taped...yeah!

Pot Noodle Goggles (far left): Shaun, wearing driving goggles and eating a Pot Noodle, describes himself as, "A full-time fuck-up, part-time musician."

"Shaun said to me, 'Let's do one interview where I'm straight,'" recalls Tom. "He wasn't, of course. It was 4.30 in the morning, he'd had about nine pints of Guinness and he was going, 'Ooh, I've got a bit of a backache!' So he took 24 paracetamol! That'd kill most people! And that's what Shaun thinks of as 'straight'!"

Solpadeine Breakfast: After a visit to the chemists, a large bag of over-the-counter substances are unloaded and labelled 'Breakfast', 'Lunch' and 'Tea'. Shaun's feeling a little under the weather and takes 21 Solpadeine in a pint glass. "Yeah! Solpadeine!" says Tom. "That's a killer! It's not to be messed around with, but for Shaun it's just his breakfast! But after a while, you realise that that's just the way he lives."

"Oh, you mean speeding on the *highway*"

State Trooper: The Black Grape tour bus is stopped by police on the freeway just outside Washington. When asked if they've got any drugs, Shaun replies, "I think we've got some around here somewhere."

"We were weaving across the freeway like *The Italian Job*," laughs Tom. "The bus stunk to shit of weed, the floor was caked in butts from Kermit's massive skunk spliffs, and we thought we were going to prison. And they all wanna fuck a limey pop star there! But Shaun just wore him down. He's a court jester!"

NOW THAT'S WHAT / CALL MUSIC

a monthly catalogue of filth from the world of rock'n'roll

JOHNNY PAYCHECK

Some country music stars are big and bad. But Paycheck is little and lethal, as a guy named Larry Wise discovered in late 1985, when he became embroiled in an argument with the singer. Paycheck was determined to have the last word and did. Johnny shot Wise in the head, an action that earned him eight years in the slammer. The possessor of a Manson-like stare, Paycheck notched hit after hit in the '70s with records like 'Take This Job And Shove It'. On one occasion he was dubbed Johnny 'Badcheck' after passing a bad cheque at a Holiday Inn, and another of his frequent court-room visits resulted from an alleged attempt to steal some antique furniture. A one-time alcoholic and admitted coke-head, who survived bankruptcy, sexual assault and paternity charges, Paycheck hasn't always been **loaded** Rogues material. At one point he participated in an anti-drug campaign and even recorded a Gospel album.

ZODIAC MINDWARP

Time was when Claire King, who plays Kim Tate in *Emmerdale*, was connected with Cobalt Stargazer, a member of Zodiac Mindwarp's band, and even thought that appearing in one of Zodiac's promo videos was the way to the top. We, of course, all knew better. There were those memories of Mark Manning, aka Zodiac, appearing in a band called Normal Love, an outfit that boasted a musician whose claim to fame was a pair of enormous underpants, which he wore because he claimed "I have a claustrophobic willy". The mindwarped one lived in a derelict flat that came kitted out with a coffin that had a ferret in it. Maybe it was Zodiac's lyrics that attracted the comely Kim to the self-styled sex god; lines such as "I'm shooting babies from the end of my dick," and "Come on baby, I still got my hot dog here and I'm still waiting for my mustard." Having said that, things at Home Farm have never been that desperate.

MARILYN MANSON

Marilyn, dead narked that he failed to get nominated as the World's Most Beautiful Person at *Kerrang!*'s recent awards ceremony, claimed: "Liam Gallagher of Oasis once said that the centre of the universe is Marilyn Manson's dick, and he was right." Later he confided that he'd love the toy industry to produce a Marilyn Manson doll, though he realised that it might be difficult to play with because the kids might choke on the most interesting bits!

FRED DELLAR

Godbotherers

Alpha borrow some tunes from up above

"We're different to the rest of the Bristol bunch," smiles Andy Jenks, one half of the city's newest offering, Alpha. "We smile occasionally," adds Corin Dingley, the other half.

There's a common misconception about Bristol and the Tricky/Massive Attack/Portishead thing. Twisted, dark beats aren't all they're about. "We're all active members of the Ronnie Barker fanclub," says Andy.

After a decade of experimenting with different music, from dance to big beat, the pair concocted Alpha. They were signed to Massive Attack's Melankolic label last year, and have since produced a tantalizing debut album, *Come From Heaven*, a creamy cocktail of beats-meets-sleazy soundtrack; a succession of singers provide languid, sensual vocals against a backdrop of Bert Bacharach samples and snippets from obscure French film score composers.

"At one gig the audience were so moved they were in tears"

To complete the album, the duo locked themselves away in a windowless studio in the Bristol outback with only each other and a horse for company. "That horse was really affected by our moods, and vice versa," Corin confesses. "If we were having an unproductive day, the horse would go mad and start charging at the fence in sympathy with us. Similarly, if it was happily grazing away, it gave us a sort of peaceful karma.

"It had an obscene flatulence problem though, you could hear it fart a mile off!"

With a definite French feeling to their album, Alpha's forthcoming Parisian gig should go down as smoothly as a slippery nipple.

"At a recent gig at the Reingold Club in Oxford Street some of the audience were so moved, they were actually in tears," remembers Corin.

"Yeah, we were that shit," replies Andy, deadpan.

ANNA-LOUISE WEATHERLEY

The LP Come From Heaven *and a single, 'Sometime Later', are out now on Melankolic.*

'GIVE THAT MAN

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SMOKING CAUSES

Hangin' with Holmes

Belfast DJ soundtracks New York on acid

Belfast-born maverick DJ and producer David Holmes has psychedelically welded the ultimate cult soundtrack for the imaginary film between your speakers. While wandering high as a cloud around the streets of New York, Holmes recorded various conversations from his encounters with the city's nightbirds. He took these into the studio, added the exotic Latino grooves, spy themes, '90s beats, funk, grit, salsa and pimp-shaking rhythms to voices of madness and produced a modern classic. So, we got him out of bed to answer a few questions.

You've called your latest album *Let's Get Killed*. Isn't that asking for trouble?

Imagine walking through New York at three o'clock in the morning tripping your bollocks off with a DAT machine and your mates from Belfast. It was like, "Fuckin' hell, we're going to get killed!" We were going up to total strangers who we knew nothing about and sticking a DAT machine in their face.

What kind of people?

The weirdest people we could. We thought, if we're going to catch the fucking freaks, the darker it gets, the freakier it gets. The guy on the album track 'Freaknik' was six foot three, really skinny and quite fuckin' mad looking. He was in this band called Lethal Injection and his haircut was a crown of thorns – completely shaved around the back, sides and top. We'd been talking to these two wee crack kids who were literally tearing out their hair looking for a hit, and this guy just came up and said, "You want a New York story? I'll fucking give you a New York story." He was just pissed off because he'd been kicked out of a club for moshing.

Was taking acid useful?

Yeah, it added to the whole fuckin' madness. It was more than just like "let's go out and get some dialogue". It was just like... "let's get killed". Then we were walking down the street two minutes later, and the title of the last track on the album 'Don't Die Just Yet' is what was written on a wall. And you know what that kind of thing's like when you're tripping?

What's the story behind the track 'Rodney Yates', one of the few people you mention personally on the album?

He was just Sammy Davis Jr with twice as much jewellery, telling me about my star sign. He said in Chinese astrology I was born in the year of the rooster, which means I've got a big cock, and therefore I'm a bad man. Cost me $4. Actually, he was spot on.

Did you record all the soundbites in one evening?

No, two trips, pardon the pun. Two weekends in New York.

How would you describe the music on *Let's Get Killed*?

It's like a journey through the '60s right through to the early '70s, with a large chunk of '90s influences in there for the fusion. I've tried to take in everything from early rhythm and soul to like Latin American rhythms to '70s dub to the lounge sounds, the whole psychedelic genre, and also tying in some 30-piece orchestral madness. There's a heavy Serge Gainsbourg influence in it, too. I've just tried to capture all the different fads I've been into since I was 15 in there, apart from techno, but not in a very obvious way. There's lots of story to it, some of it's really funny and at the same time really dark, trying to take in all the different levels of street life.

What was your worst moment in New York on acid?

Getting chased by eight people in the South Bronx. I think it was the sight of a mad Irishman with blond spiky hair... we were just looking for trouble. We ran like fuck and managed to get a cab. Then the driver says, "What the fuck are you doing, man?" So I reply, "We're making an album called *Let's Get Killed*." It's a story that'll be with me forever. I'm glad we took the acid.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Let's Get Killed *is out now on Go Beat Records.*

Are those my feet?

"It was more than just 'let's get some dialogue'. It was like 'let's get killed'"

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1 Name _____

2 Telephone number _____

3 How do you bring luck into your life
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[2] Crossing fingers
[3] Wearing a lucky charm
[4] Having a lucky number: *If you tick this please say what it is-* [ ]

4 When playing a number game do you
[1] Always use the same numbers each week
[2] Seek numbers in dreams
[3] Rely on hunch and intuition
[4] Scientific system based on previous winning numbers

5 If you were to give winnings to a deserving UK charity would you support:
[1] Animals [2] Children
[3] Old people [4] Arts (i.e. opera/theatre)
[5] Medical research [6] I would not give to any charity

6 Age: 18-24[ ] 25-34[ ] 35-44[ ] 45+[ ]

7 Sex: M[ ] F[ ]

8 Region: London/South Midlands[ ] North[ ] West[ ] East[ ]

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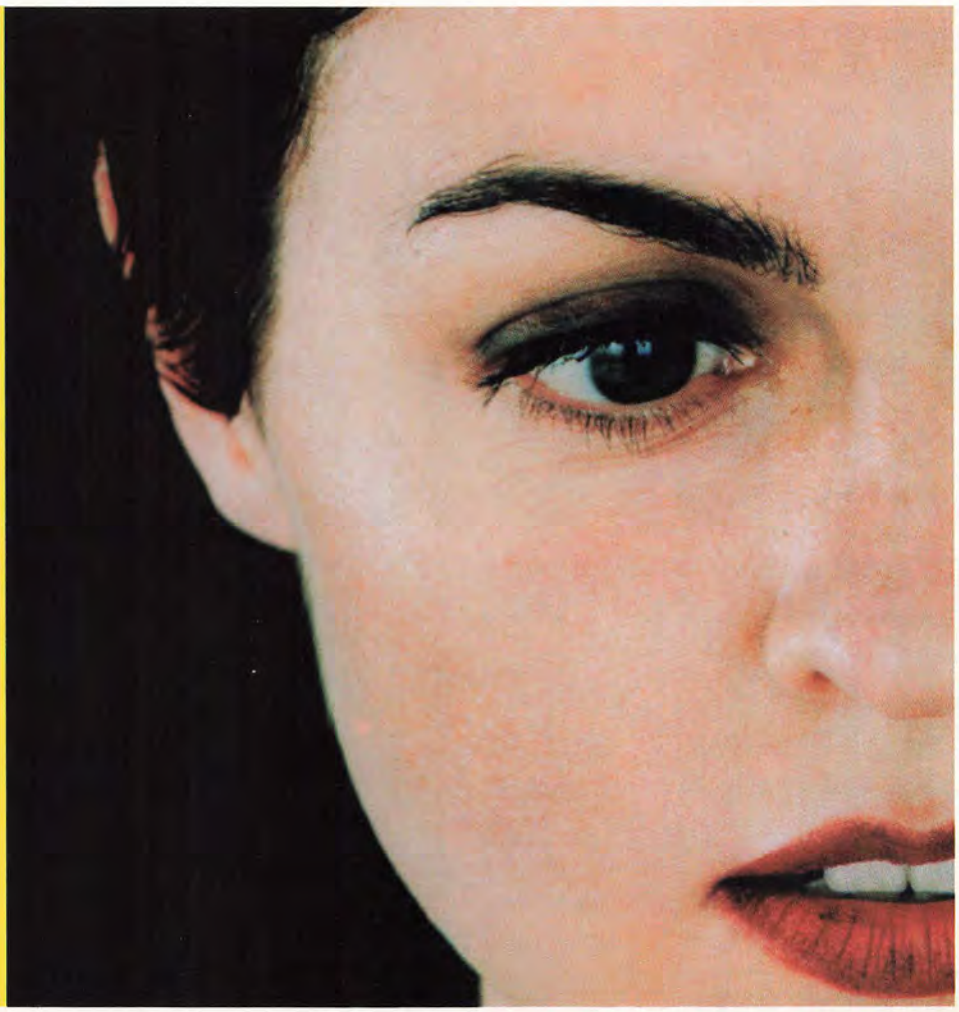
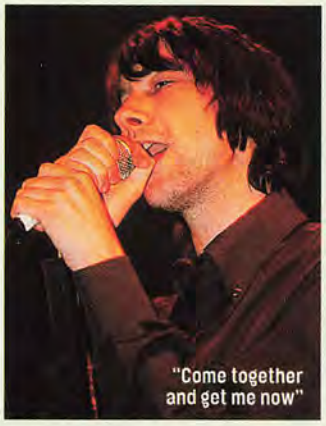


albums reviewed by cheeky

Rakim: The 18th Letter (Universal)
Don't dig no gangsta vibe usually, man. But Rakim keeps the hip-hop vibe alive, even if his rap is basically a huge tub of gibberish. On this, he goes on about fish, bad chicken and the Internet, and in some way makes them all rhyme. An achievement in itself. Maybe he's always rhyming at home: "You are the soul/Don't be no mole/Bring me a tea/And a slice of batty b." If that's the case, then fine. Of course, Rakim without Eric B is like Eddie Large without Syd L, so along with the album comes a sort of greatest hits CD as well. *Paid In Full* and all their other shit is on here, too. Not a bad deal then really, is it?

"Where do you live, son?"

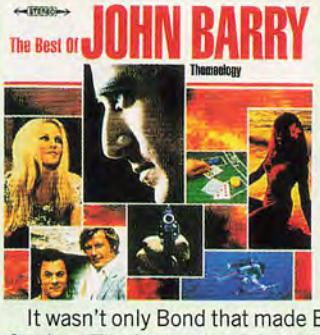
Black Grape: Stupid, Stupid, Stupid (Radioactive)
Out of tune, out of date, funk-backed plates and pus, screaming, annoying, noisy, throwaway, groove riding, twistin' me melon, free-basing, coke-snorting, spliff toking, terminate my batch, man, bitch-whoring jive, street costa, un-speed garage, stinger, squeaky, marbles. Brilliant.


"Come together and get me now"

Primal Scream: Echo Dek (Creation)
It's all very fancy to say that they've reconstructed nine huge, towering millennial dub symphonies, but all they've basically done is fuck around with their last album a bit. It's good for lolloping around with your beatnik mates and discussing your upcoming weekend away to Prague, though. Nice.

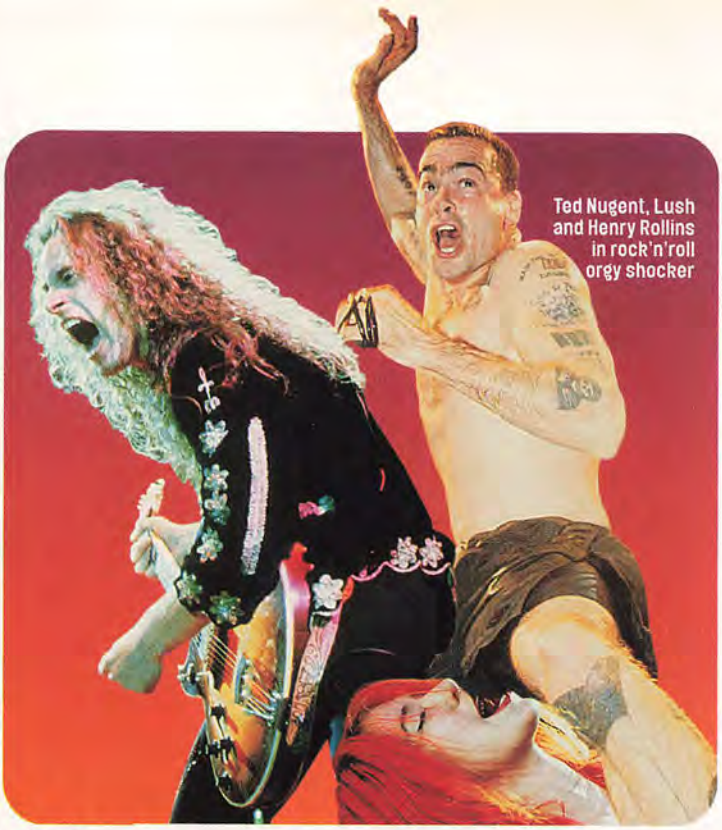
REVIEWS CONTINUE PG 220

Cheeky's favourite thing



John Barry: Themeology (Columbia)
Barry is the man that made *James Bond* films sound cool. His themes to *Goldfinger*, *Diamonds Are Forever* and *From Russia With Love* made the films more important than just being about a English fop who shags a few women, then kills someone Russian. He made Roger Moore look good, ferchrissakes.

It wasn't only Bond that made Barry's name, though. *Midnight Cowboy*, *The Persuaders* (Moore looking cool again, thanks to Barry), *The Ipcress File* and even *Born Free*, all have the Barry stamp. If you have a spare thousand pounds, you could go in search of the rare Barry albums which hide away in second-hand shops usually at vastly inflated prices. Otherwise, you could buy this – the finest collection of songs you'll find on one album this, and any, year. If music be the food of love, then John Barry is Asda. Our ears are his unstocked shelves. And if you buy it, play the tune 'Space March' – it's possibly our closest link to God. Cheerio.


Ted Nugent, Lush and Henry Rollins in rock'n'roll orgy shocker

Tampon terrors

Don't get them wet! Mogwai in full flow

Let's get this clear. Mogwai are not just another bunch of drunken Jocks making a racket. But they did learn a couple of new variations on an old theme while recently playing Norway. "Snorting vodka's pretty much normal," explains guitarist Stuart, "but the most effective method is to soak a tampon in pure alcohol, then stick it up your arse. We're more into the Russian method where you shave your head, cut a line in your scalp with a razor, stick some gaffer tape on it, put on a hat, then run around for a while till the glue melts and soaks into your skull!"

That explains why Mogwai are named after the little fluffy characters from the film *Gremlins*, which reacted strangely when exposed to liquids.

Arm a bit pissed

On record, their music starts off subdued, slowly seducing you with moments of pure, beatific charm before sonically prising your eyeballs from their sockets. Barbed-wire kisses. Semtex in candyfloss. Mogwai, how crucially, perfectly apt.

Mogwai's outspokenness has earned them a reputation verging on the confrontational. There's the infamous 'batter list' for starters. "There's not that many people we'd like to batter really, that was just us bein' a bit drunk and talkin' shite," says guitarist Frank. "I met that Molko guy [*Placebo*], and although he's the antithesis of everything I'd ever want to be, he was polite enough, so I'd just put him on the 'slap around the ear' list, or maybe just a nugget or a Chinese burn."

Mogwai's dedication towards making music that will stand the test of time is unflinching.

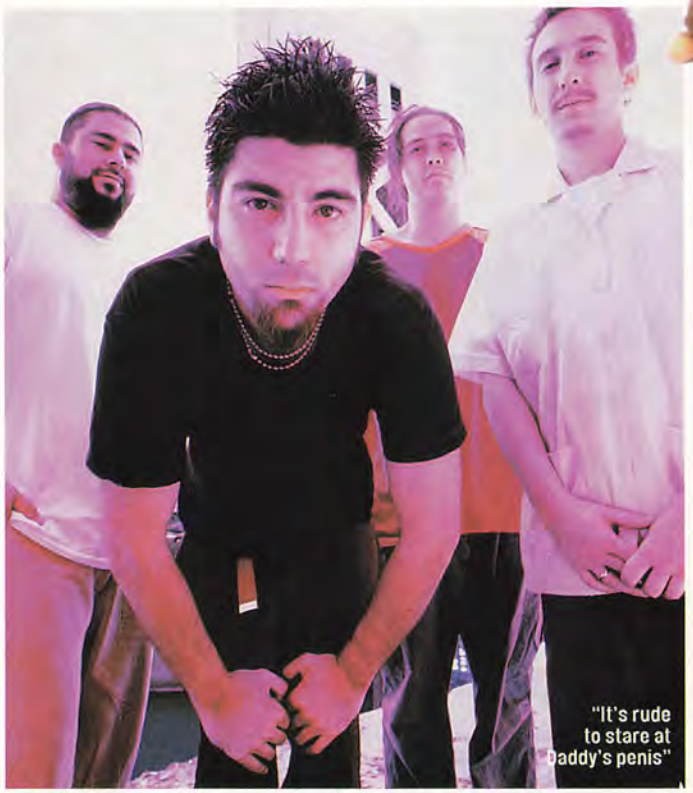
"There's so much fuckin' music kickin' about just now that's a load of worthless shite, they can't be doin' it for any other reason other than to avoid getting a real job. I find that fuckin' depressin'!" despairs Stuart.

The Mogwai approach has produced soundscapes that have far more in common with freeform jazz than with most of the toss in today's retro-obsessed pop market. Imagine starting off your evening chilling out to some of the more ambient moments on Eno's *Before And After Science* then, by some quirk of bad karma, end up witnessing Sonic Youth being butt-fucked by SWANS at a Fugazi party and... [*that's enough of that – Ed*] Henry Rollins whipping out his w... [*Oi! Watch it – Ed*] and Lush lying back while Ted Nugent gets his gun and... [*That's it, the end – Ed*].

INNES REEKIE

The album Young Team *is out now on Chemikal Underground. Innes Reekie will be out when he's better.*

PHOTOS: REDFERNS


"It's rude to stare at daddy's penis"

Fur-lined hoodz

US Deftones talk alotta vagina

London's Astoria theatre is besieged by under-age kids in oversize jeans, their heads obscured by huge woolly hats with stuff like Korn and Fear Factory scrawled on them. The saggy-trousered ones are here to see abrasive Californian metal merchants Deftones. They follow in the footsteps of unintelligible, metal hip-hop merchants Korn, and sound like a version of them with better tunes. Think Faith No More at their noisiest and you're halfway there. It's a seductive noise if you like your guitars loud.

While the kids mill around outside, the band are inside explaining why they called their new album *Around The Fur*, and put a track called 'Lhabia' on it.

"*Around The Fur* is not talking vaginal, it's about skin," says singer Chino. "But 'Lhabia' was purely vaginal. We thought it would just be crazy to have a song called Lhabia... It's not like we called the song 'Pussy', or nothin'."

Surprisingly, the album's title song, 'Around The Fur', isn't about the soft parts of ladies' thighs. Chino says it's about his fascination with the dirty side of life. What's he talking about specifically?

"He wants to hear about the bath house," shouts Chi the bass player.

"The bath house," begins Chino, "is in San Francisco. It's a brothel. The Asian women there are supposed to massage you and there's always a little something extra. Everything is so tacky, it's such a turn on for me."

What's the seediest you've got?

Chino pipes up again: "Steph's got a taffy penis story."

Pardon, boyo?!

"The other day in LA, we did this cable show," says Stephen. "There were two porn stars. Basically one of them whipped out my penis, and it was in turtleneck mode.... It's not very often you do interviews and you suck on titties at the same time."

"Steph's got a taffy penis story"

It turns out the only thing that phases this lot is black pudding.

"That shit is not nice, man. I've got a pact with Satan now from drinking blood. That ain't right. I ain't a vampire," moans Chino.

"Swine is very popular here," he says. "Breakfast, it was ham. It was sausage. It was pig blood."

Pigs' eggs...

Chino is shocked. "They eat pigs' *eggs*, too?"

DANNY PLUNKETT

Around The Fur *is out on Maverick.*

albums reviewed by cheeky ctd...

Various: A Special Christmas 3 (A&M)
Imagine Sting, Enya, The Smashing Pumpkins, Steve Winwood and Hootie & The Blowfish singing about Santa and snow and you'll soon realise that it's not going to be a very special Christmas after all. Mince pile of poo.

John Barry: Octopussy Soundtrack (Ryko)
More John Barry. This has to be the silliest-named Bond film with Moore looking at his most inept, like an out-of-place waiter. Brilliant film, though. The music is exquisite and the CD has some nerdy thing attached to it, so you can see the original trailer from the film on your computer. Good.

"Who are you calling 'gimmer'?"

Echobelly: Lustra (Epic)
The worst band in the world. They make Sleeper sound like The Beatles. Really, really bad.

Nigel Benn & DJ Ride: UK Speed Garage Vol 1 (Powerhouse)
Really crap.

What we're listening to

1 **John Barry** – 'Space Capsule'
2 The window rattling
3 **Best of Led Zeppelin**
4 **Pixies** *Death To The Pixies*
5 **Wham** 'Club Tropicana'
6 **Aswad** 'Don't Turn Around'
7 Wind blowing tumbleweed across the deserted highways of our minds
8 **The Macarena monkey**
9 **Primal Scream** *Echo Dek*
10 **Jerky Boys**

Moby, wailing

Moby: I Like To Score (Mute)
Indeed, he does like to score, as he's done a beefed-up version of the James Bond theme. This album eventually materialises as a greatest hits album of sorts with 'Go' on here as well as some other stuff he's done before. Still good, though.

Ozric Tentacles: Curious Corn (Snapper)
Not sure how this made it into the hot albums you see around you. This is very queer stuff from people who probably wear those big thick, brightly coloured jumpers and have their hair in ponytails, live up trees eating berries and read *The Hobbit*. This is the world of unicorns and goblins and must be destroyed – as I have done with this album.

Natalie Imbruglia: Left Of The Middle (RCA)
Surprisingly good music (which lapses into Alanis Morrisette if it's not careful) from a beautiful Australian lady who ended up with that blond surf twat in *Neighbours*. Nice.

"Strewth"

REVIEWS CONTINUE PG 223

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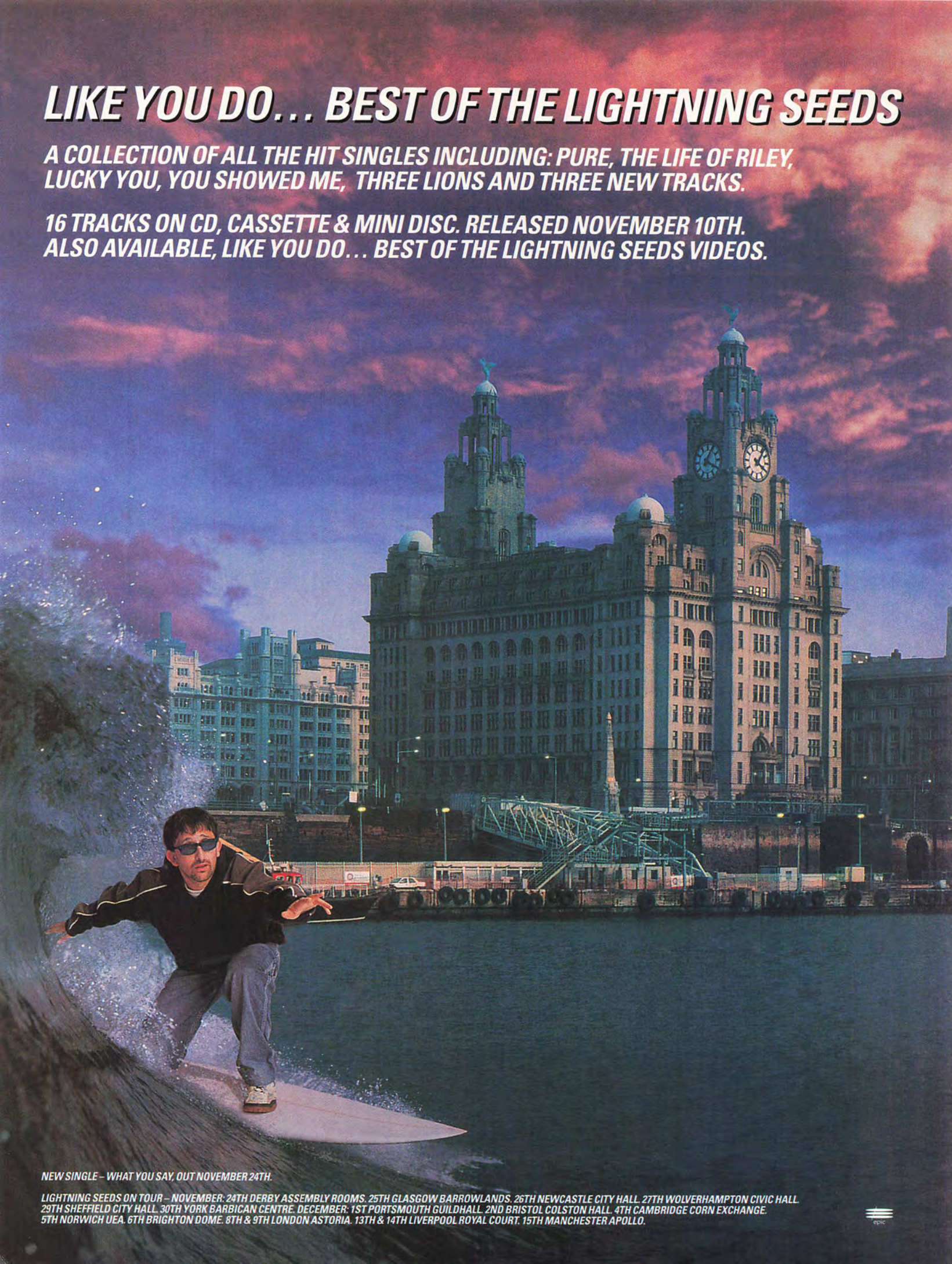

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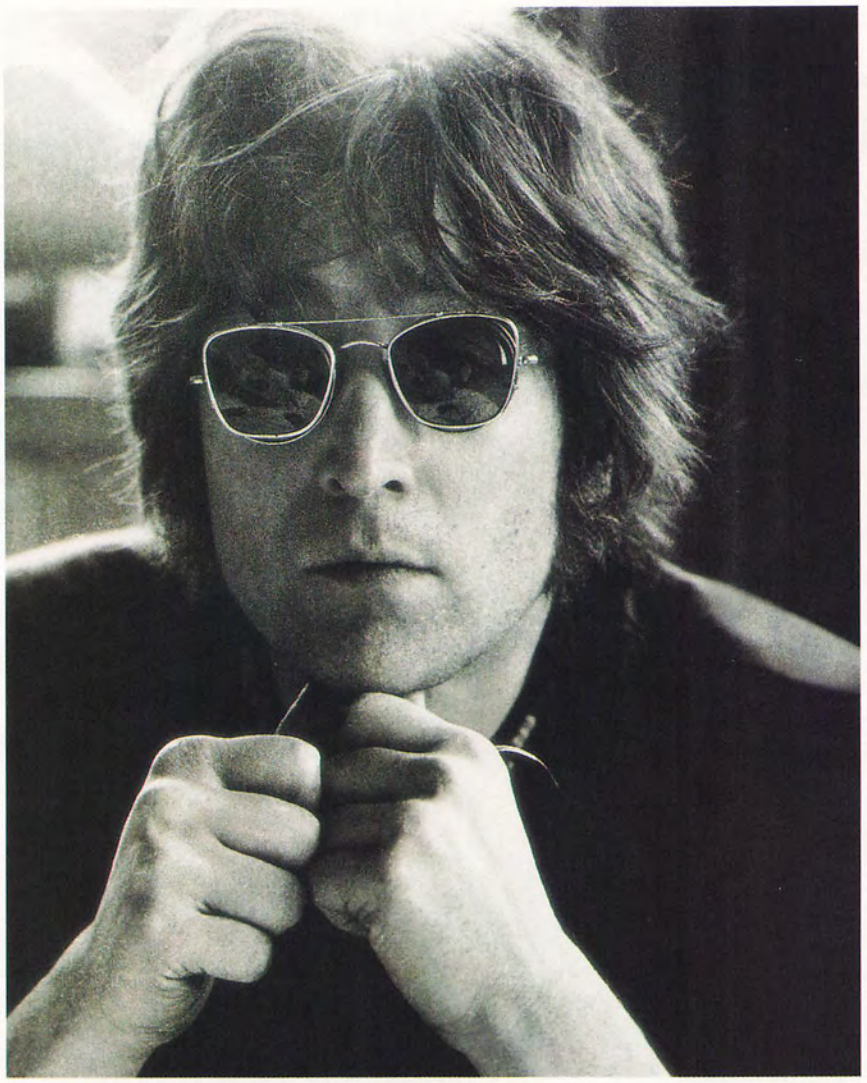
epic



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cheeky's christmas round-up

good

Wham: If You Were There (epic)
"Wake me up before you go-go/I'm not planning on going solo." Words which must still act like a dagger thrust into Andrew Ridgeley's heart. Still, fantastic pop songs though. 'Everything She Wants'... classic, mate.

David Bowie: The Singles 1968-1974 (EMI)
This was his really odd period, but then he's always been a bit coo-coo-machoo if you ask me. 'Star Man'... classic, mate.

John Lennon: Lennon Legend (Parlophone)
A good bloke, really, who wrote some pretty good songs when he didn't try and get all airy-fairy with his hippy mates. 'Imagine'... classic, mate.

Simon & Garfunkel: Old Friends (Sony)
Fantastic easy listening from that bloke with the funny hair and his dwarf mate. Music for the comfortable sweater brigade. 'Cecilia'... really rubbish, mate.

cheeky's christmas round-up

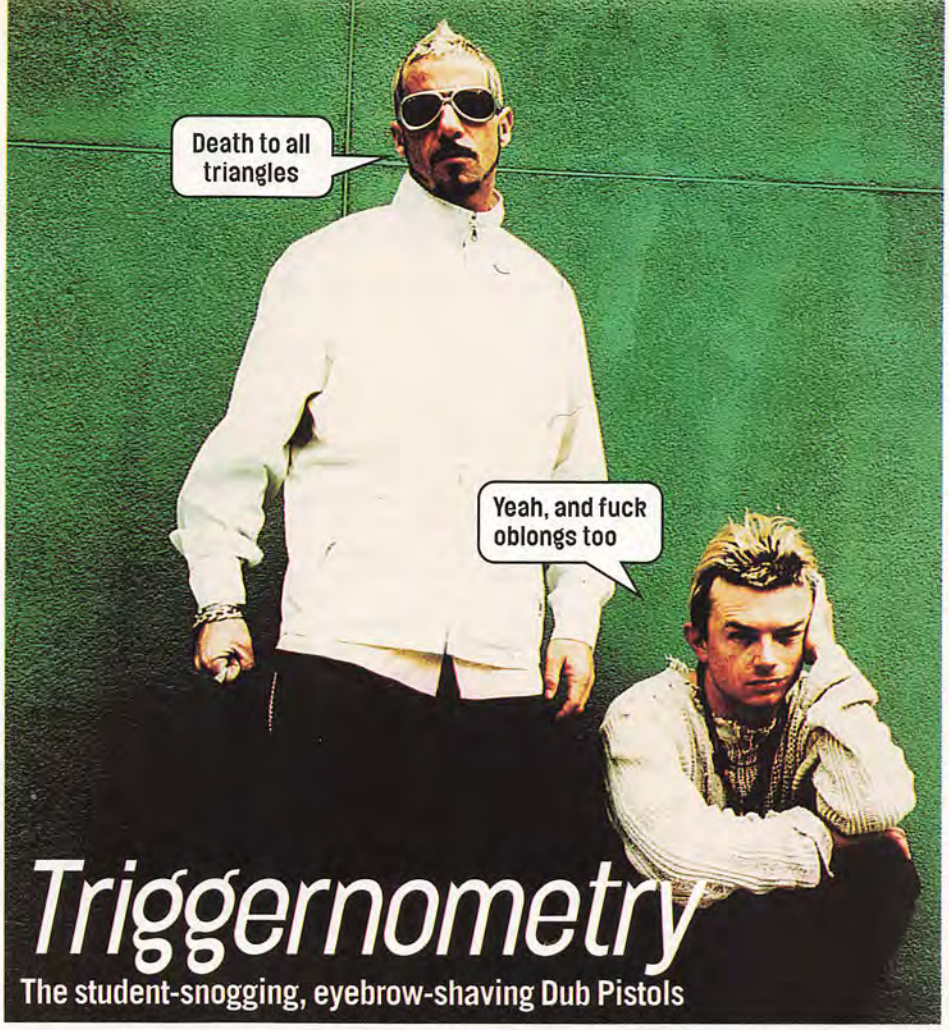
not good

The Cure: Galore – Singles 1987–1997 (Polydor)
Always used to sound like he was wailing, like as if he perhaps had hurt his knee or something. Not good.

Eternal: Greatest Hits (EMI)
Soft soul gubbins from a trio who seem about as much fun as perhaps cleaning up nun shit for a living would be. Not good either.

Sinead O'Connor: So Far... The Best Of
I'm with the pope on this one. Bad.

Lightning Seeds: Like You Do (Epic)
Ian Broudie has a face you just want to punch. You can only imagine what I think about his music. Bad, bad, really bad.



Triggernometry

The student-snogging, eyebrow-shaving Dub Pistols

"Coming upstairs for a bit of bish-bosh?" enquires Barry, larger-than-life frontman for those punks of big beat, the Dub Pistols. "I'm fucking wired already, but what the fuck, eh? We're in Leeds after all." He smiles such a wicked smile that it's enough to unnerve the hotel receptionist who's been giving us the beady eye ever since we arrived.

As Barry gulps back a pre-gig pint in true rock-star surroundings, namely the Oak Tree family bar and restaurant, he comments, "This hotel is just like a giant fucking Harvester innit?" Lee, the one who fiddles with all the knobs, and Malcolm 'I scratch but don't sniff' turn up. They order tomato juice and crisps from the bar as a dinner substitute. "It's good to dip them in the juice," says Lee. "It's like having little mini pizzas, only with no cheese."

"No, I don't want tea. Who do you think I am? Boy George?"

This is the band who've earned rave reviews, music paper singles of the week and comparisons with The Prodigy. Their new single, 'Best Got Better', contains generous gestures of dirty old skool beats, full-bodied funk, jaw-quivering jungle, twisted techno knob-twiddling and more scratching than a flea-infested mutt.

"Sometimes, the more you fuckin' abuse the audience, throw beer on them, and tell them all to 'fuucckk oofff, you bunch a wankerrrs'," explains Barry of their live dynamic, "the more they fucking love it."

And, sure enough, at tonight's gig: "Come on, you fuckerrrs, make some fuuckkin' noise," Barry growls as he lets off a well-shaken can of lager onto the open-mouthed audience below. It's fresher's week at Leeds Uni, beer's £1 a can and it's hard to tell whether the students really know how lucky they are having the Pistols calling them a "bunch a fuuckking caaants, the lot of yous".

Back at the giant Harvester, Barry opts for a bit more bish-boshing, while Lee disappears with a student groupie who's managed to find her way back to the hotel. The bar has long since stopped serving but the barman agrees to make "special allowances" for us just so long as he can come up to our room and "have a smoke with you later."

"Where's Lee?" asks Barry returning, his eyes so wide he could probably be arrested on the grounds of that alone. "He's absconded with a female of the student kind." Barry rolls his eyes in that here-we-go-again way. "Last time he was abducted by students, he came back with no eyebrows and covered in purple glitter – fuck only knows what went on."

A few hours of bish-boshing, student-snogging and Playstation later, Barry orders an early morning pint of lager. "No, I don't want a cup of tea, who the fuck do you think I am, Boy fucking George?" and Lee surfaces. "See you've still got yer eyebrows then?"

"I quite liked having no eyebrows," says Lee. "Kids stare at you because they can't quite put their finger on what's missing. They've grown back twice as thick and really bushy though, like Liam Gallagher's."

"Or Patsy Kensit's," pipes up Barry. "Now she's the ultimate groupie. Married to how many pop stars is it now? Hanson should watch out when she's finished with ol' eyebrows. Great set of raspberry ripples, though."

ANNA-LOUISE WEATHERLEY

The Dub Pistols' single 'Best Got Better' is out now on Concrete.

THE SOPHISTICATION STATION

Modern classics for the person who doesn't have time to bugger about

the video

Seven Samurai (Japan), 1954, Akira Kurosawa, Rental

Made in 1954, Kurosawa's sweeping action epic is set during the aftermath of a civil war and follows a bunch of put-upon peasant farmers whose manky dog-eared village and poxy harvest have come under threat from a band of eccentrically dressed bandits. Faced with having nothing more to get through winter than a flip-flop and a small pair of sumo pants, they're forced to hire downtrodden Samurai warriors to help them fight back. Reluctantly, seven of the hungriest and most honourable agree to fight the bandits for nothing more than three square meals a day and the chance to slap some villains around.

The Samurai chide the rest of the farmers for being weak and pitiful, and set about training them to lob stuff, and attack folks with spears. As the bandits launch attack after attack, writer and director Kurosawa gently turns the screws on the village, wringing the tension out of each scene like a giant twisting a sodden tea cloth.

Deceitfully, the farmers turn out to have murdered weakened Samurai in the past and have bundles of pricey armour stashed under the floorboards. This, understandably, destroys the soldiers' morale. Further strife comes when one of the Samurai reveals himself to be an ex-farmer and fervent Samurai hater and strops around the village in his pants for a while.

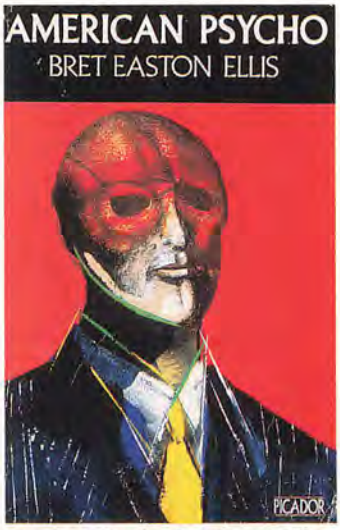
Eventually, the war of attrition comes to a bloody, yet ambiguous conclusion, splendidly leaving everyone wondering what the whole fucking point was anyway.

A massive influence on everything from *Star Wars* to *The A-Team*, and famously remade by John Sturges as *The Magnificent Seven*, the original still remains a triumphant unequalled epic of courage, cowardice, survival, vanity and honour. Kurosawa's other classics include the likes of *Yojimbo* (remade by Leone as a *Fistful Of Dollars* and more recently with Bruce Willis in the lead as *Last Man Standing*), *Ran* and *Sanjuro*. Even though *Seven Samurai* is in black and white, subtitled and filled with peasants crying like lonely babies, it'll still be three of the best hours you'll ever spend.

PHIL ROBINSON

PHOTOS: RONALD GRANT

the book



American Psycho, Bret Easton Ellis, Pan Books, £7.99

This is one of the most gut-churning, starfish-tightening books ever written. To fill this book with the necessary evil, author Bret Easton Ellis seems to have wrenched every twisted nightmare of modern America from the basest reaches of his mind. Atrocity follows atrocity as high-flying Wall Street city boy Patrick Bateman's mind becomes smothered by madness. His insanity grows from an obsessional fixation with brand labels, money and his skincare routine, to routinely ripping the innards out of rats and torturing prostitutes with rusty coat hangers. Easton Ellis's New York brims with tramp shit, dog's guts and a hidden overworld of complacent rich wasps who take cover in extortionate, fantastically expensive yuppie restaurants. Surrounded by his inane, preppy mates and munching plates of over-contrived slop (pinto beans infused with mint), Patrick nurtures dreams of sexual assault and mutilation.

Whole chapters are devoted to obsessive discographies of the likes of Whitney Houston and Genesis; one is called Killing Dog, which involves his picking up a dog while walking down the street and gutting it in front of its owner.

This is all powerfully written stuff. Easton Ellis crosses the line of good taste early on and just keeps walking. When it was first published, every supposedly right thinking, chin-stroking intelligent person in the free world wanted it banned, even writers published by the same company.

None of the above seemed to understand that good novels, and good art, should always leave you in some extreme emotional state or other. Make you either laugh, cry or reach for the sick bucket. I'll leave the last word on Easton Ellis to big Norman Mailer: "He's forced us to look at intolerable material, and so few novels try for that much any more." Completely.

PHIL ROBINSON

the cd

Led Zeppelin IV, Atlantic

The greatest, most successful and most influential rock band of all time have had their memory stomped on throughout the years, but at the peak of their creative powers they remain untouchable. Jimmy Page, who has lived his career in reverse by becoming a worse and worse guitarist as the years go by, was nevertheless in complete command of his faculties when he bundled the band into big old Hampshire manor house Headley Grange in 1971 to record their fourth album.

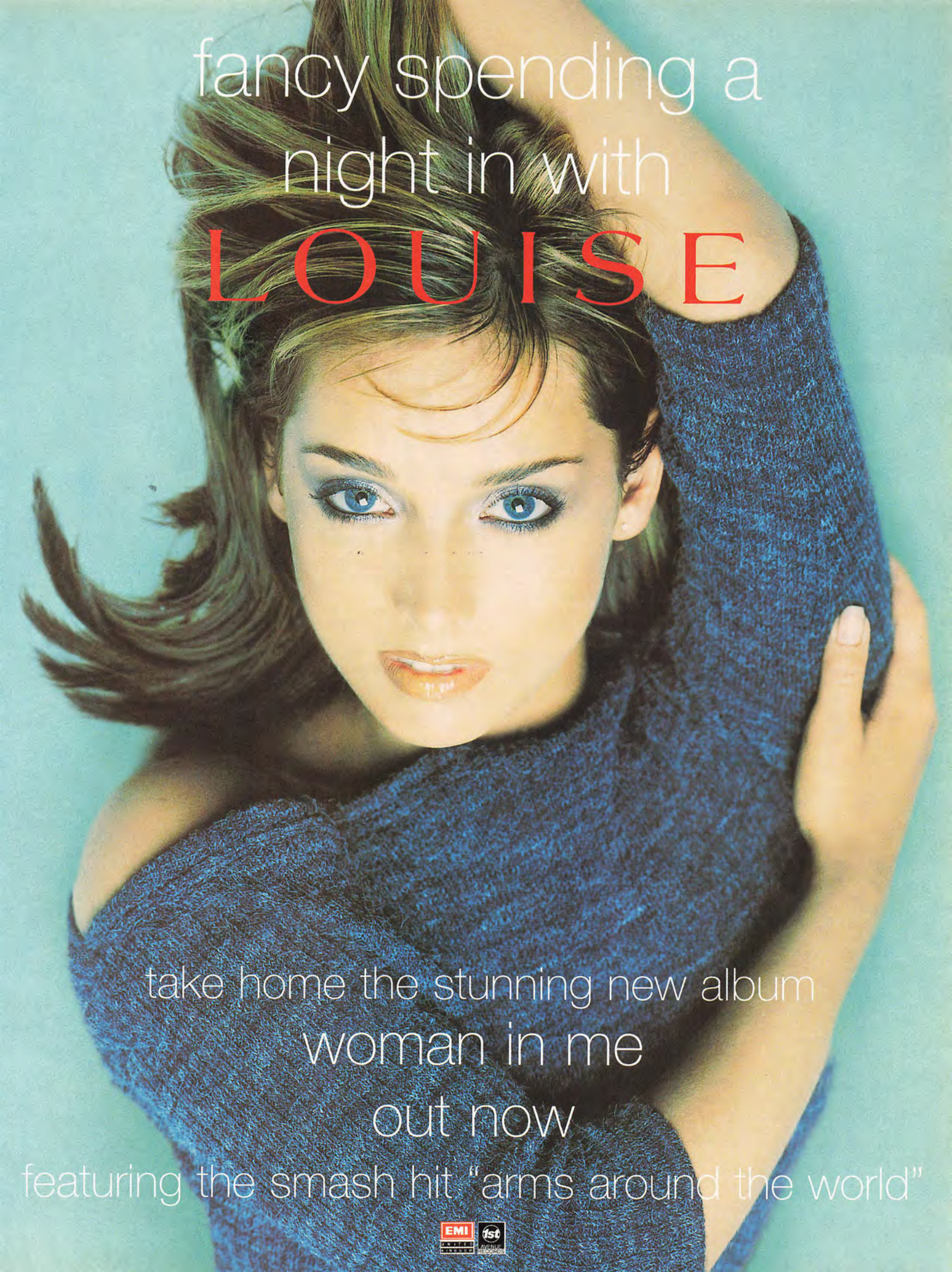
The first two albums, both from 1969, had been boisterous, heavier affairs, with a more folksy third outing recorded in a Welsh cottage in 1970. Bringing the two facets together provided the band with an album so successful it stayed in the US charts for almost five years.

The reasons were simple. The early '70s were bloody miserable (as evidenced from the sleeve) and Zeppelin stuck two fingers up at all that and lived an excessive lifestyle that hasn't been matched by any band since. They clung on to a bit of the hippy mysticism of the late '60s, but added a huge dose of testosterone. Girls fancied them, blokes wanted to be them, and they were possessed of the kind of musical talent and band dynamic that only comes along very rarely.

From the syncopated opener, 'Black Dog', the raucous 'Rock And Roll', through acoustic numbers like 'Going To California' and 'The Battle Of Evermore' to, of course, every music shop assistant's nightmare and the most requested song in history, 'Stairway To Heaven', the album, and the often overlooked work of Page as a producer, is genius. The drums on 'When The Levee Breaks' were sampled by everyone 20 years later, because, with all their computer gadgetry, they still couldn't find a better drum sound. They're still looking.

Without this record, you might have been spared crimes such as The Far Corporation's working of 'Stairway' but then again at least half the artists of the last 20 years would probably never even have picked up a guitar.

DEREK HARBINSON


fancy spending a
night in with
LOUISE
take home the stunning new album
woman in me
out now
featuring the smash hit "arms around the world"
EMI
UNITED KINGDOM
1st AVENUE RECORDS

Hands – very popular in Brighton

Listen love, this is hardly the time for an aerodynamics lecture

The Egulls have landed

Big beats, bikers and things that go bump in Brighton

"*There's a new dance that's going around/ Do The Bump, do The Bump,*" – 'The Bump' by Kenny, 1974.

Brighton in 1997 is the new spiritual home of 'The Bump'. The dance which slapped the '70s kids with an enormous bunch of arse. Now our discotheques may never be the same again. Arms akimbo, thumbs hooked in front belt-loops, butts swinging left to right. Is this the future? Will The Bump grind down the big beats? Imagine it, speed garage 'bumped-off' the floor by Kenny. But, hysteria aside, from where did this fresh twist of rump club foolery explode?

The dancing index finger points to The Space Raiders' 'Scene From Space Raiders' sample of 'The Bump' soon to be released on Skint Records. Right now, we are boozing in Ali'Cats with Damian Harris, the head honcho of this venerable label, in its home town of Brighton. This smoky dive-bar, hidden beneath the seafront tarmac, is the ideal place to begin a club caper, gamble on the skittles for shots and, if you're here midweek, watch cult films to liven the early part of the weekday nights.

"That's the thing with this generation," explains a jolly punter, discussing Ali'Cats' contribution to Brighton. "We're all good at 'givin' it' and "avin it', but they've got warm hearts. They know when to stop and give something back."

He then takes us outside to the gravel beach, and makes some of us smoke a long, homemade cigarette, and we all agree, like a load of chattering berks in a Jack Kerouac novel, that this is probably the best bar in Brighton.

We pass an hour questioning the merits of darts shirts. Chris Eubank tears past like a loud, thunderous fart, dressed up in biker's gear on a vintage-looking hog with flames streaked across the petrol tank. A whole promenade full of people stare. What's he on? Has someone poked him too hard in the ring?

Just outside club Planet Mufflewuffle is parked a Mr Whippy ice cream van. The doorman hands us a token, "have a free one, it's on the house." Fantastic, free big whirly ice cream. It makes a right mess in the feisty old sea breeze and sobers us up, a bit, for the walk upstairs. Inside, the club-a-delica props of dangling, glowing asteroids and luminous cartoon characters add the un-level dimensions a twisted disco requires. This weekly dance has a high-quality policy of underground music. But DJs Cheez Bar, Sporran, Mr Whippy and Edvado Cerveza have, for over three years, themed their nights with a humourous touch. In the past, beard and shepherd night and a wild west night had the punters line-dancing and doing The Bump. Alas, it's all too early for that knee cracking stuff… we need more beer.

Back out on the busy young streets of this clubland capital of the south, we encounter Thundercar. Outside The Hungry Years, a stalwart amongst

Chris Eubank tears past like a loud, thunderous fart

"You can't stop me, I'm a party ani...zzzzz"

"If I blow here, she inflates, look"

Bump Town Traffic

Ali'Cats Underneath O'Donovans, East Street.
Planet Mufflewuffle The Enigma, 10 Ship St. Every Friday. £4.50/£3.50 students, Tel: 01273 328 439.
Club Foot The Escape Club, Marine Parade. Fri, 10-2, £6/£5 students/ members. Tel: 01273 606 906.
Big Beat Boutique The Concorde, Madeira Drive. every other Fri, 9.30-3. £6 or £7, Tel:0802 947 253.

PHOTOS: BILLY LEA

The dancefloor's a bloated, hyperactive sweat frenzy

clubland venues, the beast's engine ticks over, while its internal bass bins give out good colostomy vibrations. It has, apparently, won a prize for being so loud. And, appropriately enough, it's parked outside a busy heavy metal night. Lots of leather jackets full of stooping bodies pile in for a night of pagan moshing, and, by the looks of this lot, head banging gives you spots. I'd rather get pushed off a pedestal by a light stick.

Next stop, Club Foot at The Escape, another packed full-on weekly which is just starting to "pump", as they say in club speak. Its impresario, Ben Gill, has been successfully running Club Foot for over three years with a music policy "as diverse and bizarre as house can get. We like anything from deep disco to throbbing techno. We want DJs to play a cosmic set. Anything weird on the left side of things." Tonight the DJ, Harvey, a don of all the above club genres, is proving to be a "pumping" genius. The floor gets busy while eager blokes wait patiently for service from the dream-like Swedish barmaid. "She sometimes dances on the bar," says Ben. "You can see her knickers – best part of the night."

Hmm. Unlike ourselves, the night is still reasonably young as we enter the dragon of Brighton's discos. The white, shed-like front of the Concorde venue leads us into a premier league nightlife experience. Above the FA Cup earful of whistles, cheers and screaming is the ethereal trip of rousing bagpipes. It's 'Amazing Grace'. Sweet, ancient, feverish wind-powered trance leads into a wall of sonic bleeps.

"Sound of the bass... Rastafari... Selassie." Screams the MC.

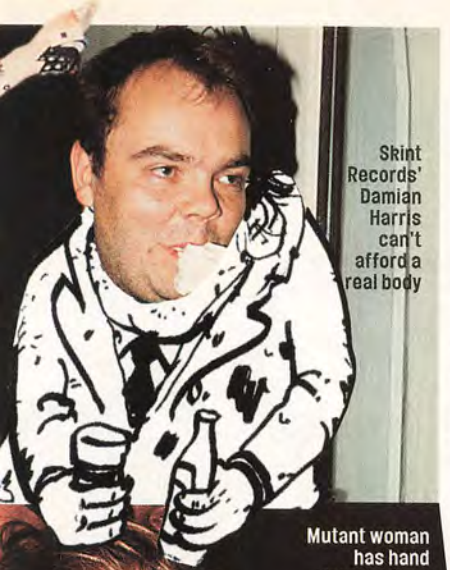
Hang on a minute, where are we?

"The Big Beat Boutique," shouts Damian over a pint. You can hear the bass bins tearing and see the breakbeats kick through the crowd. Up on stage are Monkey Mafia, the live band responsible for giving the fry-ups something to gurn about and the rest of the crazies an excuse to freak. The dancefloor is mental. A bloated, hyperactive sweaty frenzy I've not seen since the last time I saw a bloated, hyperactive sweaty frenzy.

"I'm in big trouble," says Damian sporting a full pair of pints. "It's too packed in here. Look, if you're gonna do The Bump, go outside." Just then, a man called Perv appears wearing a cowboy hat, and shows me his Nunzilla; a wind-up, fire-breathing clockwork nun. In the background, scratching sounds take over. It's the turntable genius Krash Slaughta deftly controlling the decks and making obscure harmonious notes scream out of the vinyl. Jimi Hendrix would have been proud. The band play on and the zealous crowd twist themselves beyond any hope of a weekend repair job.

It's difficult to know when, or how, this night ends. Damian disappears like the shopkeeper from *Mr Benn*, and, above the fridge, Hitler looks on. A photo of the original greedy, tree-hugging, club promoter-type who went silly. Time to go home now, Brighton. Mental.

ROWAN CHERNIN


Skint Records' Damian Harris can't afford a real body

Mutant woman has hand growing from armpit

"I'm a little teapot..."

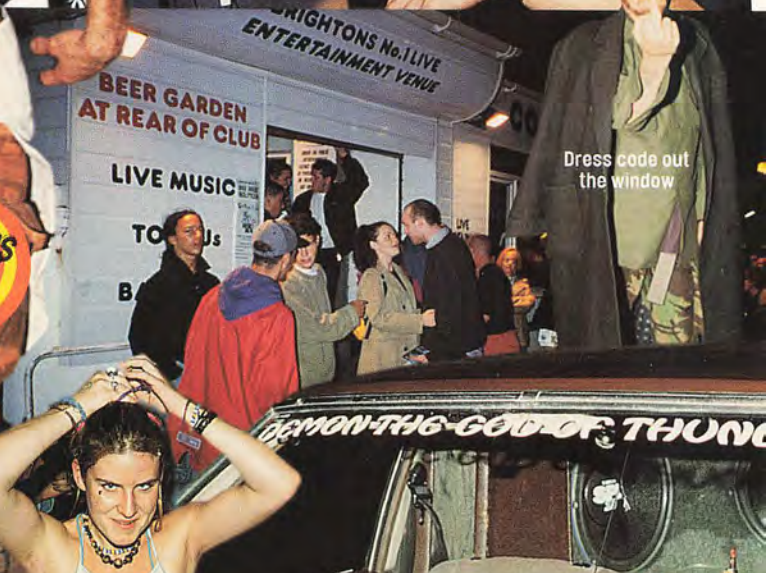
Killer seaweed is still a problem

Monkey Mafia, um, on stage

SERIOUS FREAK DOWN

A young person feeling a 'vibe'

A new scene – Tommy Cooper tribute DJs



Dress code out the window

Pits! Stop!

THE BRAHMS & PLAYLIST

Who's playing what you want and where...

Funk-A-Tech DJs Andy Cleeton, Lindsey and Phil don't play speed garage. Instead they play funky-tech-house, not house-tech-funky or the blasphemous funky-house-tech. Every Thursday, The Bubba Club, Dillwyn Street, Swansea. Doors 10-3. £2/NUS £1.

1 Paperclip People 'The Climax'
2 Scaravilli 'Rhode Island'
3 Faze Action 'Original Disco Motion'
4 Global Communication 'The Groove'
5 Ian O Brien 'Mumbles'

Sprawl "An audio-visual extravaganza, not a sit-down event," says Doug, alias Si-(cut).db, the managing disc jockey. Live music, DJs, visuals, netsurfing, beer and sandwiches, savoured by the regular Netnick-daddyos purveying the cool of cyberdom-daddywack. Next one's on 13 November at Global Cafe, 15 Golden Square, London. Doors 7.30-midnight. Tel: 0171 287 2242 or www.dfuse.com/sprawl/

the SPRAWL

1 Spunk Jazz LP
2 Sons Of Silence 'Back On Your Heads'
3 The Spirit Of Vampyros Lesbos LP
4 Barry Gray Theme 'Space 1999'
5 Pantunes 'Music In Search Of The Surface Noise'

Shakermaker Indie, Britpop, grunge and big beats night named after a kid's modelling toy. Gary is the DJ, has been for nine years, and can play records like Ziggy played guitar. Every other Saturday at Magnums, Basing Biew, The Parade, Basingtoke. Tel: 01256 357 757.

1 Chumbawumba 'Tub Thumpin'
2 Blur 'Song 2'
3 Prodigy 'Smack My Bitch Up'
4 Placebo 'Nancy Boy'
5 Seahorses 'Love Is The Law'

Dexterity Apparently this one is, murky, jerky, mutoid disco, with a music policy of hip-hop and breakbeat. This new MJMD sends kids crazy and makes them dance like old disco wildfire. Saturdays at 136 York Street (Off Oxford Road), Manchester. Tel: 0161 288 0342.

1 DJ Krust 'Warhead'
2 Johnny L Saw Tooth LP
3 Street Corner Symphony 'Condominium'
4 Nu-Yorican Soul 'Black Gold Of The Sun' Hero Remix
5 JBs 'Mind Power'

Mad fur it

Mink: the Gallagher-free indie disco

"Club Mink is a trashy indie hardcore night with a kitsch twist and cabaret. We're trying to avoid the Oasis syndrome," explains DJ Adil. Mink is a new London disco venture and the so-called Oasis Syndrome is another club plague up there with the air-shape-makers. Adil is talking about the bog-standard staple of the indie scene – the tame blokes who swagger around like Gallaghers and say, "Fuck... mad for it... fuck... mad for it..." One day they'll realise there's only one Patsy, and a club full of blokes, all mad for each other, will result in involuntary celibacy induced by obscure Gallagherisms only they can understand.

Mink, in the lavish space of the Aquarium club, is fast becoming a new midweek haven for club freaks. Fetishists, Austin Powers dressers, androgynous camp finks and all manner of people let loose in a dressing-up box, mingle with the usual discotheque folk. It's like a mini-Vegas where the showgirls are the crowd.

The first act tonight is the band Malibu Stacey. Adil switches off the records, leaves the DJ box, jumps up toward the stage, falls backwards and rolls around like some bloke who's been flung out of a rolled up carpet. Everyone thinks it's part of a little routine and give him a round of applause.

Half an hour later, he's back behind the decks sweating like a raver and spinning his mix of "shock rock and hardcore disco"; anything from Daft Punk to the Pixies, obscure prog-rock to Fatboy Slim. The light, twangy days of Britpop appear to have been ousted by this darker noise with big heavy beats.

"Skunk Rock" is music

It's the electric glam ladyland of the hardcore indie world

journalism's label for this soundshift. But from a purely sexy point of view, this is the electric glam ladyland of this hardcore indie world. Amongst the many unusual acts on the bill, like Arthur Lager, they've got Misha the aerialist who suddenly appears dangling from the roof in her underwear spinning around above the dancefloor. Then in the next room, just the other side of the swimming pool, The Waikiki Lounge, hosted by DJs Ben Golomstock and Audrey Lafevre, is playing "funky exotica, film themes and popadelica" around bizarre cabaret acts. It's a bit like a drunken sing-song round Mike Flowers of the Pops' house. But to top it all, at four o'clock in the morning, a naked couple, one heavily pregnant and the other covered in tattoos get tarred and feathered live on stage.

What's wrong with dancing? They're bloody mad for it in here.

ROWAN CHERNIN

Club Mink featuring the Waikiki Lounge happens last Thursday of each month with resident DJs, bands and live cabaret. Dress code is 'over the top'. Aquarium, 256 Old Street, London EC1. Tel: 0171 251 6136. 9pm-4am, £7/£5 before 10.30pm.

Mink top ten

1 **Aphex Twin** 'Come To Daddy'
2 **Pixies** 'Planet Of Sound'
3 **Depth Charge** 'Princess And The Fly Girl'
4 **Lo-Fidelity Allstars** 'Disco Machine Gun'
5 **Electrik Lucifer** 'Word Game'
6 **K2** 'Fuck The Millennium'
7 **James White And The Contortions** 'Contort Yourself'
8 **Depeche Mode** 'Useless' (Kosmic Blues Remix)
9 **Smash Mouth** 'Walkin' On The Sun'
10 **Yoko Ono** 'Mind Train'

PHOTOS: CHARLIE HOLDING

YOU DANCIN'?

records you're always too messed up to ask the name of

alien happy moody mad techno blunted cool trainspotter

F.S.U.K. Double CD Mix By Derek Dahlarge (Open)
Steven Collins lookalike pornstar DJ Derek Dahlarge mixes the Jack Daniels with leprechauns and cuts the best-mixed DJ compilation of old skool hip-hop, indie, break beats, Propellerheads-Meat Beat-Howie-Leftfield-Rock since someone gave the garage speed. Class.

DJ Krust 'Warhead' (V Recordings)
Megatonne bass buster Krust delivers the cake with ample bass for the neighbours and big drum, knee-cracking beats for the clubbers. Drum-nut'n'Concorde.

Various Artists Soma Volume 4 (Soma Recordings)
This has more deep electronic house, techno and experimental sub-underground style than any other compilation around can offer. A genuine K9 amongst the electric sheep.

Johnny L 'Saw Tooth' (XL Recordings)
A box set of solid, strata-built breakbeat 10 inchers which will keep the bedroom DJs twiddling their knobs for hours. A handy, hard-floor caper.

Various Artists Versatility (Independent Dealers Records)
Sounds of the Bristol club monthly Versatility's retro-less, drum'n'funky bass experimentation, with a hint of techno from Quasimodo Sunday – the best-named entity in dance – feature large on this compilation. It also includes the likes of Roni Size, Krust, More Rockers, Counter In Telligence, Suv and Powder amongst the junglers.

Scott Grooves 'A New Day' (Soma Recordings)
Here we go: "Techno house garage music", or THG for short, is a light, piano-driven anthem high which cruises up through the gears into a club-climax, sucking the seratonin-gravy out of the roasted spuds. This is a cross-over classic for the twisted-face-crazies and trainspotters alike. Very Scottish.

Spiritual Life Music (Nuphonic)
Once again, the renegade lager-buckets at Nuphonic del'Bar have waxed down the freshest grooves. The gravity of this compilation holds a premium selection of modern soul, jazz, house, Latin and an overall mood of "cool your boots, man, nobody's looking; relax, soak up the vibes and don't squeeze on the fancy weeze daddyo". A pure classic.

Tranquility Bass 'La La La' (Astralwerks)
The mood of an Indian curry-house cassette dropped over some heavy down-tempo beats. Balti House.

Adeva 'Don't Think About It' (Distinctive)
Adeva's the diva who can dress like a crow and sing the arse off a lark. UK garage dons, Nubirth, 187 Lockdown and Funkstarz, Funky Green Dogs, Hybrid and Any Other Old Sod have created some "slammin'" remixes. Good.

Jungle Brothers 'Jungle Brother' (Gee Street)
Urban Takeover turn this quality rap into a drum'n'bass masterpiece which sounds remarkably like the beat from Toni Basil's 'Hey Mickey' given a good pumpin'.

Global Communication And The VCF Band 'The Groove' (Global Communication)
This is an abstract jamboree of styles – funked up, disco-ish, jazzy, breakbeat, house and allsortedness – which comes in like a trainspotters' Christmas special, with more top numbers than platform seven at Crewe.
ROWAN CHERNIN

A DATE WITH CLAUDIA SCHIFFER?

5 NUMBERS PLUS THE BONUS BALL?

A NEW DRIVE-BELT FOR YOUR TURNTABLE?

WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT.

TANDY UNLIMITED. THOUSANDS OF PARTS AND ACCESSORIES AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

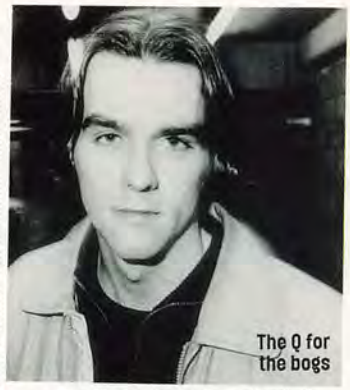
?

Tandy

YOU'VE GOT QUESTIONS. WE'VE GOT ANSWERS.

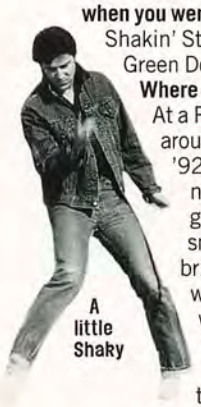
Got any Candy Flip?

Underground house master DJ Q lives in Glasgow, is a fan of Shakin' Stevens but not Pete Tong, likes his porn '70s-style and plays music to dive for


The Q for the bogs

With a name like Q, are you loaded up with gadgets 007-style?
I got the name Q from a facility on the sampler which adds resonance to a sound, making it cleaner and crisper. People keep asking me if it means queer. I've had people phoning up asking for DJ Queer.

What was the first record you bought when you were a kid?
Shakin' Stevens' 'Behind The Green Door'.


A little Shaky

Where did you first DJ?
At a Pussy Power party around Glasgow in '91 or '92. It wasn't like a normal club. They'd get a space and run a small bar – if not, you'd bring your own. There were acrobats, stilt-walkers, fire-eaters, all that shit. The organisers had theatre connections and used to bring in all these mad people in fancy dress. That was a few years back; things are too serious nowadays – clubs are more interested in just making money.

What's the strangest request you've ever had?
You don't get many requests for underground house records. I get people asking for chart stuff and indie music, things like The Prodigy, when I play the student unions, but I don't play that kind of stuff.

Got any Candy Flip alongside your upfront, pumping selection?
No, 'cos of my age I only like serious dance music. 'Strawberry Fields Forever'? I haven't got any shit like that – I never buy it.

How about speed garage?
No. It sounds like Minnie Mouse-house. It's as bad as these people who speed up the decks. If you want to play house music at that speed, then it should be made at that speed.

Put your Tong away

How about a picture of Pete Tong – world's greatest dance disc jockey – tucked amongst the vinyl?
Fuck never, though Pete Tong plays most of my records. I'm not a fan but he knows how to sift through the shit. I've got no photos. If I did, they'd be topless.

a regular hindrance to DJs

He's been in some right old dives in his time

"I hate new porn films, the girls are all massive and the music's shit"

Are you one of those trainspotter types who looks over a DJ's shoulder and tries to read the label while he's banging one out?
No. A lot of guys who are DJs don't go out if they're not DJing. I go to Glasgow's Sub Club every week. If I hear a record, I go up and ask what it is, but I don't hang about watching the records go round, that's not enjoying yourself – I'd rather eye up the talent.

What style of music do you play?
House, but Chicago or New York-style house with a lot of disco samples thrown in. I love techno, but don't spin it any more. It's too rigid, there's not enough funk in it any more. It's too much like machine music.

Have you got those three traffic lights in a box which flash in time to the beat?
No, that's old skool double-decks shit. We used to get that at our school disco.

Heard any new musical genres recently?
True School. Not old skool, not new school, but true school. I suppose it means you've been true to what you've always been into. I hate all these bandwagon-jumpers.

What's been your strangest nightclub experience?
I was sleeping in this wee alcove on a seat and this girl came over and sat on my stomach. I woke up, tapped her on the shoulder and she nearly shit herself.

You made a track called 'The Porn King' – is that about you, then?
No, it's a reference to the sound of the music. I prefer old '70s soundtracks. I hate the new porn film shit; the girls are all massive, have no shape, and the music's shit. It's all too fast, too manic.

Whose party would you most like to DJ at?
Carl Craig's wedding reception [*Detroit producer/DJ God*], some big Hollywood buddy, or even the aftershow parties for the Oscars.

What's an essential item for the modern dancefloor?
Nike Air, it used to be shell toes, but have you seen the New Nike Air? The silver ones which look like something out of NASA – I'm not into the old skool vibe any more... Oh, and I nearly forgot: good drugs.

Do you know of any serious new dance moves cutting the fancy stuff on the dancefloor?
Chicago has got all the moves, they give them names. There's one like the old-style dive and dancing like divers with big metal boots on – you have to take big steps and pretend you've got big metal boots on. It looks really good out there when they have these big dance-offs. Over here we're not big into dancing like that, just into having a big night.

ROWAN CHERNIN

DJ Q's new LP, Face The Music, *along with the new single 'We Are One' featuring Carl Craig and Freaks remixes, are both out now on Filter Records. A single for Go-Beat Records, 'Landing Soon On A Planet Near You', will be doing just that.*

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GETTING AWAY WITH IT

a photo-diary of the weird and wonderful by derek ridgers

(left) This is a young woman who reckons she was christened Peaches, at Tokyo Joe's in Piccadilly, London. Appertaining to God knows what, she tells me she "loves a pleasing strip". (right) Then I ran across Rachael, better known to London hipsters like myself as underground/garage DJ Little Miss Mix It

(left) "There aren't enough black girls in loaded," Solariss tells me on the opening night of Tokyo Joe's. "I work hard, but I play harder," she adds. Heavens, what can she mean? (right) "That's a dangerous posture to adopt on the stairs, madam," I told Rachelle McGrath at Tokyo Joe's, after which she gave me some advice of her own

Film of the month

"If you three are hiding behind that toilet again, I'll kill you" (*Face/Off*)

Your face or mine?

Cage and Travolta pinch each other's cheeks

Face/Off

John Woo action thriller with John Travolta and Nic Cage as an FBI agent and Militia-type terrorist who, er, swap faces. Like football stickers or something.
How does that work, then? Believing Cage is safely a vegetable after the FBI finally catch up with him, they take his face off and temporarily transplant it onto Travolta so he can find out the whereabouts of a huge bomb from Cage's brother. Of course, Cage wakes up and forces the surgeon to put Travolta's preserved face onto his own bloody boat. Confusion ensues.
Suspend your disbelief? And then some. John Woo originally intended this to be a sci-fi movie, but it ended up as a contemporary cops'n'terrorists caper.
But is it any good? Yes indeed. Loads of action, some intense acting, unlikely stunts and Mr Woo's trademark choreographed gun-fights and Western-style face-offs. Travolta's back on form too, with both he and Cage wallowing in the chance to play both nice and nasty.
Violence? By the face-full. A real testosterone-frenzied grudge fight between the two protagonists that doesn't let up until they've both shot their load, as it were.
Best bit: The obligatory speedboat chase, that makes even the one in *Live And Let Die* look like a ferry ride 'cross the Mersey.
Most frequently repeated lines: "I'm gonna take his face off," and Cage's top chat-up line, "Suck my tongue..."
Best line: Travolta as Cage as Travolta: "I've ended up with this hair, this nose and this ridiculous chin."
Verdict: 8/10. Top notch designer-violence romp with its tongue very definitely in someone else's cheek.
CHRIS BURKE

GI Jane

A woman joins the US Navy SEALS and no one's very happy about it.
Who's in it? Demi Moore (looking more and more like Grizzly Adams every day), Anne Bancroft (still sexy considering she's about 105 years old), and loads of shaven-headed blokes thinking they're dead hard.
Sounds to me like *Private Benjamin*, except this time with Demi Moore instead of Goldie Hawn and all the humour taken out? Actually, that's exactly what it's like. Have you been following me about or something?
No, I'm just far more intelligent than you'll ever be, you fuckwit. What else happens then, smart arse?
It's obvious isn't it, you nun shit. Everyone reckons Demi won't be able to keep up with the blokes throughout the intense training, but eventually she earns the respect of her fellow trainees. Then she has to prove to the narrow-minded politicians that women are just as important as men.
OK, then, what score would you give it, you hairless nonce.
6/10 el gittio. Cheers. **No problem.**
PETE STANTON

"Oh, hi Bruce... er can I call you back?" (*GI Jane*)

Welcome To Sarajevo

Bosnian tourist information film.
Don't take the piss. OK. It's about the conflict and siege of Sarajevo, where a bunch of hacks and film crews mix with locals caught up in the war.
Who's behind the mikes and cameras? Woody Harrelson, Steven Dillane, Marisa Tomei and Kerry Fox.
A right old barrel of laughs then? Sarajevo, not known for its Disneyland qualities in recent years, was totally fucked by the war and its inhabitants slaughtered as they were caught up in the violence. There's some documentary-style filming that captures the graphic, bloody effects of the fighting but the aftermath of a market square bomb isn't pleasant to watch. The main

"Shit! He's seen us" (*Welcome To Sarajevo*)

story involves a journalist attempting to smuggle out an orphaned kid, so there aren't many farcical moments.
Will you leave the cinema with a 1,000-yard stare? It will make you realise that the mix of politicians, religious military fanatics, innocent victims and too many weapons is never a good idea.
Verdict: 7.5/10.
PIERS TOWNLEY

Nothing To Lose

Road comedy.
Opening sequence? Tim Robbins plays an advertising exec who returns home one evening to find his wife (Kelly Preston) doing some flexi-time with his boss. He storms off in a mood, only to be stopped by a mugger with a gun (Martin Lawrence).
Sounds like the wrong day to pick on him? Yeah, never cross a man who's got nothing to lose. Robbins takes the mugger hostage and, bizarrely enough, these two losers from opposite ends of the social spectrum embark upon a madcap road trip and a friendship based on crime.
Ebony and ivory mug together in perfect harmony? Funnily enough, yes they do.
Funniest scene? They both hold up a grocery store and the aged shopkeeper gives them a reasoned assessment of who is scariest and why... actually, you had to be there.
Any good? I didn't know my arse could fall asleep – it's all tingling.
Verdict: Harmless, lightweight and funny – a bit like a puppy with only three legs in that respect. 6.5/10.
PIERS HERNU

Lawn Dogs

Not the sequel to *Reservoir Dogs* but a bizarre tale underlining the fact that suburban America is sinister.
You don't say? Mischa Barton plays a

"See if you can win that big teddy bear on the end" (*Nothing To Lose*)

"You're right, it does look like a white-eared elephant" (*Lawn Dogs*)

disturbed 10-year-old girl living in a squeaky clean suburban cul-de-sac. Taking a well-earned break from pulling the limbs off her dolls, she forms an unlikely friendship with a 22-year-old (Sam Rockwell) who mows her daddy's lawn.
Sounds a bit dodgy. Not really, they do a few mad things together but it's not long before the forces of suburbia – parents, college boys etc – decide it just ain't healthy.
Is it stylishly shot with loads of weird imagery, undercurrents of eroticism and a sinister air of expectancy? S'pose so, but it's difficult to enjoy a film when you can't sympathise with any of the characters.
Sound advice? Forget about popcorn, Kia-ora and a large bag of Minstrels – bring drugs.
Verdict: 6/10. Well made, strangely watchable but weirder than getting stoned with David Icke. **PH**

Small Time

Extremely funny, relentlessly downmarket hour-long tale concerning a crime 'family' from Sneinton (somewhere near Nottingham) who rob from the rich and sell it to the poor at half-price.
Who's involved? Written, produced and directed by Shane Meadows, who also stars as 'family' leader Jumbo. Fine turns also by Gena Kawecka as Jumbo's girl, Ruby, Mat Hand as best mate Malc, and Dena Smiles as his partner Kate.
What goes down? Bad moustaches, half-cocked hairdos, shellsuits and creative use of the f-word. Apart from petty crime capers, the blokes sit about getting wasted and the girls sit about discussing the fact that since Jumbo is hung like a fieldmouse, Ruby is using a vibrator behind his back. The main story revolves around Malc, prompted by an ultimatum from Kate, deciding to escape from his life in Sneinton.
What's it got going for it then? Almost every scene is comical. The documentary feel adds to the low rent proceedings and the attention to detail is almost educational. One scene, where they all descend upon and pick clean a car boot sale, is absolute genius. The cast play it straight but must have constantly been on the edge of hysterics, especially Meadows, whose Jumbo is by turns simple, amiable and as mad as a rat in a tin shithouse.
Sample line? "I've helped you. What about when you were on glue? I got you your glue didn't I?"
Verdict: 9/10. Blinding. Visit Sneinton today.
CHAS CHANDLER

Chasing Amy

Slick, smartarse, low-budget, New York comedy written and directed by Kevin '*Clerks*' Smith.
In a nutshell: Cyndi Lauper with a script by Letterman.
Plot: Two male comic book artists are getting along fine, chasing skirt and taking the piss out of each other till one of them falls for a lesbian who's 'experimenting with her sexuality'. "It's a learning experience for all of us," claims his mate. "This is our chance to watch without paying."
Any good is it? A right old laugh. The relationships business seems like just an excuse for some top comic turns and superb dialogue. Everyone's got a quip handy. It's like living in a Groucho Marx world were everyone gets to say, at just the right time, the funny thing they would normally have thought of weeks later. "Oh right, for you fucking is just like jack hammering away without noticing the bored look in her eye." "Hey, I *always* notice the bored look in her eye." Nice turn from the camp, pseudo black power, comic-book artist who expounds the theory that *Star Wars* is a glorification of white supremacy.
Quote: "I got girl trouble." "Bitch pressing charges, eh?"
Verdict: 8/10. Sharp as you like.
MICK BUNNAGE

One Night Stand

Romantic drama based around a classic nocturnal encounter.
Loved-up: Wesley Snipes, Nastassja Kinski, Kyle MacLachlan and Robert Downey Jr.
Why? Max Carlyle (Snipes) is a successful advertisement director on a trip to New York to see his old friend, HIV-positive dancer Charlie (Downey). He bumps into a married woman (Kinski) and spends the night with her after they are involved in an attempted mugging.
A knight in shining armour. Yes, and smooth with it, too, but it's all soon forgotten and Max jets off back to LA and his Average American Wife (stupid, insincere) and their Annoying American Kids (smaller, but still stupid and insincere).
Surely that's not it, though. No, 'cos a year later Max has to go back to New York to be with Charlie who's dying of AIDs. He meets up with Charlie's brother Vernon (MacLachlan) who has a little surprise up his sleeve. Bet you can't guess what it is.
Verdict: A reasonably entertaining film, written and directed by Mike Figgis (*Leaving Las Vegas*). He wrote the music too but it's a bit pony. Stick to directing, fella. 6/10.
NIALL HAMPTON

"Let's have the disco right here!" (*Small Time*)

"I've got it! That is a big nit, isn't it?" (*One Night Stand*)

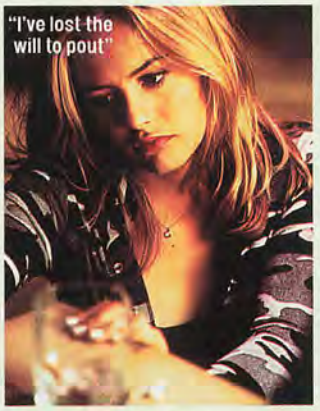
quick ones

Seven Years In Tibet

A big, fat cinematic blow-out with all the trimmings, with Brad Pitt as the mountaineering hero of the Third Reich scaling a big hill in the Himalayas. Legging it to Lhasa to escape the British, he hooks up with the child Dalai Lama and instructs the cheery little fella in all things modern. Impossible to watch without remembering that half of Hollywood claim to be practising Buddhists. Looks fantastic, but Pitt's portrayal of a self-absorbed berk is all too convincing. The locals 'Om' a lot and wear bits of old carpet. One hand clapping. 5/10. **MB**

Excess Baggage

"I'm a spoilt little rich kid," pouts Alicia Silverstone, "my daddy doesn't love me, so, hey now, I'll get myself kidnapped. Damnation, it's all gone wrong and I've been thrown together with a most mucous car thief. I hate him – but


"I've lost the will to pout"

then again, he's kinda scrummy really, gush, bite lip, wriggle, like my tummy? I love him." The End. Along the way there's the odd good performance. Benicio Del Toro who plays the Neanderthal love interest is actually quite a charming lad. Well, he perfects hand waving. 5/10.
KATE SLATER

The Myth Of Fingerprints

Roy 'Chief Brody' Scheider plays the cantankerous father of a fairly dysfunctional brood who've popped home to New England for Thanksgiving. This is a thoughtful and enjoyable exploration of the ties that bind a family together. Self revelations, existential angst and emotional booby traps abound. Thankfully, it doesn't grate too much, though, as there is sufficient humour and the interaction between the cast is so convincing. To my deepest shame, I was quite touched. 7/10 **CC**

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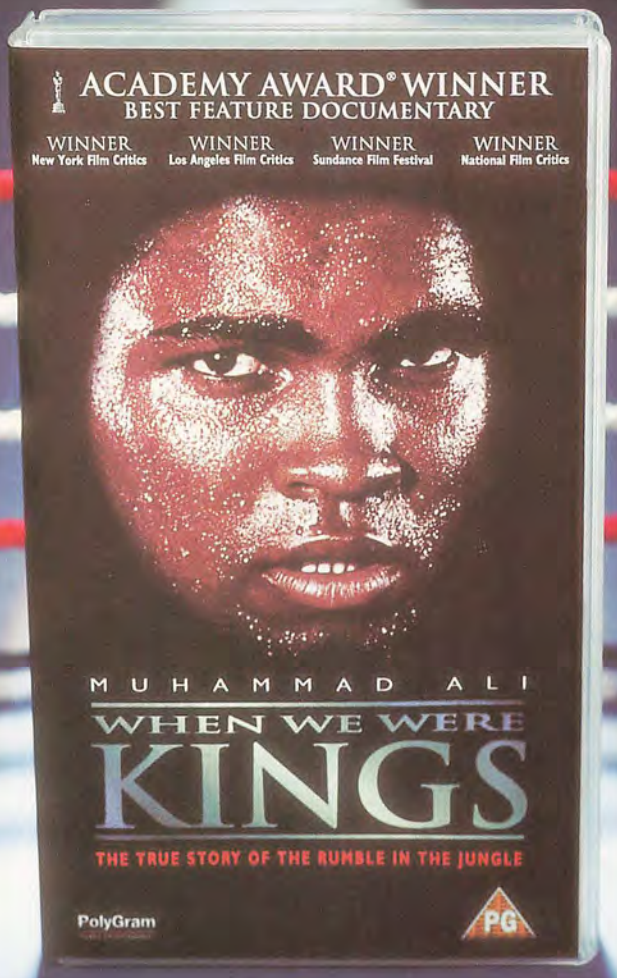

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"Um, I was just looking for my contact lens" (*Chasing Amy*)

Budget genius

Clerks director Kevin Smith's latest film

Film director Kevin Smith gets recognised in some strange places. Most often, people will spot who he is at comic-book conventions or convenience stores. Video shops come way down the list. "Which," he says, "is weird."

Smith wrote the excellent, low budget comedy classic *Clerks* – the story of two wise-cracking convenience store workers and their dysfunctional customers – while he was working in a New Jersey store. The movie has become a cult among convenience store workers, although, sadly, not all the events in the film actually happened. No girl shagged a dead bloke in the bogs, for example, and he never demanded that his girlfriend "try not to suck any dick on the way to the parking lot", after finding out that she'd given 37 blokes blow jobs.

Kev as Silent Bob (right) with sidekick Jay (*Chasing Amy*)

But these are minor details. The man is back with a new film, *Chasing Amy*, with more idiot behaviour from childish men, and a little more grown-up emotion stuff, too. It's the story of two male comic-book makers, Holden and Banky, and a female comic-book writer, Alyssa, who's played by Joey Lauren Adams, Smith's girlfriend at the time. They meet at a comics convention, and Holden thinks he's well in, until she starts snogging a girl and he realizes that Alyssa's gay.

Holden's upset. Banky is fascinated. He starts to hit her with the old, "You're a lesbian right? Do you just stay at home, naked in front of the mirror and get off?"

"Banky is made up of a lot of the asinine things you hear your friends say in terms of their perspective on lesbians," explains Kev. "When guys talk about lesbians, they talk about fisting, dildos... the most obvious selling points."

Holden stays interested, and they eventually get off with each other. Banky's a little jealous and upset, and the rest of the film follows the entanglements of a very bizarre love triangle. What this film has that *Clerks* didn't is a lot of crying. Is Kev trying to be more grown-up?

"It wasn't like a conscious effort. It's just what the movie became as I was writing. The jokes had their place in the movie definitely, but at a certain point, we switched gears a bit. It became somewhat dramatic."

There are some golden moments. Notably the return of Jay and Silent Bob (played by Smith himself), the drug dealers from *Clerks*. Jay, played by Jason Mewes as your archetypal pot-smoking, amoral, pussy-chasing scumbag, is an old friend of Kev's.

"The character he plays in the movie is closer to how he was as a child of 11 or 12, a wilfully young character with no moral value system. He doesn't know right from wrong, so he comes across as an innocent, a child."

In *Chasing Amy*, Silent Bob explains that the film's title refers to how he loved a girl but lost her through his own jealousy, and every day since then he's been "chasing Amy". It's a moving little story, based on Kev's own life. And Jay's response?

"What you go and tell that gay story for, man?"

DANNY PLUNKETT

Chasing Amy is out now. Kev Smith is currently making a film with Alan Rickman as the voice of God. It's still set in New Jersey, though. Strewth!

"Bad boys stick together... So get wise, whoo, whooo" [*Small Time*]

Seven Deadly Sons

"Have you seen Dale Winton?"

Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club dwindled to three (Shane far right)

Shaneanigans

The story behind great new British comedy *Small Time*

In August 1994, for the trifling matter of a four grand debt, Shane Meadows was thrown out of art college. On his way home through Nottingham, while pondering a bleak future, he happened across a film crew and decided he wanted to get involved, for no better reason than his attraction to the young ladies among their number. "I thought, 'chicks, cameras, this is too good to be true'." For his help, he was allowed to borrow a camera.

Three years later with 25 short films and the soon-to-be-unleashed feature-length boxing drama *24/7*, starring Bob Hoskins, in the can, Shane and his producer compadre Dominic Dillon are seated on the sofa of their distributor's London office cheerfully imparting the saga of the making of *Small Time* (see film reviews), a side-splitting, 60-minute comedy concerning a mob-handed bunch of hapless moochers and ne'er-do-wells who steal groceries and consumer durables from the local citizens to earn their living.

Small Time comes heartily recommended. As a British comedy, it's as fresh as a virgin in a refrigerator. Written and directed by Shane and starring himself and a rag-tag group of his fledgling character actor cronies, it was made over nine days in September '95, which Shane describes as, "The maddest nine days the world has ever seen, apart from those seven that it took God to actually create the earth."

Its makers were residing in relative squalor in Sneinton, Nottingham (the setting for the film) at the time and freely admit that they had been experiencing the small time for quite a while, a world where the butts of cheap-brand fags are filched from ashtrays and frightening dietary habits are adopted. Shane was spending his giro on videos, so meals tended to consist of noodles with pineapple chunks and peanut butter – a sort of sweet-and-sour noodle nut cluster.

"The actual production budget was £5,000. That was it," explains Dominic. "And that included our trip to Aldi to buy 60 quid's-worth of beans," chimes Shane. "Everything in it was fuckin' tapped or came from tapped sources. We were living on nothing, so it fitted in with the production. If we'd tried to make it now, now I've started making money out of films... well, you're not as desperate, know what I mean? We couldn't go back and make another one." And desperados they were indeed. Leading up to the production of *Small Time*, Shane and Mat Hand (Malc in the film) were collared while "pinching a breast pump for Mat's wife, some chicken tikka sandwiches and a Walt Disney christening gown for his kid". When the police interviewed him, Mat was so nervous, he couldn't speak. Later, in the cell, this copper saw him eating this cardboard thing with the price tag on it and raced in. Mat promptly burst into tears and said, "OK, I nicked it."

"It was the maddest nine days the world has ever seen"

Along with these episodes, the natives of Sneinton have been a rich source of inspiration, ever since Shane started walking the streets with a camcorder. There's the tale of a guy called Jock: "He pretended he'd won the Lottery so that the local pub'd put a do on for him on tick. He hadn't even bought a ticket, but the pub ordered about 10 grands-worth of stuff, he invited all his mates, was in all the tabloids, then went to prison. What a story. What a loony, prepared to go to prison just so he can give his mates a party. These are exceptional people." Quite so. And then there's Anne, the newt lady he met on the street. "She'd been nicking newts from a pond, man. I couldn't believe it. Something had been going on with the local council and they were going to move the pond, so she was pinching all these newts and taking them home to live in jam jars in her front room."

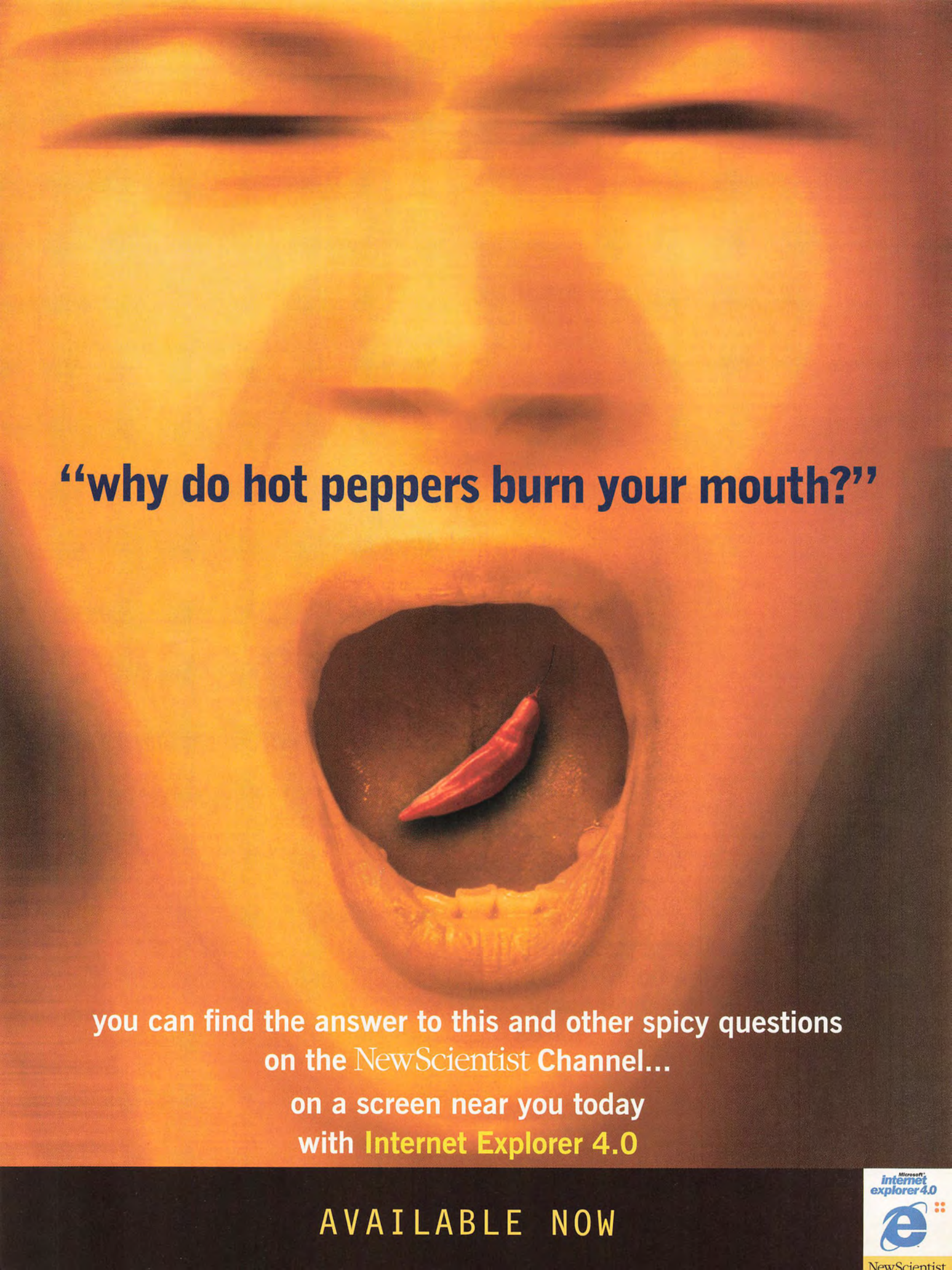
Because of his working-class background, film-settings, and his fondness for improvisation to achieve realism and convincing dialogue, Shane is getting a little pigeon-holed of late.

"Everyone's calling me Shane Leigh or Shane Loach, but there are worse comparisons. My films are just about people. If the conversation's right, then it doesn't matter whether someone's in their front room in Barnsley or they're in space. I'm thinking that, if no one makes a sci-fi film with decent conversation, I might make *Alien 5* and write the script myself and have them bicker about the biscuits that have gone missing." Even as we speak, I can tell his brain is breeding ideas like flies. He informs me that, at the moment, he and his production team have 10 or 15 stories they want to tell, as well as helping others to help themselves through a discretionary fund they've set up.

In the meantime, experience Small Time, expect to see Bob Hoskins wear a "quite long and stupid wig" in *24/7*, and prepare to be quite stunned by his performance, "because in many eyes, he's not done what he is capable of for a long time". Next up, he hopes to cast Harvey Keitel in a Western he's scripting called *Bird Hill*. So with his new-found success, is a move to the smoke on the cards? Not as yet it seems. "I wouldn't like to live down here but I quite like to visit and get all the free meals 'n' that. Food's really excellent down here. I don't know where they get all their duck from but it certainly ain't the same place I get mine. They must get all the real primo stuff."

CHAS CHANDLER

Small Time *is out now.*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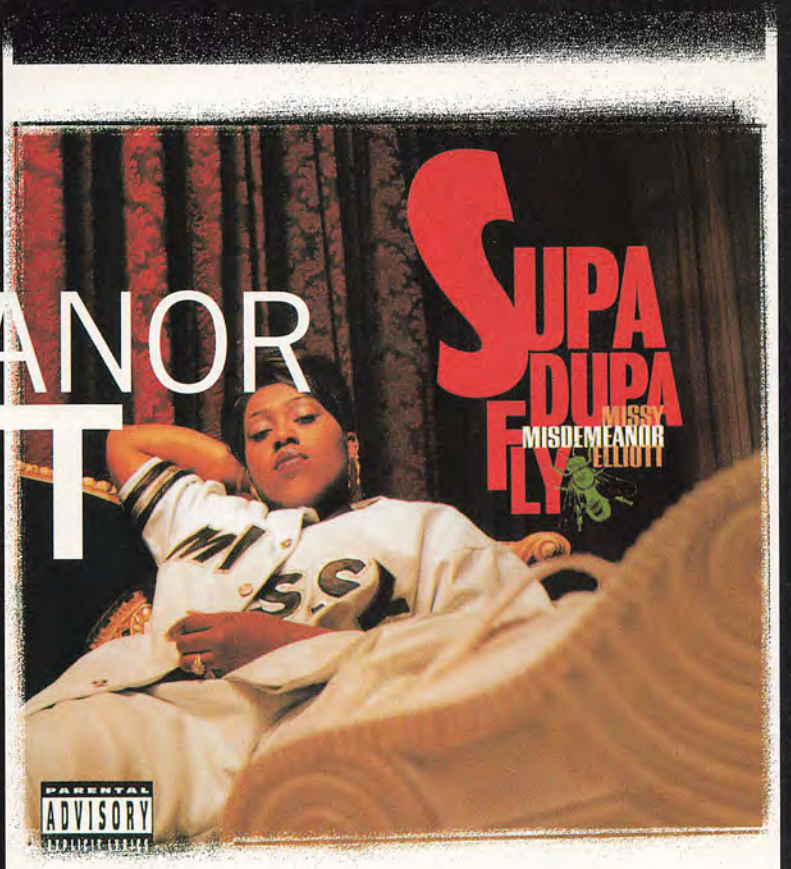

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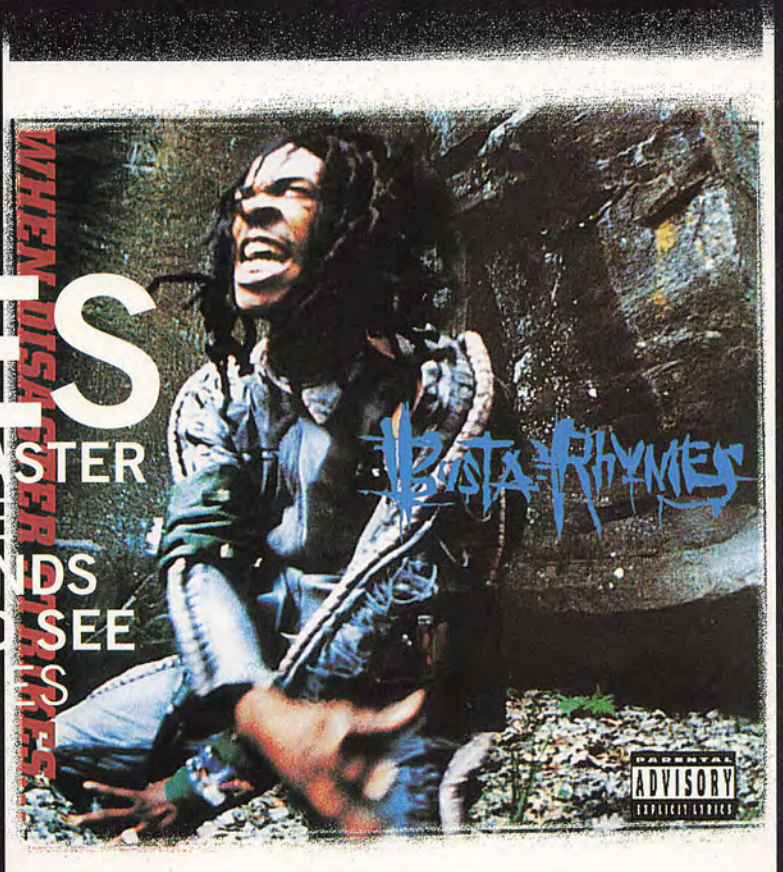


Elektra

PHAT 'N' PROUD ew

"Ignore them, Panda, they're just a pair of big kids"

Little fluffy crowds

TV's Adam And Joe and a soft toy cast of thousands

Punk TV, no less. You could say the whole thing kicked off with *Manhattan Cable*, a selection of Yank insanity from New York's public access channel, which proved that homemade television could provide the kind of gibbering hand-held entertainment value you'd never get from a decade's worth of costume dramas. Then Channel 4 came up with *Takeover TV*; it was cheap, it was local, it was cutting edge. It was also crap. With one notable exception. Two ordinary-looking, studenty types called Adam and Joe, who just happened to be telly comedy whizz-kids of the first water.

The Adam And Joe Show was next, a miracle of inspired humour and invention tucked away at the end of the Friday night schedule. The best bits were their filleted versions of hit movies using cuddly toys, working their way through *Seven*, *Kids*, *Showgirls* and *Apollo 13*, before culminating in *Toytrainspotting*, which was funny enough to make anyone who watched it spontaneously piss blood. And now they're back for a second series, so **loaded** took them Hamley's toyshop in London to do some auditions for a list of remakes.

"This place is like Central Casting to us," Joe enthuses, his eyes lighting up at the sight of shelves full of stuffed talent. Right then, let's see if you can cast *Taxi Driver*, *Psycho*, *Brief Encounter*, *Carry On Up The Khyber* and *The Godfather*. While you're at it, tell us how you came to do this for a living.

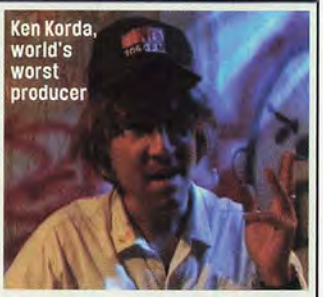
"We used to make stupid videos," says Joe, eyeing up a huge fluffy baby chick as a prospective Barbara Windsor. "We've been mates since we were 13. Ad's dad used to review video equipment, so we used to use these clunky old cameras. When *Takeover TV* came on it was a chance to do something different with access television from those BBC community programmes, where access is just serious and a platform for people to complain about local authorities."

"The problem was," says Ad, as he tries to decide whether Wile E Coyote makes a better Harvey Keitel or Tony Perkins, "if anyone does anything halfway good, they think they're above sending it in to a show like that. So they'll be carting it around to film companies and MTV. Our tactic has been a complete lack of shame and pride. I was up for having my stuff on *You've Been Framed*, but they rejected it."

This series, there was enough money to send the pair to LA, where

"Our tactic has been a complete lack of shame and pride"

Ken Korda



Ken Korda, world's worst producer

Bone-headed would-be film producer with a perfect upper-class media ponce accent, a portfolio of C-list British TV stars and an endless indifference to rejection. "We got into Warner Brothers with Ken," explains Ad. I had a hidden camera and a DAT machine. I went onto the set of *ER*, dresed up like a twat, still talking in this absurd voice, and found myself next to Eric LaSalle and Julia Margoyles in a room full of bloodstained firemen. I left a message for Michael Crichton about my new *Bodger & Badger*-based ideas for *ER*, and left. Turned out the camera had broken down after 10 minutes."

Ken Korda conducts screen tests for *Smack Me Up Gun Bitch*

"This is Tom Cruise in *Days Of Thunder*"

"This one's Barbara Windsor"

"Anthony Perkins stabs Janet Leigh in *Psycho*"

PHOTOS: ANTONY CULLEN

Ad, posing as a film producer called Ken Korda, managed to get himself thrown out of almost every movie lot in Hollywood. If you can picture Tim Nice-But-Dim trying to flog the studios a project titled *Smack Me Up Gun Bitch* starring Dale Winton, Carol Vorderman and PJ & Duncan, you've got the idea. Meanwhile Joe posed as a rent boy on Sunset strip. He got a few offers – "Which is more than Ad got when he did the same thing," – but all his prospective clients were put off by his astronomic prices and complete refusal to handle anyone's cock. Don't they ever get themselves into real trouble?

Joe puts down an Eeyore glove puppet he's lined up as Travis Bickle. "We almost got hit and arrested in a glass shop in Waterloo. They had a sign saying 'You Break It, You Pay For It'. We just went around smashing things up with a hammer and handing over the money. We thought they were going to get very angry, but they just got very frightened. Nodded and smiled and pressed the emergency button. We ended up handing out tenners to everyone, trying to make it all better: 'Sorry, sorry, there you go.'"

They also turned some poor sucker's front room into a teenage hippy girl's den while impersonating one of those flat-makeover shows; sent Adam's 74-year-old dad round the summer festivals and nicked **loaded**'s old idea of holding a piss up in a brewery. Even now, as Ad checks a large, frowning toy dog for its resemblance to Trevor Howard, they are probably fermenting some brilliantly stupid idea that'll wind up in the series. Watch it.

DAVID BENNUN

The Adam And Joe Show *returns at 11pm on Saturdays from 26 November. Thanks to Eva at Hamley's.*

Baad dad

Ad's dad does Phoenix

Adam's dad proves himself the best couch-based music critic since Beavis & Butthead. According to Adam: "The best thing is that we can pay him very very little and he doesn't complain about it. He just hates most things. The only thing he really liked was Louise, for obvious reasons. We got him to smoke a spliff at Tribal Gathering. He immediately fell in love with the girl who rolled it for him. She rang him up a week later. My mum was like, 'I think this has gone a bit far.'"

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PolyGram Video

video of the month

Guns 'N Bozos

Welcome to the jungle, Bungle

Idiot Box, High Fliers, Rental

Kevin calls his mate Mick "Skippy The Bush Kangaroo" because he's always getting him out of trouble. Kevin is a brash, foul-mouthed, good-for-nothing. A constant irritation even to Mick, as well as the rest of society, he fills his aimless days watching violent videos and drinking tinnies. In short, he's one of us. With Mick by his side, their days feature drinking identical amounts of beer and walking back from the shops, kicking each other up the arse. Add to this the obligatory touch of nicking to make the dole stretch a bit further, and you have a fair sketch of life spent with both feet in the gutter. The universal problem of being poor and fuckin' stupid with it.

Written from the same perspective on society as *Trainspotting*, this funnier-than-most comedy is so close to the bone, it could be documentary footage. It's packed with disgusting, snort your tea out through your nose belly laughs, and exquisitely timed, rough-arsed banter. Early on in the film, Kevin chastises Mick for making tea for his mum. "Why don't you go down on her while you're at it?" he spits, walking out of the kitchen in disgust. Both of them are on the slide. Incapable of even having sex properly ("I've had longer pisses than that!" squawks Kev's bird as he climbs off her to watch the news), they still come to the conclusion that the only way out of the shit is to go robbing. Sounds a bit run of the mill, but it isn't.

The bungled heist gone wrong thing, post *Reservoir Dogs*, seems as old as the hills, but screenwriter David Caesar manages to make the whole notion shitmakingly funny once again. I'll never forget watching them play out the robbery with a bog brush in place of a shooter in Kev's mum's front room. When asked what his plan is, Kevin says: "I run in, shout, 'Give us your fuckin' money', then run out." Comedy of the year.

Verdict: 10/10

PHIL ROBINSON

Point Blank, Warner Home Video, £5.99

Most people justifiably wrote Lee Marvin off for *Paint Your Wagon*. It's terrible that a duff career decision could have made the man who starred in *Point Blank* suddenly, erm, shite. But this film is the thriller as art. Lee Marvin plays a freelance spook/field agent who looks like Marmaduke crossed with a Dutch football hooligan, and spends most of the movie dragging his dead ex-wife's sister (played by top-ranked sizzler Angie Dickinson) from one shifty, stylized location to the next. The action starts when his best friend gets him to participate in a robbery – $75,000, and all he has to do is knock a couple of blokes on the head.

Still, it's never that easy – he gets left on Alcatraz with a bullet in the tummy, and his mate runs off with his wife and his cut of the money. Barely alive, he floats back to Frisco as best he can, arriving on the beach in desperate need of a couple of pints of warm claret and his 75 grand back. He promptly recovers and goes after his money, and as a result brings down a huge crime syndicate – by killing, or having killed, anyone in an expensive suit. Completely existential, and at times partially incomprehensible, John Boorman's film is a lot harder to follow than his later *Deliverance*.

Nonetheless, this is universally considered to be among the finest thrillers ever made.

Farrah Fawcett: Celebrity Centrefold, Playboy, £14.99

Despite having been one of the most famous pin-ups on the planet, the quintessential *Charlie's Angel*, and dream girl to men as old as even Ocean Colour Scene, Farrah has chosen this point in her career to go naked for *Playboy*. And at about 50, she looks surprisingly good, if a little strung out. The experience doesn't appear to do her any favours, though; in fact she cries through most of this video, and continually spouts insane drivel about her emotional state.

This is a woman in trouble. A collectors' item, if only as evidence of the nature of fame. Or not. What am I talking about? Nothing, probably. Random Quote: "Acting is about standing up naked and turning round slowly." That hit the nail on the head.

Underworld, High Fliers, Rental

No lager but lots of shouting, and Denis Leary pretending to be a hitman. His quirk, as all hitmen need one these days, is that it pleasures him to recite the lyrics of legendary songsmiths Rodgers and Hammerstein (songs like 'There is Nothing Like A Dame'). All very interesting, but not very cool. Here is yet another highly conversational hitman. This recent Hollywood affectation – the hitman as chatty manicurist – has been getting on my tits since, ooooh, late November 1994. Soon, people will actually start hiring manicurists to shoot people: "Oooooh how are youuuuuu, how are the kids? Mind if I shoot you in the fucking head while I push your fucking cuticles back, you cunt!" For once, I'd like to watch a film featuring a hitman whose quirk was to be quiet and just kill people. **PR**

Competition

Win a holiday in Las Vegas

The Martians have landed, and they're really bloody stupid. Tim Burton's *Mars Attacks!* is the best extra-terrestrial laugh to be had for ages. It revolutionized alienist humour.

Q: Why did the alien cross the road?

A: In order to take over the universe.

Is that funny? Of course not. But *Mars Attacks!* had them melting in the aisles when it hit the cinemas.

The film from Warner Home Video is now available to buy, and to make you feel even better about the movie, Warner have decided to give away a one-week holiday for two in Las Vegas, all expenses paid.

Those small, green fellas were the most disturbing celluloid foes ever to threaten planet earth. Not because they were nightmarish, but because they suggested that the universe is run by the alien equivalent of children who burn ants with magnifying glasses.

Still, when you think about it, we're all just ants wandering around the surface of an insignificant planet in a forgotten corner of one of a thousand galaxies. Hardly surprising aliens hate us so much.

To win the holiday, or one of 10 copies of the video, answer this question: Is human life meaningless?
a) Probably b) Dunno
c) Who gives a toss?
Send answers on cards marked '*Mars Attacks!*' comp, **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS.

The queue for the free burgers got out of hand

The battle of Elvis

loaded goes on location with Armstrong & Miller

Tray chic

Elvis: fighting fat and able

"Some of the best ideas we've had for sketches have been psychoactively induced," explains Alexander Armstrong, 50 per cent of the highly talented up and coming comedy duo Armstrong and Miller. Aha! That would go some way towards explaining why I am standing in the middle of the Peak District with a crossbow in my hand freezing my knackers off dressed as Elvis circa his Hawaiian period.

"'Uckin' 'ell," mutters the astonished taxi driver as he pulls over in a lay-by beside an empty road in the middle of a very bleak expanse of moorland. He sits there, open-mouthed, gazing through his windscreen at a large crowd of Elvis lookalikes standing around faithfully munching cheeseburgers. Beside them, in full butler regalia, is a slightly smaller gang of Hudsons (the late Gordon Jackson's magnificently tight-lipped incarnation from the classic Edwardian soap *Upstairs Downstairs*). "Now I've seen everything," he says.

The Elvises corner three raincoat-clad Cowleys in a gulley

Alexander Armstrong and Ben Miller, whose superbly uncool Norwegian rock combo Strijka was featured in last August's **loaded** are now, as predicted, very much in demand. They had just three weeks to film over 100 sketches for their new seven-part series for Channel 4, so **loaded** thought it only sensible to lend them a hand and find out how late-night nonsense shouted into each other's spittle-flecked ears gets turned into top notch telly that will have you tittering your nuts off: "Oi Ben, lishen... wouldn't it be funny if an army of Elvish lookalikes re-enacted an imaginary battle with an army of Gordon Jackshons in the middle of the Peak District?" Cue the Battle of Memphis...

Having visited the costume department and the make-up van, I jump on the coach wearing a Hawaiian shirt and a pair of flimsy shorts looking disturbingly like Alvin Stardust on holiday in the Bahamas. The first hour of filming involves standing around shivering, while Ben Miller, our Elvis sergeant major, delivers a rousing tactical speech to each of his divisions – the Vegas comeback pikemen, the Jailhouse axe wielders and the crack Hawaiian crossbow unit – a total of eight times.

Finally the director's happy and it's time for fags and coffee. Of all the 20 or so Elvises here today, one in particular stands out as being slightly more convincing than the rest. John Murphy, resplendent in a white, rhinestone-studded jumpsuit is Sheffield's resident Elvis impersonator. So, John, is it just a job or are you a fan? He fixes me with the King's special "I'm gonna kick your ass boy" karate stare. His right eyebrow moves up his forehead dragging with it the right-hand side of his top lip. In one swift movement he raises an invisible microphone to his lips, points a gold encrusted finger at the sky and croons in my face: "Hrrrlove me tender, love me true, never let me go. You have made my life complete and I love you so..."

The moors fall silent as the voice of the King floats eerily through the air, leaving one embarrassed berk not knowing where to look. Elvis lives – with a barmaid called Brenda on the outskirts of Sheffield, apparently.

Finally we get to the battle scene. Twenty Elvises corner three beige raincoat-clad Cowleys (Jackson in *The Professionals*) in a gulley, who then valiantly attempt to defend themselves with telescopic umbrellas. In the nick of time, reinforcements arrive in the form of a battalion of Hudsons, who storm up to the edge of the gulley, brandishing their solid silver trays and shouting the blood-curdling battle cry: "You rang, sir! You rang, sir! You rang, sir!"

I am quickly surrounded by seven rightly-incensed Hudsons who proceed to dish out a thorough pasting with boots, fists and trays. "OK, cut, it's a wrap. Thank you people that was absolutely wonderful."

We head back to the coach and there's just enough time to catch the instigators of this surreal madness before they start filming the next sketch. Are they at all concerned that TV might rapidly make them rubbish? "Fuck it, of course we're going to end up being shit," exclaims Ben Miller. "We're positively looking forward to advertising every household cleaner going and becoming deeply unfunny shadows of our former selves in the process."

Until then, however, the new series promises more of Strijka, plus the Tiny Vegetarian Dykes and Homo Mother, an exasperated gay bloke trying to bring up his son: "I feed you, I clothe you, I take you clubbing and this is how you repay me?"

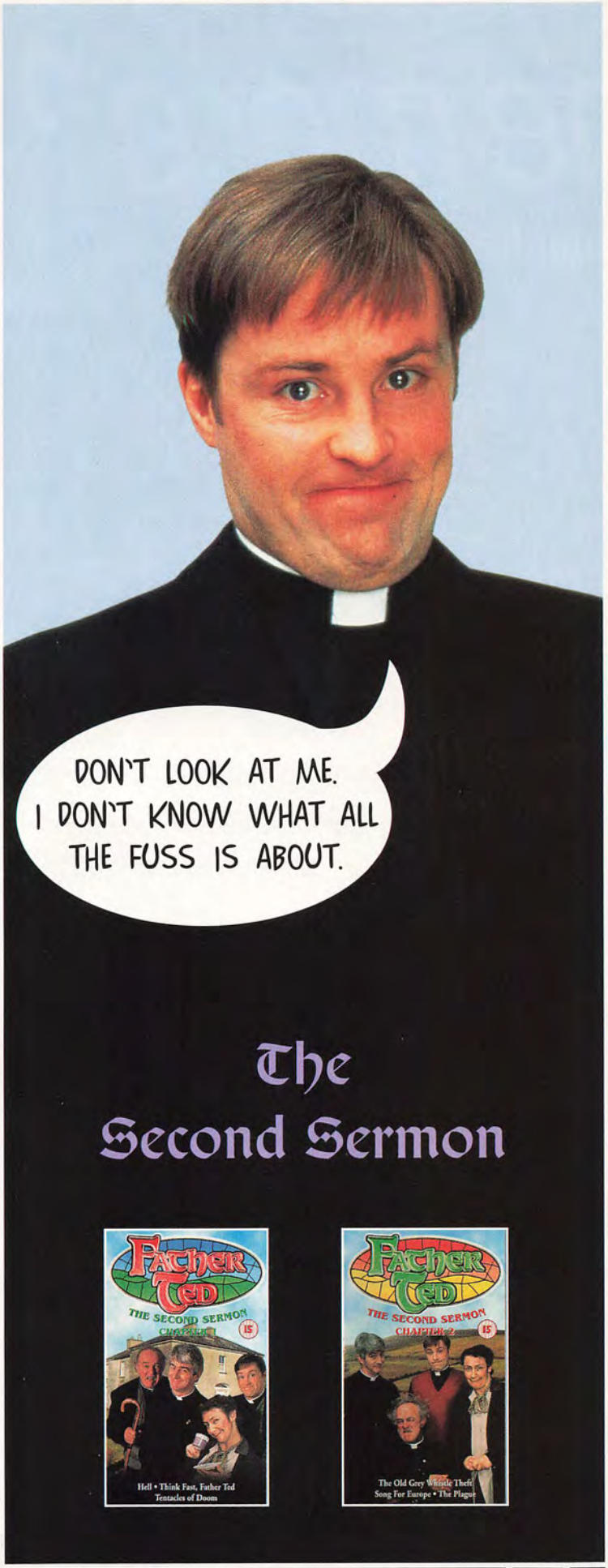
Comedy – it's a funny old game and rarely is it played much funnier than this.

PIERS HERNU

Armstrong and Miller's new seven-part series imaginatively titled Armstrong and Miller *is on Channel 4 on Monday nights.*

Elvis is dead! All 20 of them

PHOTOS: ANTHONY CULLEN



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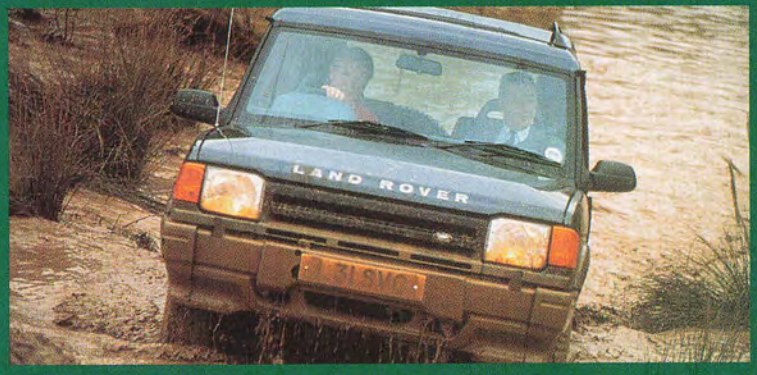

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Want some more?

Spencer Oliver twists. He also punches people rather hard

The early days of **loaded**. The end of a telephone call to Sheffield:
"If you want me, I want the cover."
"Whaddya mean?"
"I mean cover. If you want me, I want the cover."

Another telephone call (this time from the writer to **loaded**): "He wants the cover..."

"Cheeky bastard. Who does he think he is?"

"Well, he thinks he's the European Super-Bantamweight Champion."

"What kind of title is that?"

"Well, it's the only one he's got, and if you want him, you've got to give him the cover."

That was almost three years ago. An early interview with a little-known super-bantamweight boxer called Prince Naseem Hamed. He got the cover and we got an exclusive with the hottest prospect in British boxing. He was, and still is, the man to beat. It took him just 12 fights from the onset of his professional career to win the European super-bantamweight belt. The Barnet born-and-bred boxer sitting opposite me now with four stitches in his right eye claimed the title after 11 fights. For the arithmetically challenged, that's one less than Hamed.

Saturday night, Alexandra Palace. Spencer 'The Omen' Oliver is fighting 36-year-old Vincenzo Belcastro, the man Hamed beat to claim his title. Belcastro is older but no less sharp. "He was a dirty bastard," explains Oliver later. "He went in with the head and would then rear up like I'd used mine." **loaded** meet Oliver three days after the Belcastro fight – the right-hand side of his face is discoloured to aubergine purple and rapeseed yellow, and there are four coarse-looking stitches at the side of his eye like dead flies on a windshield.

Hamed destroyed Belcastro. Oliver beat him on points. "It was a real experience to fight Belcastro. A big learning curve," says the 22-year-old champion.

"I've got to finish the next opponent straight away," frowns Oliver, all too conscious of the Hamed legacy. "He's brought the prize money down the divisions, there's no doubt about that, but he's not met me yet." Hamed is now fighting at featherweight but Oliver is rated inside the top 10 of all the numerous alphabet spaghetti, world-sanctioning bodies at super-bantamweight level, and biding his time before stepping up a weight. "Naz is fighting at featherweight (nine stone) at the moment, one above me. I will go up eventually but I want to win a world title at this weight first.

"I don't get fired up by the idea of winning titles at loads of different weights. I want to win the world title at bantam, go up to feather, do something there and then retire. Making the weight is harder and harder," he says in between mouthfuls of ribbon pasta and bottled Italian beer. "I'm only 22 and I'll have to go to featherweight at some point."

He should, if things go to plan, manage a world title sometime next year. Another European title defence, his third, was scheduled for November but has now been put back to February. It's all come a bit suddenly.

"I ain't a boxing nut," he says, "but I've wanted to box since I was about seven. I always knew. My aim was to box in the Olympics, turn professional and then win a world title."

A promising amateur career has given way to an unbeaten professional record and a European title. As he puts it, "It was an opportunity I couldn't refuse. One minute I'd just won the Southern Area title and the next I was up for the European title. My manager (former British heavyweight hopeful Jess Harding) phoned to tell me and reckoned that he'd seen the champion, a fella called Martin Krastev, on video and thought that I could take him. I had a look and thought, 'No problem'. It was the best fight of my career so far."

"My mates started going out pulling girls, but I always stuck to boxing"

Oliver has none of the bluster that's common with young and unbeaten professional boxers. The humility is genuine. "I don't want a long career, d'ya know what I mean? I want to get in, earn my money and get out. If I can retire by the time I'm 27 or 28, that'll do me. I'll be talking to lampposts if I'm still boxing at 30."

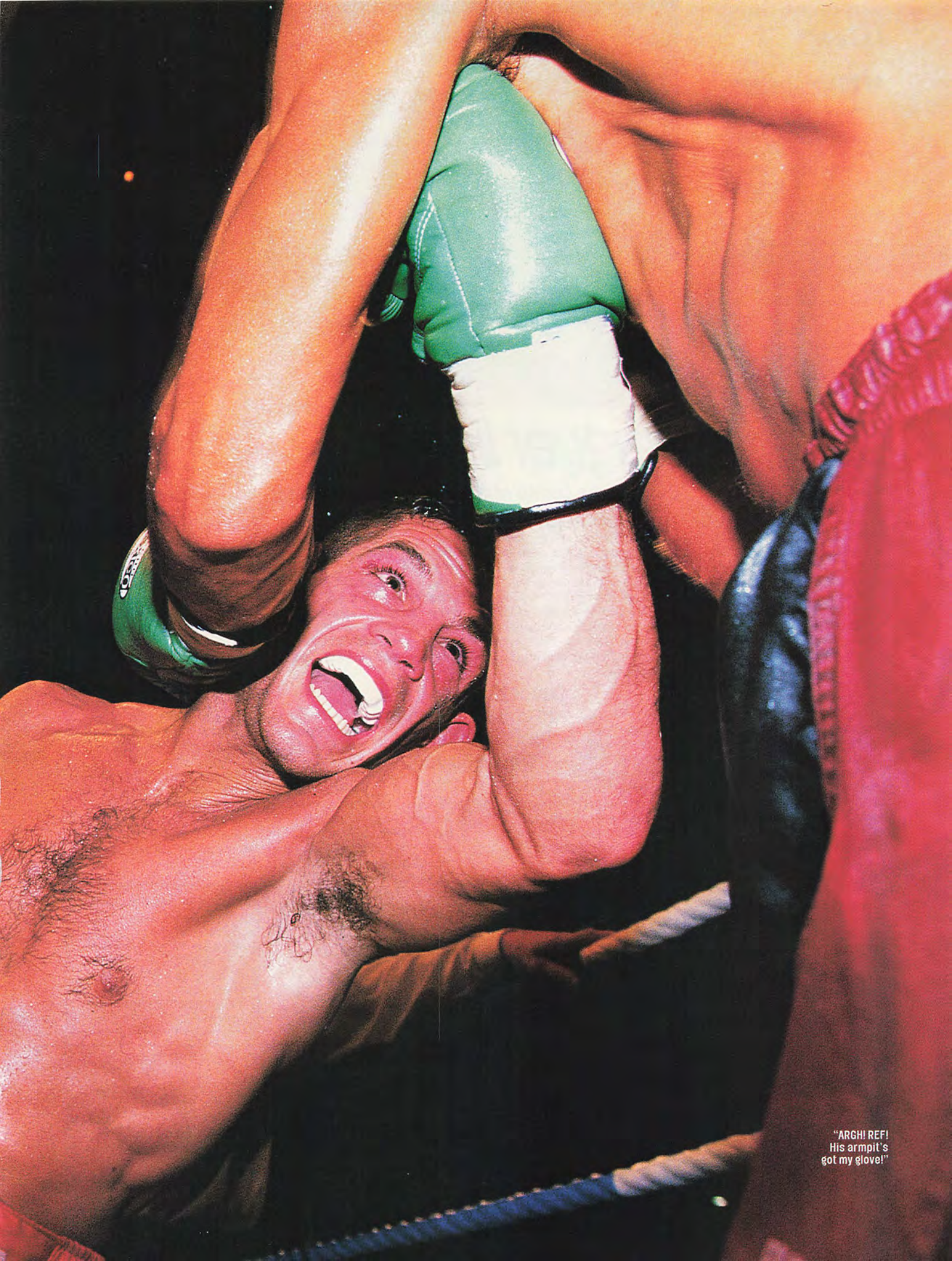
Oliver's inspired by the example of Marvin Hagler. "He did it himself and stayed retired, no comebacks, nothing. People are laughing at Sugar Ray Leonard, Duran and Tommy Hearns now. When I retire, I'm going to stay retired." But all talk of retirement is premature. This is a young boxer with his eye on the prize.

"I love what I do, even the training. Getting up's a bastard but once you've done that, gone running over Hampstead Heath and for a dip in the pool... well, it's a blinding way to start the day. When I was 15 or 16, my mates started going out and pulling girls but I stuck to boxing because I've always loved it."

Would you fight, I ask him, if there was no money in it? "Yeah, I'd still fight – for the glory. I don't want to hurt no one but when you catch them and they go down, it's the best buzz in the world. I'm starting to get asked for my autograph and that's great – and the money's a bonus."

BILL BORROWS

PHOTOS: NEALE HAYNES



"ARGH! REF! His armpit's got my glove!"

Rugger ligger

Guscott, the centre who drinks with the forwards

"Fuck it," said Jeremy Guscott, England's greatest ever Rugby Union centre, and downed his pint of potent Malaysian beer. Then he stared menacingly across the bar at the massive England lock Martin Johnson. "Are you a man or a mouse?" the look said. The drinking challenge began.

On a promotional tour in Asia to spread the word of rugby, Guscott and Johnson lost the plot. In front of the nation's media at the next day's press conference, a hungover Guscott looked at the green-faced Johnson and couldn't stop laughing. Typical Guscott. He likes to laugh a lot. In the pressure pot of the pre-game dressing room, while most players are psyching themselves up, head-banging the walls or retching with nerves, Guscott normally has to conceal a fit of giggles.

It's not that he takes rugby lightly. "I love rugby," he says, "and I am indebted to the game." It's just that when the going gets tough, and the tough get going, the enigmatic Guscott likes to take the piss – especially out of his team-mates and friends. He's also happy to be on the receiving end. Once, after a few pints, he had a go at his best mate Richard Hill. He recalls: "Hilly stood up slowly, walked across the room and whacked me. I slid, legless, to the floor. In the morning, I woke up with an aching jaw."

Being an individual off the pitch may get him into a spot of bother, but his unpredictable and instinctive running with the ball has been a sheer joy for Bath, England, and British Lions' fans. England players tended to be dull and conservative. Guscott shone.

It was eight years ago when he burst on to the England scene with a hat-trick of tries against Romania. Later the same year he made his debut for the British Lions, scoring a brilliant solo try to secure a win in Australia. A star was born. And the more glorious tries he scored, the higher his profile rose.

He gave up his job as a brickie and, after working for British Gas, was snapped up by model agencies and TV companies. He presented three series of *Body Heat* with Sally Gunnell and is now cosying up to Ulrika as John Fashanu's replacement on *Gladiators*.

He has even been the unfortunate victim of Michael Aspel and his *This Is Your Life* team. Not bad for a boy expelled from school for calling a referee a "fucking cheat" – a charge he denies – and chucked out of home at 17 by his frustrated dad for being a lazy git.

"I was still too young to realise life was in danger of passing me by," he recalls. "I could have said: 'Let me come back, I promise I'll get a job.' But that would have meant swallowing too much pride." Father and son are good friends again now.

Guscott, a proud man who likes to play games with the media, has always been a tad difficult to deal with. At school he did well, but his mates were the lads who smoked behind the bike sheds. It's the same today. Guscott is not yer average goodie "girlie back", as Mickie 'The Munch' Skinner calls them. He hangs out with the beer-drinking forwards with ears that look as though Mike Tyson has taken a nibble out of them.

Guscott learned how to cheat at fitness tests. The results were still poor

He also has the traditional forward's attitude to training. In 1990, England adopted a more professional attitude and left for a winter-training camp in Lanzarote and a series of gruelling fitness assessments. Guscott had other ideas and "learned how to cheat at the tests". His results were still "poor" and, although quicker than Will Carling, his body fat levels were high... too much beer perhaps.

In his autobiography, *At The Centre*, Guscott recalls that one night he and Stuart Barnes, the Bath and England fly-half with a legendary love of beer and wine, found themselves depressed, and sober, on the town in Lanzarote.

"No words passed between us. We looked towards a nightclub. Jason Leonard caught the direction of our glances. It was a major night. We arrived back at 4.30am." The annual fitness tests were that day. Guscott got a PB and Barnes a PW... a personal worst.

Guscott may like the odd beer, but he remains England's most natural rugby player, a match-winner the management would be mad to leave out of their plans for the World Cup. And now, as a professional player, he's very fit, too.

He was certainly a key player in the British Lions' victory in South Africa. It was Guscott's brilliant drop goal in the dying seconds of the second Test that secured a famous series win. His description of the kick is typical, a disarming mixture of humour and honesty:

"If you'd seen me spraying drop-kicks all over the pitch in training the week before – off the outside of my foot, the inside, the end of my toe – you would have bet as much money on my putting it over as you would on a one-legged man in a backside-kicking contest.

"The moment is frozen in my memory. As the ball drifted towards me through the arc of the floodlights, everything seemed to happen in slow-motion. I dreaded its arrival. I concentrated purely on putting boot to ball. I struck it cleanly. The sense of elation I felt when I looked up and saw the drop soar between the posts will stay with me forever."

And with every Lions fan, too.

BEN WEBB

Jeremy Guscott: The Lions' Diary, *by Jeremy Guscott and Nick Cain is published by Michael Joseph, £16.99.* Jeremy Guscott: At The Centre *by Guscott and Stephen Jones is published by Pavilion Books at £16.99.*

"The bar is open"

England Fixtures

v Australia 15th November (Twickenham)
v New Zealand 22nd November (Old Trafford)
v South Africa 29th November (Twickenham)
v New Zealand 6th December (Twickenham)

Competition

Win a copy of Alan Hansen's new video, *High Wide & Hansen* (out on the 17 November on Carlton Home Entertainment at £12.99), a collection of classic football bloomers from the last 20 years. Plus we've got a signed Number Four Liverpool shirt and five Hansen-signed footballs to hand out to the winners. So write in to 'Alan Hansen Comp', **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS with the answer to this: Football – is it a game of two halves?

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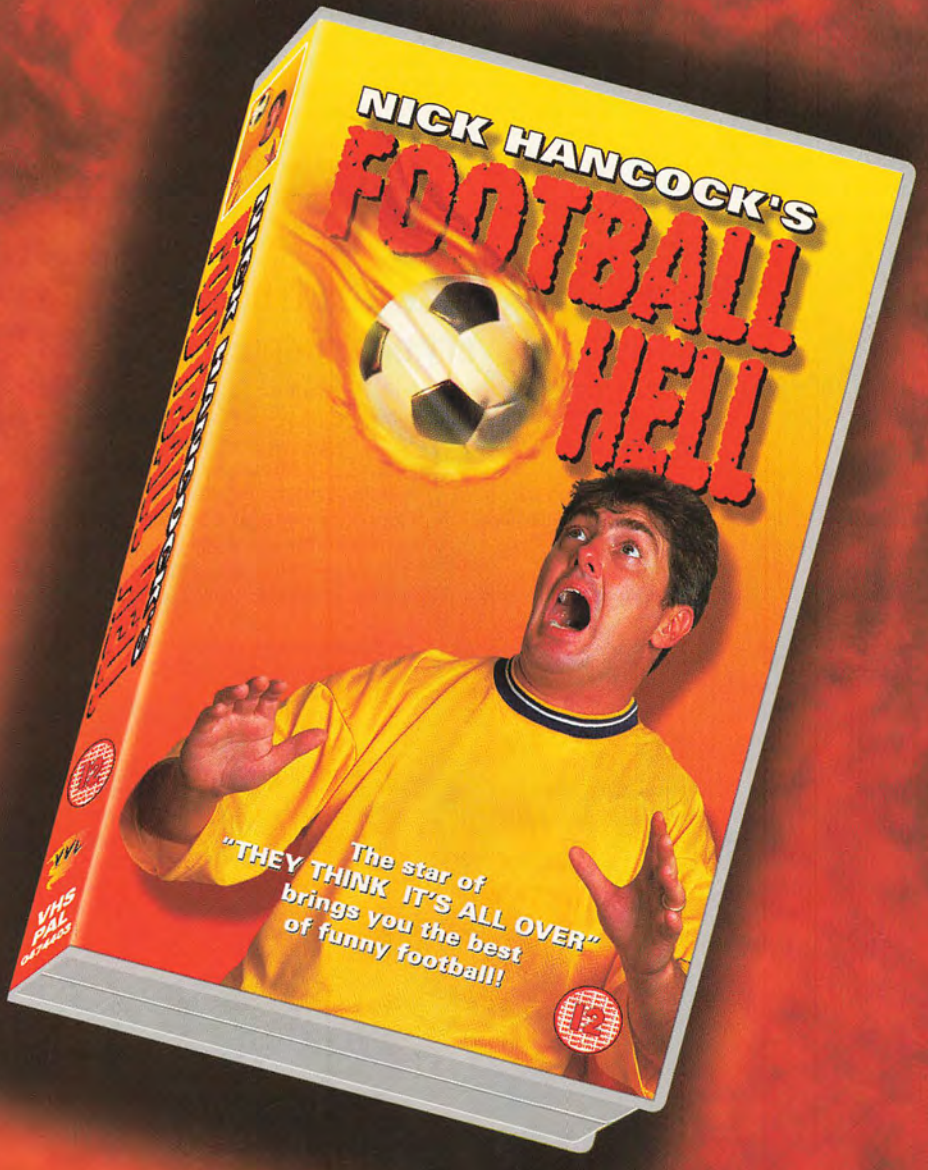

Nick Hancock's hysterical collection of humiliating football sins committed by some of the game's biggest stars

OUT NOW ON VIDEO

Running man

Triathlete Patrick Barnes, 82, races into extra time

He looks like a right basket-case, that old fella sitting in the foyer of a hotel in Windsor with his cycle helmet on wonky, munching his way through a plateful of Custard Creams. But 82-year-old Patrick Barnes is Britain's oldest triathlete and has swum, run and cycled further than you ever will in your entire life. Which means he might be barmy.

"I'm not mad," he mutters, snatching his cycle helmet from his head and stashing it under his chair, "but I am getting that way. Since I turned 80, I get terribly absent-minded with words. I got very flustered earlier because I couldn't remember the word for wet suit. I knew I had something heavy in my bag, but I couldn't explain to people what it was."

loaded is at the Pepsi Max Triathlon, where Patrick is competing in the sprint competition, a one and a half kilometre swim, followed by a 40km bike ride and a 10km run. He competes in some race or other most weekends. In all, he's completed 110 triathlons, failing to finish in just 15 races.

He didn't even start running until he'd retired from a life of chartered accountancy, when he decided to train for a marathon instead of slowly rotting in his carpet slippers. He came last in that race, but realised this had its benefits. "When I got to the finish line, I was kissed by three beauty queens," he says with a glint in his eye. "I noticed that if you came in the middle of the field, you only got a kiss from one of them."

Since then, he's been a prolific loser. In this year's London Marathon it took him over nine hours to finish, and they'd re-opened the road to traffic before he'd even got to Tower Bridge, which is short of halfway.

"But when I got into Birdcage Walk, they sent out a young lady to bring me in. I certainly thought 'never again' afterwards, but I'm not so sure now. But it's really hard doing the marathon when you're a bad runner. And I really am a very bad runner. I'm just good at finishing in last place."

Which is more than most of us would manage. Ask him about his finest athletic hour and he'll tell you it was when he came second in a battalion race in 1941. Since then, it's been downhill all the way, except for the World Triathlon Championship in Manchester three or four years ago when he came second to last.

I represented Britain in the 75 to 79 age group, he says proudly, before polishing off the biscuits. I beat an American lady who gave up halfway through, then changed her mind and rejoined the race.

Mercifully, he doesn't put it all down to a strict regime of abstinence. "If I go out to dinner, I will drink whatever's there, but I don't drink very much at home. I smoked in the army, but I gave up cigarettes because they were usually stale. Then I tried smoking a pipe, but that just gave me wind."

So there's hope for us all, and at least another 35 years of boozing and smoking to look forward to before the training regime starts in earnest.

IESTYN GEORGE

"It's hard when you're a bad runner. And I really am a very bad runner"

Sports Listings

Climbing, Entre-Prises World Cup Final, National Indoor Arena, Birmingham, 28-30 November. Tel: 0161 445 4747

Vast resources will be spent on building one of the steepest indoor walls ever so people can climb up it. The ones outside aren't good enough, apparently, and no one above the age of 30 admits to climbing trees any more. Afterwards small pieces of the wall will be sold to tourists. Ingenious.

Diving, National Winter Championships, Sheffield, 8-9 November. Tel: 01509 618728

Sheffield, the hub of the world diving fraternity, hosts this event amongst the splendour of tower blocks, abandoned steel works and the tea shop on the corner of the high street. Rescheduled from the open air pool at one of the primary schools because the changing facilities had only 12 lockers, the event will now take place in the duck pond near the chippy.

Motor Rallying, Network Q RAC Rally, Chester, 21-24 November. Tel: 01753 681736

The RAC will be disappointed because most of the teams use their own repair blokes and car stuff not found in the back of repair vans on motorway hard shoulders. Spectators will be required to stand incredibly close to the tracks thus giving everyone watching at home the added suspense of a possible car-sliding-into-people scenario.

Ju Jitsu, European championships, Sweden, 21-23 November. Tel: 01924 488114

Would-be ninjas and Bruce Lee fanatics will fight, parry and sing Abba songs until the crowd gives in and admits that ju jitsu is just as hard as Thai boxing and tae kwon do. Until they get away from the event when they'll admit they were lying.

PIERS TOWNLEY

PROMOTION

Complete From A to Zinc

Christmas parties, late nights, possibly the odd medicinal sherry, you know the score probably. And it's not just the liver the size of Wembley and burstin' the elastic on your Christmas pants you've got to worry about, 'cos every time you gulp down your festive tipple you could be increasing the amount of certain B Vitamins you need.

Now that probably doesn't mean anything to you. In fact, 62 per cent of you didn't have a notion in a survey carried out by CENTRUM and Gallup. And worse still, nearly half of you thought drinking increased your need for calories, paving the way for more Christmas kebabs! Now, is this your idea of a balanced diet?

Vitamin B (this is the scientific bit) is made up of stuff that isn't floating around inside you, and you need it for healthy skin and hair, and most bodily functions. Fags are not the friend of nutrients either, increasing the levels of those antioxidant guzzling free radicals. (By the way, in case you didn't know, you need antioxidant vitamins to help protect the body from the damaging effects of free radicals and help maintain a healthy immune system.) So while you're down the shops loading up on Christmas booze and tabs, pick up some extra help from CENTRUM multimineral multivitamins.

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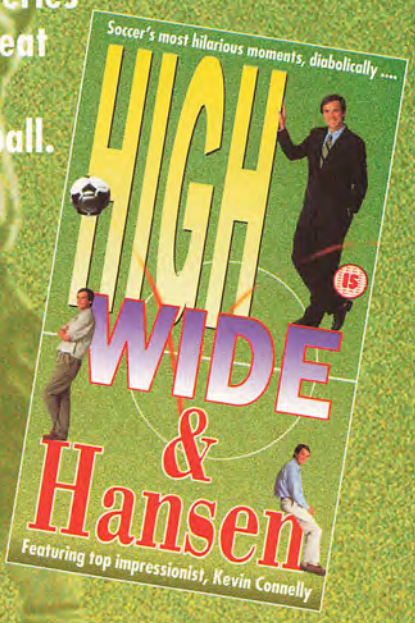
Alan Hansen comments on an all-action series of hilarious off-beat and unbelievable moments in football.

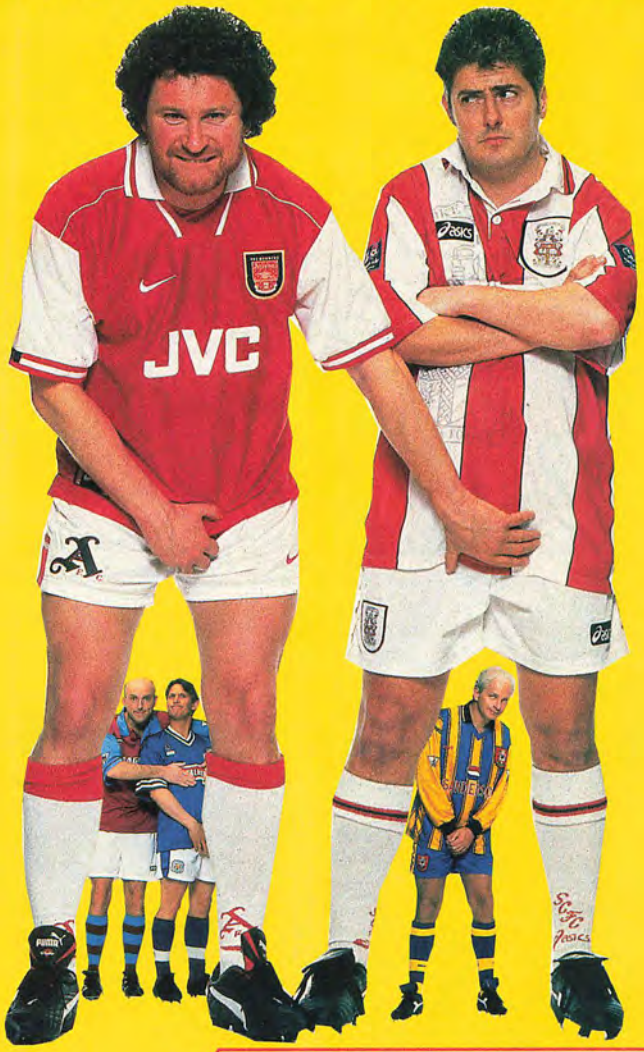
Featuring top impressionist, Kevin Connelly

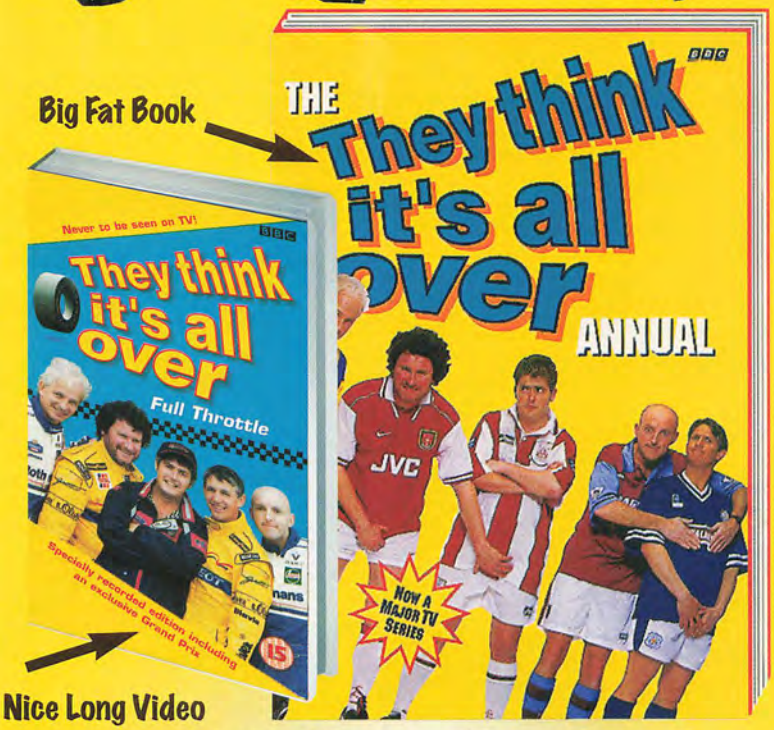


CARLTON Home Entertainment

OUT ON VIDEO 17th NOVEMBER

Grab a couple of plums this Christmas





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Unique Publishing

That shrink-ray's a bastard

"Alright, alright, size isn't everything you know"

Stunted fun

loaded revs up the minimotos

It's long and shiny, has batteries and if you stick it between your legs, it buzzes around, gives you a great deal of pleasure and sometimes brings you off. It's 11 o'clock on a Sunday morning and **loaded** has journeyed to the sleepy suburbs of Harlow in Essex to road test some strange contraptions.

Approaching the front door, photographer Neale Haynes and I exchange puzzled glances as we are greeted by high-pitched screams and the angry whine of tiny engines. Peering gingerly inside, it's a relief to discover that we've not stumbled upon a Harlow Chainsaw Massacre. Instead, we find ourselves in a warehouse the size of an aircraft hangar and the temperature of a fridge freezer, filled with people haring around on motorbikes no bigger than a dachshund. Christ it's odd what some people choose to do on a Sunday morning.

The first race sees our Haynes pitted against a bloke who's 6ft 4in, a bird who's 4ft 6in, and an individual who claims to like living in Croydon. The boy wonder wastes no time in grabbing pole position on the starting grid. Four very ordinary people are suddenly transformed into slavering sales reps as they rev the guts out of the tiny 39cc engines nestling snugly between their thighs and wait for the lights to change.

Red turns to green and it's difficult not to dance with unbridled joy as Haynes wobbles round the first hairpin and is left trailing the field, looking like a donkey at the Grand National.

"Er, I can only do you a small pizza"

Finding his form, however, the youngster soon ghosts past 'Croydon' at Schumacher corner to take third place. The fourth lap sees a spectacular tumble from Tall Bloke in the lead as he oversteers around a corner, and swallow-dives gracefully over the handlebars. Adding injury to insult, Small Bird, who's following close behind him, careers straight into him and joins him sprawling across the track.

Grinning broadly at the others' misfortune, the dastardly Haynes slaloms nonchalantly through the bodies to take the chequered flag. By means of a succession of vile facial expressions, he proceeds to redefine the meaning of the word smug. Clapping while clenching our teeth, we hope to see pride coming before a big fall.

We are greeted by screams and the angry whine of tiny engines

The prospect of doing 50mph on a souped-up hairdryer is not one I greet with relish. After three laps of pokey acceleration, twitchy brakes and full-tilt cornering, I find myself strategically poised behind the other three contestants in a creditable fourth place. "Time to kick ass," I announce, as I open up the throttle, lose the back end and slide into the crash barriers. Motorcycling history is probably littered with the ragged, bloody corpses of those who decided it was 'time to kick ass', I muse, remounting and heading off in hot pursuit. Thankfully, I'm handed third place on a large, licked clean, empty plate, when the fat bloke in front of me completely forgets to slow down at the end of the worryingly named 'Senna straight' and ends up adding to the number of spare tires lying around the edge of the track.

And the next sign said 'gnome'

Inevitably Haynes, suppressing a smirk and clapping limply, is waiting to greet me. "Unlucky," he says, managing to muster all the sincerity of Bob Monkhouse force-fed Es.

Having extricated himself from the mound of tyres, the sizeable figure of Mark the electrician from Crawley traipses in last, carrying his stalled motorbike under his arm. "I dunno if you noticed," he moans to his mates, "but my bike was definitely slower than the rest."

"I dunno if you noticed, Mark," pipes up one of them bravely, "but you're a fat git."

Minimotos – bikes the size of dachshunds for those of you with balls the size of a Great Dane's. The dog's bollocks.

PIERS HERNU

If you'd like to know about this and other bizarre pursuits, call Steve Mason at Wildside on 0181 366 1766.

Competition

Get your car tattooed

When you're driving down the street, do people think, "Oh look, there goes another faceless wage slave in his regulation family wagon"? Should they be thinking, "Whoever's driving that car must be at the epicentre of all that is truly insane in the universe"? Well, salvation is at hand. PPG Industries, the largest car paint producer in the world, has agreed to give a **loaded** reader's car a bit of a going over. They'll be spraying a design produced by the winning reader on either the sides or the bonnet of his, or her, car. To enter, send us a design for the tattoo you'd like to have. For the first time ever in **loaded**, entries in a competition will be judged by someone who knows what they're on about – the man in charge of PPG's training centre, Bob Magee – so you'll have to pull your fingers out. Send designs in envelopes marked PPG Respray Comp to **loaded**, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS. Entries must be in before the end of November. Ta.

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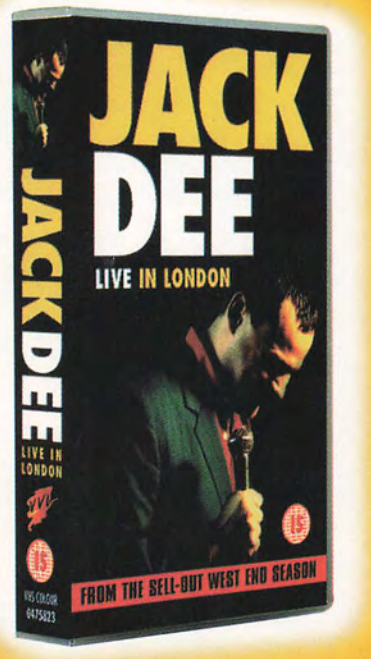
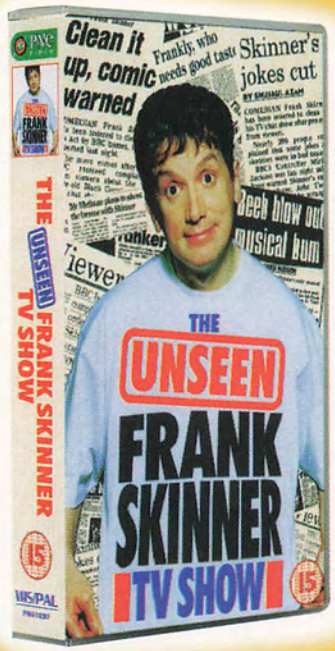
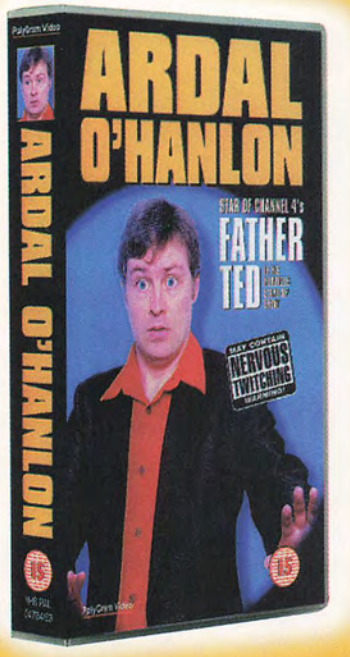


Jack Dee
Live In London


Clean it up, comic warned
Frankly, who needs good taste
Skinner's jokes cut
THE UNSEEN FRANK SKINNER TV SHOW
THE UNSEEN FRANK SKINNER TV SHOW

Frank Skinner
The Unseen Frank Skinner TV Show



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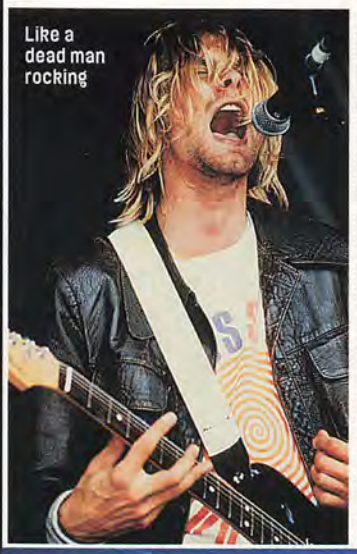
Ozzy, obviously feeling a little cross



Like a dead man rocking

Curtis lost control again

Death, where is Sting?

The full tragedy of rock'n'roll suicide

"You're too old to lose it, too young to choose it/And the clock waits so patiently on your song/You walk past the cafe but you don't eat when you've lived too long/You're a rock'n'roll suicide." – David Bowie, 'Rock'n'Roll Suicide'

Suicide has always been a favourite source of inspiration amongst pop and rock song writers. While some have been content to merely sing about, or name their band after the act of self-destruction (Suicide, Suicidal Tendencies etc), there were a select few who felt obliged to take their death wish fantasies to the limit.

In his mid '70s Thin White Duke persona, David Bowie outraged fans by foolishly flashing a Nazi-styled salute in public and claiming in an interview for *Playboy* magazine that, "Hitler was one of the first rock stars." If Bowie's theory is correct, then Der Führer was the world's first rock'n'roll suicide.

BANG! On 30 April, 1945 with the advancing Russian army thundering above them, Adolf Hitler and his newly wedded bride Eva Braun crossed the threshold of his secret underground bunker and prepared to shut out the world forever. To preserve her beauty, Eva gulped down a cyanide capsule. Hitler chose to shoot himself in the right temple, with a picture of his mother clutched tightly to his chest. Guards carried the bodies to an open pit in the Chancellery garden, soaked them in petrol and set them on fire. It took two and a half hours for the flames to die down before the ashes could be collected and buried at an undisclosed location. Hitler's fiery finale put paid to the master race, but unfortunately couldn't stop the future hordes of '70s Goth bands from embracing certain aspects of Nazi chic. One of the most famous and exalted was Joy Division, a Mancunian outfit who named themselves after the bordellos which were a regular feature of Nazi concentration camps. Their lead singer was a gangly, reedy voiced 22-year-old called Ian Curtis.

All the glamour's gone out of pop these days

Curtis was found hanged. Life had torn him apart

CHOKE! On 18 May, 1980, with only hours to go before Joy Division embarked on their first US tour, Curtis was found hanged. According to Tony Wilson, then chairman of Factory Records, "Curtis watched the Werner Herzog film *Strozek*, the last line of which is, 'There's a dead man in the cable car and the chicken's still dancing', listened to some Iggy Pop and then put a rope around his neck." As a diagnosed epileptic, prone to bouts of depression with a marriage heading towards the rocks, Curtis was on a downward spiral. Life had torn him apart. Later the band would darkly joke that the suicide of their lead singer had been "a brilliant publicity stunt". Ian Curtis became a martyr for the masses of depressed young people who would hear the sound of their own pain in his music and form their own gloom-sodden rock combos. Before Saint Ian, however, there was The Singing Nun!

GLAG! 1963's big hit was a cloyingly twee canticle devoted to Saint Dominic which was strummed and sung by one Sister Luc-Gabrielle (aka Sister Smile, The Singing Nun). 'Dominique' managed to shift over a million copies and made the otherwise reclusive Belgian nun into a star. Leaving the convent, she took her own name of Jeannie Deckers and hooked up with fellow fallen nun Anne Pecher. Although in her Sister Smile guise she had donated all her royalties to charity, the unbelieving Belgian authorities insisted that she pay thousands in back taxes, a decision that forced her to record an electro-boogie version of her one-hit wonder. It flopped spectacularly. In 1985, the pair were found dead in their home after swallowing a cocktail of pills and booze. Part of their suicide note read: "We hope God will welcome us. He saw us suffer." Those still trying to pry the saccharine warble of 'Dominique' from their memories three decades later, however, are the real sufferers. Some songs need a shotgun blast to shift them.

KERRPOW! During the late '80s and early '90s, heavy metal merchants Ozzy Osbourne and Judas Priest were dragged through the US courts by grieving parents who claimed that Ozzy's 'Suicide Solution' tune and various Priest power anthems had caused their sons to shoot themselves after hearing subliminal messages in the mix. Despite an attempt by the grim legions of the US pro-censorship group, the PMRC, to ban heavy metal forever, both cases were eventually thrown out of court due to insufficient evidence. Heavy metal was off the hook.

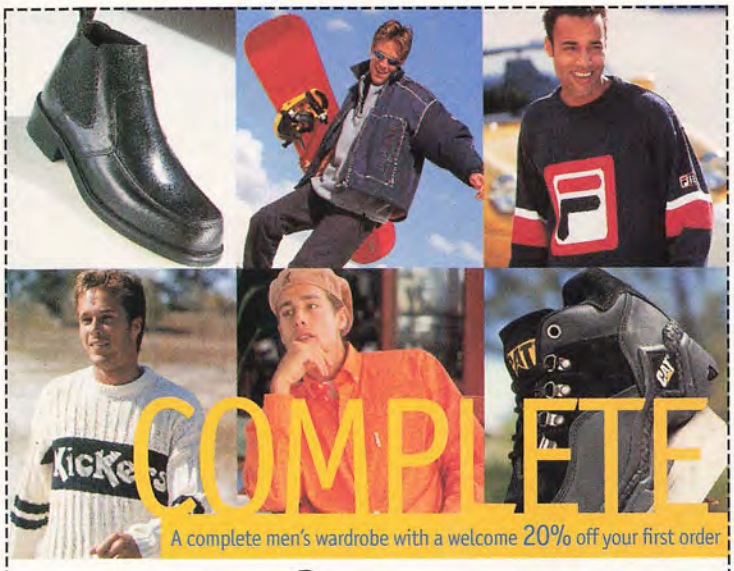
BLAMM! One case of rock'n'roll suicide that simply refuses to curl up and die is the case of Nirvana frontman Kurt Cobain, who died on 5 April, 1994 in his Washington home after reportedly sticking a shotgun to his head and pulling the trigger. At the time blame was fixed on Cobain's bouts of depression and his heroin habit, coupled with the singer's unease about being an instant rock icon. Since then a series of bizarre conspiracy theories have exploded onto the Internet (mostly from one Toby Amirault) which suggest that Kurt was murdered, and ludicrously allege that his execution was masterminded by his widow, Courtney Love! The motive, according to Amirault (whose forthcoming book *The People Vs. Courtney Love: The Murder of Kurt Cobain* is "still four years away"), was "his estate and the power that money buys". Although he is still gathering the final fragments of 'evidence' to support his claim, Toby suggests that fans of Cobain should boycott all Nirvana product and demonstrate on Love's lawn until justice is done.

"I hope that she and everyone involved are found guilty in a court of law and punished according to their crimes," he says.

Odds on, then, that 'Jailhouse Rock' is almost definitely not on Courtney's jukebox.

EDWIN POUNCEY

PHOTOS: REDFERNS/MSI/RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE



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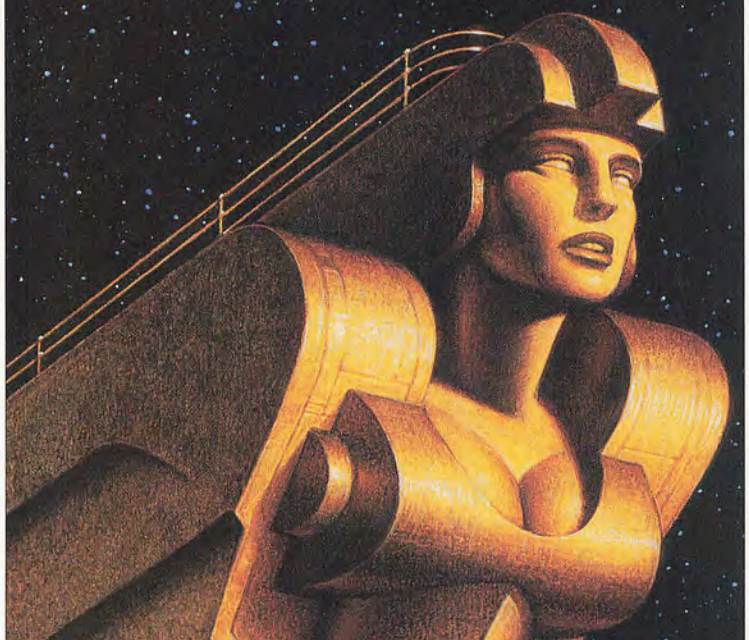

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PAN 50 YEARS

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book of the month

The Hitman and Her before Michaela Strachan was invented [Studio 54]

Club class

Top stars havin' it large at a fancy '70s nitespot

Studio 54/The Legend, te Neues Publishing, £19.95
Bianca Jagger riding round on a horse, chaps on swings in gold nappies, a huge man in the moon sculpture that descended from the ceiling and took cocaine, Jackie Kennedy, Sylvester Stallone, John Travolta, Liz Taylor falling all over the place, Ilie Nastase and Salvador Dali on the dancefloor and 500 assorted New York disco riff raff of negotiable sexuality. Such was the average night out at Studio 54 back in the '70s, perhaps the greatest nightclub ever to set sail on the choppy waters of pro-celebrity drug anarchy. It was the pre-AIDS pro-sex Everest of Western hedonism, until the police closed it down because the walls were full of money. Felice Quinto, the original paparazzo's photographs are amazing and this book should be on the national curriculum. Essential reading for anyone who thinks that running round a club in Ibiza on bad E with a bottle of water listening to speed garage constitutes hedonism. Random quote: "Flanked by a person of indeterminate sex dressed as a peeled potato." Story of my life.

loaded photographer's book of the month

It's not very hard vandalising your own private jet, mate

Higher Than The Sun – Primal Scream by Grant Fleming, Ebury Press, £10.99
From our own correspondent Mr Grant Fleming comes book two in this month's Black And White Pictures Of People Totally Off Their Faces series. This time it's The Scream, surrounded by and shining bright in the happy carnage of touring. And what a state they are. This book could be used as an advanced training manual for hotel cleaners and chambermaids. The text reveals that Grant escaped from Damascus at the height of the Gulf War to take these pictures. Based on this story, it looks like he'd have been safer where he was. Random quote: "Hotel staff appear in gas masks."

Dicks Out 2 by Rob Merellis, Red Card Publishing, £9.99
A further collection of football songs that skirts around the true obscenity of the genre. It's difficult to imagine this book being of any use to anyone other than students at some half-arsed university, doing a degree in sociology at the tax payer's expense. Momentarily interesting though, like a falling sycamore seed. Random quote: "Norwich."

Cocaine – A Novel by Phil Strongman, Abacus £9.99
No! Noooo! Someone's gone and blown the lid off drugs and the media! According to this joker, music journalism works something like this: three grammes of charlie for a good single review, six grams to make it one of the discs of the week. I used to take cocaine just to be able to listen to half the records. By the time I'd written disc of the week I was a grand in debt. How times have changed. No time for a random quote, the place is swarming with coppers.

Slave To The Rhythm by Liz Jones, Little Brown, £16.99
A book about Prince and his touching struggle for "freedom" from "slavery" via "music", and "love". It's that simple. Random quote: "Sexy."

Joystick Nation by JC Herz, Abacus, £9.99
A comprehensive and well written history of the videogame from the lo-fi *Pong*, via *Defender* in 1980, to the modern day. Random quote: "Then the 2D guys come in and put the skin on it." Nerdvana!

Black Box by Nicholas Faith, Boxtree, £9.99
The book of the TV series, billed as something every air traveller should read, shortly before they decide to stay at home. If any of this is true, and it looks like it is, then plane tickets should have larger warnings than fag packets. Random quote: "Crash."

Gut Symmetries by Jeanette Winterson, Granta, £15.99
Symmetrical guts! What use is that? Two livers I can see the point of, and four stomachs – cow style – can only be a good thing. But who, apart from whoever commissions *Hale and Pace*, wants two arseholes? Jeanette Winterson somehow avoids these issues and instead writes some kind of novel. Weird. Random quote: "Post coital ludos lathered with Champagne."

How To Get Pregnant by Harriet Griffey, Bloomsbury, £7.99
Does this book really need to be 137 pages long? Apparently, getting pregnant today has less to do with the common or garden sex act and everything to do with Shiatsu massage. Aimless. The last thing this world needs is more people, and if some childless couple really want a baby then they can adopt some starving kid. Random quote: "Granary bread."

The Book Prize Winner by Jonathan King, Blake, £10**
The fact that Jonathan King is a twat is not so much written in stone as scarred legibly across the surface of the moon. The same moon that everyone's gone to, in one of his songs. Or maybe he's a ruse, a Trojan twat, sent in by clever people to expose the cretins in our midst. Perhaps we'll never know. Random quote: "As he pumped brutally inside her, she felt a fountain build up on the other side, as though she was going to have a pee." The work of an imbecile.

Sex Lives Of The Hollywood Idols by Nigel Cawthorne, Prion, £6.99
The great thing about books that focus primarily on dead people is that you can say what you like about them. Clark Gable had a monkey in a little dress that he fucked in the eye. There, I've just made that up and there's nothing Clark can do about it because he's dead. This book's probably a bit like that. Random quote: "Rock went into the closet."

MICHAEL HOLDEN

look at the legs on that

The Chapman brothers: art that can tell its arse from its elbow

Hey, aren't you related to the Kappa logo?

Well, it saves on the cost of trainers

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS AND VICTORIA MIRO GALLERY, LONDON

Standing and squatting everywhere in Dinos and Jake Chapman's massive South London art studio are the twisted, naked bodies of their trademark little girl mannequins. Some are sprouting penises and vaginas from obscure parts of their sleek, otherwise sexless, fibreglass bodies. Others are weighed down with pendulous 'Gazza breasts', or covered in a rash of sphincters. Some have been joined together by head and hip to create a cluster of unearthly, nightmarish sexual deformity that might have crawled straight from the pages of UK horror writer Clive Barker's *Books Of Blood*.

These images may shock on initial impact. But once you've got used to staring at the tangle of artificial limbs and sex shop genitalia, the next gut reaction is to laugh. Yet in a society that abhors the violation of children, it's surprising the tabloids aren't banging on the Chapmans' studio door demanding an exclusive.

"I'm not sure they'd get much worth out of it," considers Jake. "The people that are most paranoid about what our work means or how it operates are those who want to take their discourse seriously and believe that those values are dangerous. I think people who read the tabloids don't give a shit. They are not the intended victims of our work."

The man in the street, it would seem, is of no particular interest or threat to the Chapman brothers. Instead they prefer to bite down hard on the hand that is feeding them.

Since graduating with MAs from the Royal College of Art in 1990, they've had hordes of prominent art collectors visiting their studio to buy their work, the most famous being Charles Saatchi whose collection of contemporary British art forms the controversial Sensation show now on view at The Royal Academy.

"It's a good show to do because it gives people a chance to see work that would otherwise be in crates at MOMA," explains Jake. "But to make vast claims about it being the art of our time is ludicrous."

It is just that ludicrous side of the art world at which Dinos and Jake like to poke fun. In one of their most memorable pieces, 'Mummy and Daddy Chapman', Mummy sported a forest of dicks while Daddy's torso was peppered with arseholes.

"A gallery owner in Milan, Franco Toselli, refused to show it. But the nice surprise was that the Daddy figure looked a bit like Toselli. We had a massive row with him, and he sent the figures back to London. We

The Alanis Morissette cloning experiment was flawed from the start

decided to get some Oedipal revenge. We chopped the head off, stuck a dick where the nose should have been and put it in a porn film. It stands as a kind of warning."

Daddy Chapman's decapitated, modified dickhead was the static star of *Bring Me The Head Of Franco Toselli!*, where two lesbian lovers use him as a sex toy until they get bored and kick him out of bed. "He's just bunged aside," laughs Dinos, "he's obviously not very good. But he's still got that stupid grin on his face."

"It's about producing something

"We can't get the material for real genetic experiments, but it'd be nice"

without having too much to do with it," explains Jake. "We got the money, went to the production people and said, 'Here's the head, you do it!' The whole thing would be prostitutional from the beginning. In the end we'd get the head back, maybe a bit fucked up, and a film.

"It's the same for these things," Jake waves an arm at a mutant mannequin. "People say to us, 'I love the way you model their faces,' but we don't do that. The trick is that they already exist and we just change the order of them. It's like DIY genetics. We're not proficient enough to be involved in real genetic experiments because we can't get the material, but it would be nice."

Last month saw the brothers making their New York debut. 'Six Feet Under' was an audience participation piece which proved to be their most disturbingly spectacular and intimidating project to date. The art crowd were forcibly bundled into monastic robes and shunted into a space that gave the illusion of being thrown into a mass grave. The familiar children of the damned beamed down, while a huge skull fragment-encrusted box invited the curious spectator to take a peek through a single spy-hole.

"Inside there was a little family scene featuring a mother and father with their stomachs cut open, plus a machine raining blood on them and two strobe lights, so you could see nothing until suddenly this absolutely horrific scene flashed into view for a second. It was like acid for people who don't take acid."

"We had a show in Paris with a queue of up to 30 people waiting to look through the hole," says Dinos. "Everybody is a voyeur and needs to know what's behind the hole, and the person in front has been there two seconds too long. It's amazing the amount of aggression it causes."

"As Dinos once said," adds Jake, "it's like Alton Towers for the bourgeois classes."

EDWIN POUNCEY

Sensation: Young British Artists From The Saatchi Collection is at the Royal Academy of Arts until 28 Dec. A limited edition video, Jake And Dinos' Studio Tours, *is available for £50 (0171 231*

IS YOUR JOYSTICK FLOPPY?

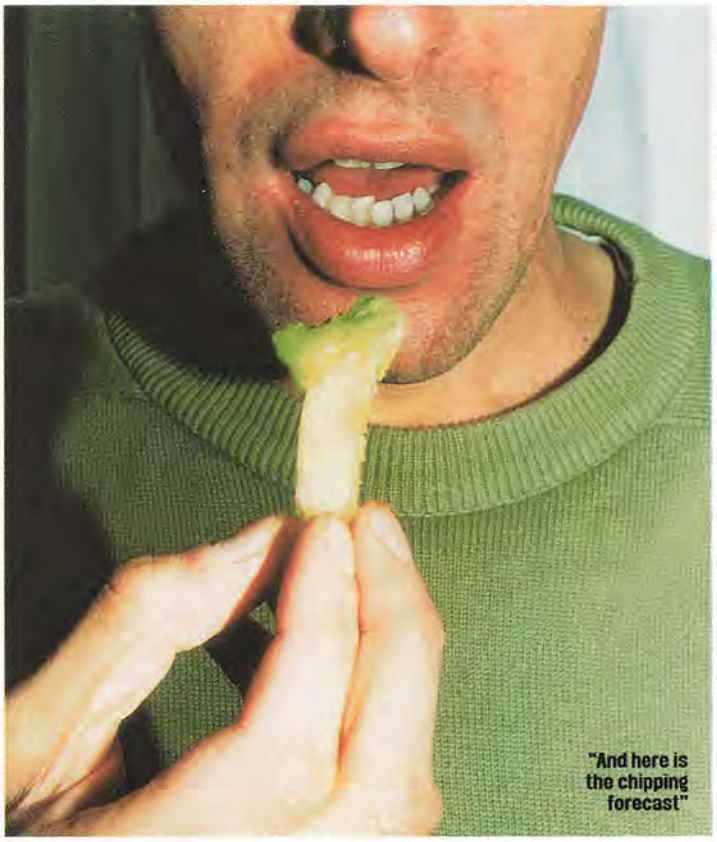
THE MEGAGRIP VIII IS NOW AVAILABLE AT TANDY.

?

Tandy

YOU'VE GOT QUESTIONS. WE'VE GOT ANSWERS.

Mick's Grill



Spud-U-lick

loaded gives the traditional chip a total potato workout

Chips – the most important meal of the day. But what are chips without their complementary sauces? Those table-top condiments that are to chips what clothes are to Kate Moss. The unsung heroes: Heinz tomato and Daddies brown. They're the big guns, aren't they? The first red and sweet, the second dark and spicy. The very socks and pants of fried food enhancement. Efficient, reliable, thoroughly professional. Perhaps, though, for the committed chip eater, these twin relish overlords have been too long at the top. We cry out for a challenging new chip lubricant to stimulate our jaded palettes. Something new and exotic. Something cheap. Something that doesn't strictly belong on chips in the first place. Hang on, what about this stuff here? Fuck it, that'll do. Bung it over.

Encona sauces: Slimline bottles packed with concentrated chilli in a variety of flavours, all bloody hot. The West Indian Bajun Hot Pepper touts a blend of Barbados spices, mustard and Scotch bonnet peppers. It's bright yellow. You can see your chips with the light off. The Thai Sweet Chilli, pink as a tart's bathroom, works superbly on piping hot chips, but only in a miniscule dosage. Christ knows what's in it, though. It's all in German. Anyone for knoblauch? Excellent.

Next up: **Safeway's own brand tartare sauce**. A traditional Christmas tipple featuring egg yolk, vinegar and gherkins. Like pouring liquid fish on your chips. Often found in stupid little sachets at motorway stop-offs and thicker than Dulux paint, it makes a top cod substitute if you can't be bothered to stick around in the shop waiting for the bloke to fry up a fresh batch.

Safeway's oyster sauce – a hint of oyster and sherry with a whole load of onion and pepper – spooned on liberally straight from the jar, grabs the chip by the throat and forces it to bow to its sea-based superiority. To be honest with you, it's rubbish. Greeny brown with bits in, it tastes like fishy Branston pickle. Oh well.

Infinitely preferable is **Walkers' Wood Jamaican Escoveitch fish sauce**. It may look like a jar of guts floating in formaldehyde, but transforms a plate of chips into a swish night out in a top harbour-side eatery with an exotic foreign lady.

Always a big hit up north but now available nationwide in this weird granular format – **Bisto's Chip Shop curry sauce**. On the inside, it looks a bit like a crushed packet of digestive biscuits. Tastes pretty good, though. The idea is to boil up the stuff in a saucepan and, hey presto, you're in your favourite Bolton chippie. Superbly authentic, and approved by the Vegetarian society, apparently. Shame.

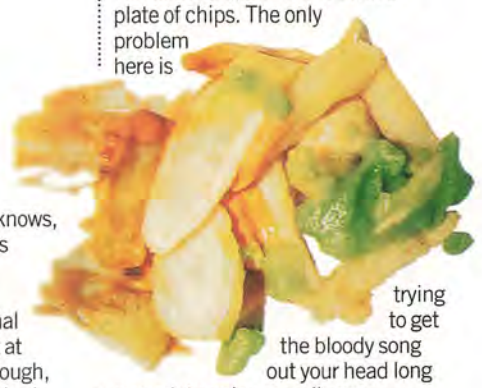
Sauces are the very socks and pants of fried food enhancement

Now, as every northerner knows, **mushy peas** are curry sauce's best mate. In Leeds, for instance, mushy peas on chips is considered as normal as a fist fight in the car park at closing time. Londoners, though, find the whole idea of squashed peas hilarious. Now Batchelors do their own in a tin. And while I'm forced to admit this isn't strictly a sauce, it does qualify as a bizzarely bright-coloured chip dressing. Taste-wise, I would be prepared to fight a war to see this sort of thing gets no further south than Watford.

While you're about it, why not recreate *The Fast Show*'s cheesy peas by mixing a tube of **Primula squeezy cheese** with the mushy peas. Comes on like toothpaste and tastes like... Well look, don't start me off again. Good for fixing a wobbly table leg, I imagine.

Try telling the French that **mayonnaise** is a stupid thing to put on chips and they'll spit in your face and sulk for the rest of the evening. John Travolta in *Pulp Fiction* pointed out the absurdity of the concept. Personally, I don't mind it. For a change, though, why not try **Kraft's Thousand Island Dressing**, or its **Ranch Blue Cheese**? Bottled-up large and well viscous, both salad dressings needed a hefty whack on the bottom of the bottle to get them shifted. A good sign.

Burgess Fine Mushroom Sauce, by contrast, propelled itself out of the bottle, trashing half a plate of chips and leaving an indelible brown stain on the carpet. That took some explaining when the missus came home. Far too runny to be of any constructive use. Perhaps a mayonnaise-based compromise would be a jar of **Chicken Tonight**. Intended as an adjunct to a tasty chicken meal, it works well on a plate of chips. The only problem here is trying to get the bloody song out your head long enough to enjoy your dinner.



Incidentally, I dropped a whole jar of this stuff on the floor in Safeway and the bloke who had to clean it up went mad. Naturally he had a chip sauce tip of his own – coconut milk. A big hit round his way, he said. So I gave it a crack and it worked... inspired! I tried **chocolate hazelnut spread** and **cranberry jelly**, both of which were bloody awful. My last brainwave – dipping the chips straight into a can of **cheap lager** – was similarly disappointing. A fat one fell in, started fizzing and scared the cat. Anyway, mind how you go. Let me know if you have any luck.

MICK BUNNAGE

PHOTO: COURTESY OF WORLD ATLAS OF WINE

Grape skinny dip

Warning: someone's been in your wine

Next time you peruse a wine list, Jilly Goolden-like, in a fancy restaurant, spare a thought for the blood, sweat and toil involved in bringing you these grape-based delights. Take red wine, for instance. What you probably don't realise is that, the more expensive the wine, the more likely it is to have been plunged into by a naked Frenchman. Some French growers habitually take a bath in their vats three times a day while it's fermenting, giving a whole new meaning to 'Coq au Vin'.

This age-old practice is called 'pigeage', and generations of French peasants have reasoned that, since legs were made before pumps, they are the most effective way of stirring in the red skins which give it its colour. Some growers instead use long poles, but many like to get right in so they can feel any pockets where the fermentation is overheating, which spoils the wine.

Mind you, it isn't only male wine-makers who do it. One Côtes du Rhône grower says he gives this task to girl students who come to help with the harvest: "We're not daft, you know," he explains.

One Burgundy grower does it with his wife, citing something about the sensual feel of fermenting wine – a sort of blood-temperature Jacuzzi with rising bubbles of carbon dioxide.

You may even be drinking a wine that someone died in. Carbon dioxide can come off fermenting wine in suffocating quantities. In 1993 there was a double tragedy in Burgundy after a young grower was overcome by the fumes and his father drowned trying to rescue him. To avoid all this, stick to Bordeaux (where the estates are so big they can afford pumps), New World wines, the cheaper supermarket Burgundies, or white wine. Unless, of course, you fancy a haunting hint of young Frenchwoman, in which case try the Rhône wines of Marcel Richaud, often on the wine lists of fancy places in London like Quaglino's or the restaurants of Kensington Place.

PATRICK MATTHEWS

The Wild Bunch – Great Wines from Small Producers *is published by Faber and Faber on 3 November, price £7.99.*

what's eating us

1 Cowboy breakfast – bacon and beans
2 My verruca
3 Leeds fish'n'chips
4 Canapés (fashionable little food)
5 Ring-stinging chillis
6 Meatballs in chocolate
7 Cow & Gate baby milk
8 Breast milk
9 Crows' beaks
10 Catholic guilt
11 Chocolate and hazelnut spread
12 Rancid fridge cake

Norfolk beer news

The Garden House's guest ale is local tipple Woodforde's Wherry, something which has met with stunning success outside East Anglia. A medium-strength brew (3.8 per cent), Wherry won the 'Champion Beer of Britain' gong at 1996's Great British Beer Festival and has also landed other top beer prizes in seven of the last 10 years. First brewed in 1981, Wherry is the flagship product of Norwich brewer Woodforde's, who named it after the boats built for trading on Norfolk's waterways in the early 20th century. Nice touch that. **loaded**'s resident ale guru, production editor Johnny, describes Wherry as a "smooth, tasty tipple which makes the afternoon float by". Seeing as not many afternoons float by involuntarily round here, we'll have some of that. So, Woodforde's blokes, if you're reading this, any chance you could send us a keg or two to the address at the front of the mag? Cheers. **NH**

PUB OF THE MONTH

PHOTO: NIALL HAMPTON

Potting shed full

The Garden House, Norwich

It's just turned 12.30 on a Sunday afternoon in one of Norwich's finest public houses and some of the regulars have got their nuts out. Already. It's a bit early for that sort of thing, but round here, they're just bonkers about their conkers.

"This was all my idea," says a pensive punter as he takes aim. "I thought it'd go down well." And it does: two minutes later, his champion conker has consigned its opponent to an ashtray with fag butts for company.

Playground pursuits like this are just one of the attractions on offer at the Garden House, in the heart of Norwich's 'Golden Triangle', between the main Earlham and Unthank roads out to the west of the city. It's one of those boozers that seems to go on forever. The main bar has plenty of seats, a pool table and a massive garden with a rare bonus – clean air.

Upstairs, there's a separate bar with big-screen TV, which doubles as one half of the pub's 60-seat restaurant area. Food is also served downstairs. The bar menu offers some relief from hangovers, plus a popular roast Sunday lunch. Music throughout the Garden House mirrors its atmosphere: eclectic, laid-back and not too loud. Jack, who's run the pub for nine years, considers the combination of food, drink, pool, music, TV and conkers to be a winner with the punters. "It's the buzz as regards pubs because the recipe's right," he says. "We have a complete cross-section of mainly young people who've got their finger on the pulse and come here to find out what's going on."

Flyers for local dance nights are scattered around the pub, and many regulars use it as a pre-club stop-off. The Garden House doesn't do comedy, but assistant manager Paul says his boss does try an impromptu bit of stand-up himself every now and then.

"Jack's multilingual, or that's what he tells foreign students," he says. "His favourite line is: 'Hello, my name is Jacko, my accentia changia.' We just stand there laughing at him."

NIALL HAMPTON

The Garden House, 1 Pembroke Road, Norwich. Wide selection of beers, spirits and real ales. Tel: 01603 628059.

DESCRIPTION OF ACCIDENT

Please state fully how accident happened.

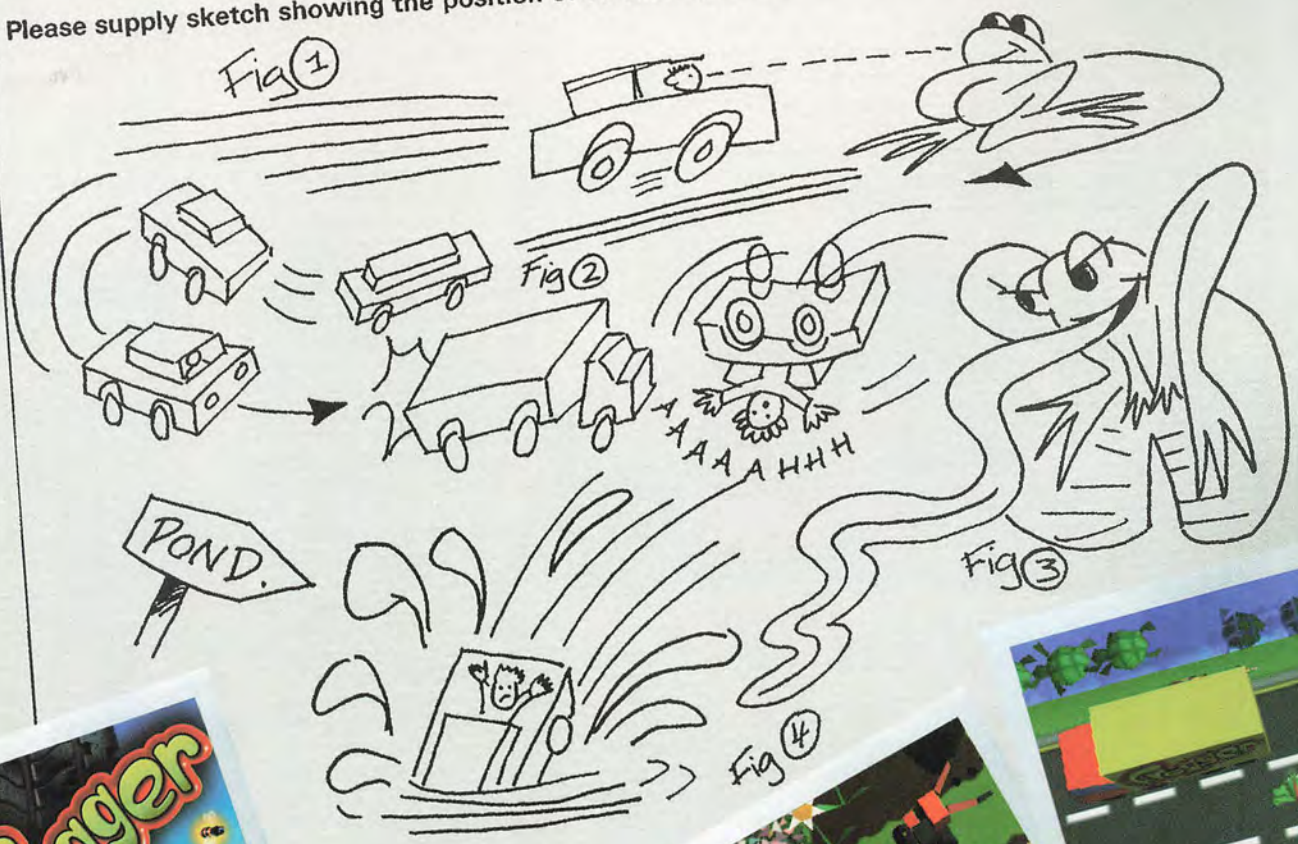
While travelling at a steady 65mph, I noticed a green flash in the corner of my eye.

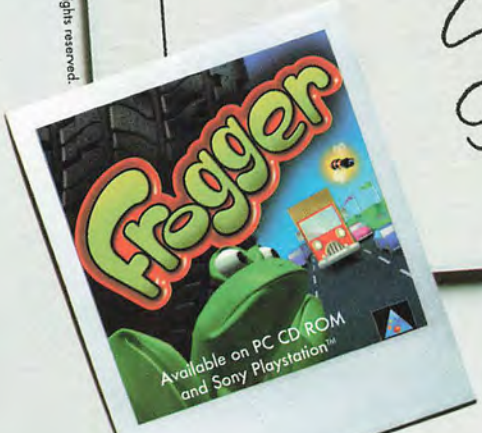
In an attempt to get a better look, I was forced to swerve at least 3 times.

Only at this stage did I notice the truck that was to remove me from the road and deposit me into a nearby pond.

As my vehicle slowly sank, my final observation was of the frog sticking out his heat-seeking tongue then giving me a sign that questioned my driving ability.

Please supply sketch showing the position of vehicles prior and subsequent to collision.





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Faith, no morgue

Are you a dead head? Dig your own grave or freeze your brain for posterity on the Internet

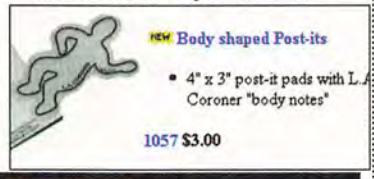
Welcome to the all-dead Bionic pages. Death is a pretty big thing these days; some say it's the new rock'n'roll. Personally, I'm all in favour of death. If it wasn't for dying, it would be pretty damn crowded and we'd all get really bored. What would happen if you were 10,000 years old? What would be left to do? If you were a good employee, you might have to spend two thousand years at the same workplace. Yawno.
If you want to contact us, e-mail me at Adam_Porter@ipc.co.uk.

There are lots of interesting things to do with dead bodies. Lots of people in mortuaries like to cut them up into bits and then sew them together again. A bit of patchwork can always be comforting, after all. There is even some spoof merchandising for the Los Angeles *Coroner*.
http://www.sfcms.org/ – San Francisco college of mortuary science.
http://lcweb.loc.gov/lexico/tgm1/m/Morgues___mortuaries.html – Lots of morgues, if you need one.
http://www.lacoroner.com/ – Los Angeles *Coroner's* merchandising.
http://dragonet.com/funeral/ – Funerals, all you need to know.

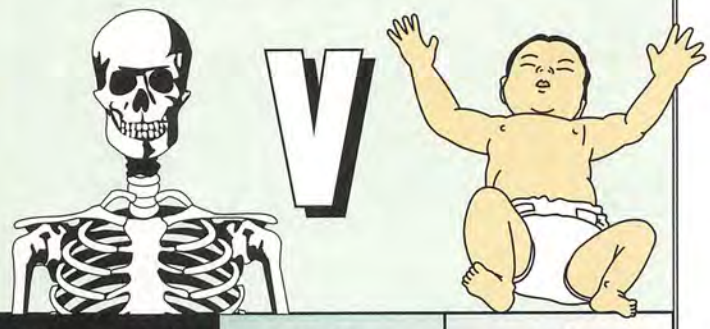
There's no doubt that if you venture into some of these sites, then you better have a good stomach lining. These are pictures of real dead people being really dead. It's kind of frightening and a bit weird, but at the same time it is comforting in a funny kind of way. After all, these people aren't in trouble any more, they don't have bad relationships and they aren't being hunted by lawyers, bailiffs or the council tax, are they?
http://www.best.com/~gazissax/silence/ring/ring.html – the ring of death.
http://members.aol.com/exfed2/index.html – death links.
http://www.alliance.net/%7Eregina19/index.htm – Murman... dead people.
http://members.visi.net/~moorewld/ – gallery of death.
http://www.monmouth.com/~elavolpe/Barry.htm – Barry's 'Web Of Death'... more dead people

A little bit of comedy death is always advisable. One chap has made it his personal mission to go around all the graves of all the dead presidents of the USA. This worthwhile, yet quite meaningless task is second only to the death clock. How long have you got left?
http://www.sni.net/~mhand/Presidents/index.html#index – dead presidents.
http://www.deathclock.com/main.html – death clock.

Fed up of being dead? Then why not live forever? Cryogenics is the practice of freezing bits of you that will later be brought back to life. Some people have their whole bodies frozen, some people need have only their heads frozen and nowadays it's all about frozen DNA. One day they'll thaw you out and clone you, but of course if they do, then it won't actually be you, will it? The 'Live Forever' people simply believe that if you decide to think hard enough about living forever, then you will. American, obviously.
http://www.lakeshore.com/levelmonitors.html – Lakeshore cryogenics.
http://www-csa.fnal.gov/ – Cryogenics Society Of America.
http://www.live4ever.com/ – live forever.



So what's best, being dead or alive? The Bionic Page Institute commissioned a new survey to find out



What is the best?	DEATH	LIFE
Good for small fungal organism body breeding	Excellent **9/10**	Only if you're a soap dodger **5/10**
Good for the garden	Great fertiliser **9/10**	Mowing the lawn is rubbish **1/10**
Good for weight loss?	The great D Diet **9/10**	A constant battle against flab **1/10**
Fun quotient	Can be a bit dull **3/10**	It's the place to be for fun **9/10**
Great fashion sense?	Versace? **4/10**	Holds the fashion clutch bag **9/10**
Final score	**34/50**	**25/50**

So there you have it. Controversially, our panel of experts have concluded that death is better than life. Arguable, you may say. But it's these sort of views that put us at the cutting edge of... er... something.

LIVE NOW. LIVE FOREVER.

Competition

The Digital Edge F1 Sim steering wheel is a great big steering wheel, with pedals made from carbon steel. If you're into PC driving games, then try this. They're £150 in the shops (there's a cheaper version for £79, the F1 SIM Compact). For a chance of winning one, answer this question by e-mail only, to loadweb@ipc.co.uk.

Who looks the most like a New York gay bloke? **a)** Nigel Mansell **b)** Ayrton Senna.

Game of the month

Careful, you'll have someone's eye out with that (*Dark Reign*)

Ooh, it's very dark

Strategic manoeuvres in the dark

Dark Reign, PC-CD ROM, £39.99
Dark this, dark that. Where will it end? What started this mysterious trend? None of these games seem to take place in the dark or anything. Anyway, this one treads the now well-worn 'command and conquer' road but, unlike most of the *Red Alert* clones that have been knocking around for the past few months, it's an improvement on the original. Complex landscapes, the ability to adjust the characters of your troops and a full construction kit that allows you to design your own missions raises this well above any competition. There's network play for up to eight people and Internet play for up to four. Nice.
Verdict: 9.6/10
MIKE KARIN

Not to be confused with the ill-conceived Colon Wars (*Colony Wars*)

Colony Wars, Playstation, £44.99
Psygnosis finally release a decent space shoot 'em-up/adventure title for the Playstation. Out there, among the stars and dark matter fluff of the universe, lies *Colony Wars*. In this future world the word 'colonised' will feature a lot, resulting in lots of messy scraps. Other words that crop up in this game are 'alien races', 'conflict', 'aggressive moves' and 'shit, how do you steer left?'. Master the controls of your craft and you'll have hours of fun attempting this multi-missioned monster of mayhem thwarting all in order to save the universe and make yourself a hero pilot type. After this, untold riches, birds and flash cars will probably be the order of the day.
Verdict: 8.1/10

Time Crisis, Playstation, £59.99
Shoot, duck, shoot, duck, shoot a bit more, duck a lot more, shoot like buggery, forget ducking, "die, die, take that, bollocks"... game over. Scenarios of this nature lean heavily on the basic, probably prehistoric, urge to kill things before they kill you. That's about it. An all-time arcade hit, *Time Crisis* is a step up from *Virtua Cop* and comes complete with its own plastic weaponry. Designed to be censor-friendly with the plotline stripped down so you can get on with the business of shooting people. Copies of this will shift faster then the proverbial shit off a hot shovel. Don't take the gun into your local petrol station, they might not see the funny side.
Verdict: 7.9/10

Goldeneye, Nintendo 64, £59.99
'Goldeneye', the crap theme tune, is thankfully left out of this great N64 3D, first-person shoot-everything-that-moves game. Take on the role of James and hunt down Pussy Galore, Fatima Fagina or Ms Gobalot, while sporting the latest Walther PPK and laser wrist watch gadgetry. Nice. Leap, prance and fight a bit while impersonating Sean Connery, Roger Moore, Dalton, Brosnan and the other one. A superior set up on the old *Wolfenstein*/*Doom*/most games these days format. Comes with a rumble pack so you can judge whether vibrating handsets are either thrilling or just very sad.
Verdict: ahem, 007/10

Tomb Raider 2, PC CD ROM/ Playstation, £44.99
What you have here is a cunning variation of the first *Tomb Raider*: the number two. It's better than the original with improved graphics, a new plot and some ancient Chinese artefact called the 'Dagger of Xian' which will probably turn out to be a medieval pizza cutter. There's also new moves, underwater combat and the clever use of computer technology to make Ms Croft's ponytail swing more realistically. Incredible. Looks like a cross between Indiana Jones and a tampon advert and it gets a thumbs up, if only because it's easier to get the hang of than the first one. Expect lots of predictable articles pointing out that the main character's a woman and that it's mainly the male of the species that plays these games.
Verdict: 8.12/10
PIERS TOWNLEY

GIZMO:

PalmPilot, £219 to £299 depending on model

Having trouble remembering who you are? Where you live? Or when you should eat? If so then the PalmPilot is your gizmo of choice. Small may be beautiful, but it's also more complicated. After you've read the instruction novel you'll find it too useful for the human brain to comprehend. Connect it direct to your PC or Mac, run loads of software and get your life sorted. What happens when technology gets smaller is that life correspondingly becomes much more complicated. It's probably some scientific constant . The only way to avoid this technological conundrum is to have no social or work life and stick to your own mind as a place to put important stuff. **PT**

Dark Earth, PC-CD ROM, £34.99

Despite the name, there's no gardening involved here. It's an epic adventure game in which you guide a bloke who looks a bit like Elvis through a huge world populated by characters who look like members of Five Star, trying to figure out how to pay the gas bill. It might keep you occupied for weeks, but there's a very real risk that you will become a science fiction/fantasy obsessed fool.

Verdict: 6.98/10

Postal, PC-CD ROM, £34.99

The term 'going postal', which refers to disgruntled, gun-toting postal workers going berserk and killing innocent bystanders, hasn't yet found its way into the British consciousness. However, it will only be a matter of time following the release of a game that features a crazed blond-haired stranger who takes to the streets of Paradise, Arizona armed with guns, grenades and heat-seeking missiles, mumbling "only my weapons understand me". Fundamentally misconceived, but also quite funny and very playable. This game will be huge.

Verdict: 8.7/10 if you can distinguish video games from real life. 0/10 if you can't.

Worms 2, PC-CD ROM, £29.99

A return to the weird and wormy world of Andy Davidson, a young fella who, in spite of the fact that he made a million quid from the last *Worms* game, is apparently still living with his parents in Bournemouth. Battle it out with your team of worms in very strange-looking and completely randomly generated landscapes using an array of crazy weaponry which includes homing pigeons, old ladies, sheep, priceless Ming vases and, of course, napalm. Ideal ifor those without any backbone. Very odd, mind.

Verdict: 8.21/10 MK

Competition

Sega Touring Car

As the saying goes, you can insult a fella's missus and call his mother a whore, but if you dare to suggest that he's a shit driver, all hell will break loose. This game will prove it, though, because it takes a lot of practice to do the car-driving bit well, and armchair road rage will be the easiest option. Three lucky winners will get a console and a copy of this great game while five others just get the game. Which of the following is not a good touring car contender?

a) an Escort b) an Ambassador
c) a Trabant d) both b & c

Answers on a postcard marked 'Bionic Competition' to the usual address.

Uploaded

cyber news from our Internet nerds

This month at Up**loaded** we celebrate a whole year of no-limits nerdiness. Yes, it's our first birthday, and to celebrate we'll be flexing our Ram, painting our fish and, er, snorting our scuzzy thingies. Or something. Oh alright, we have no idea what we're going to do yet because we wrote this a month ago, so have a look at **http://www.uploaded.com/index.html** and behold the new dawn of cyber-stupidity.

In the meantime, we can tell you about the lovely Andrea, whose hobbies include eating food, breathing and sleeping. Oh, and taking her clothes off. Watch her as she cruelly mocks Reece's boxer shorts at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/photos/andrea/andrea.html**

Everyone knows that monkeys are clever. Leave them in front of a keyboard for long enough and they'll write a Shakespeare sonnet. We put our monkey in charge of his own radio station at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/monkey/monkey.html**. Tune in to Celebrity Ruck, or witness a miracle as Michael Holden accidentally buys a round of drinks in **loaded** Gold. T'Pau's Carol Decker also gets very angry with the Loafer and says some rude words. Wahey!

MONKEY RADIO

Manchester United. Hate 'em or hate 'em, you just can't ignore 'em. This is why we have open and lively discussion about just how rubbish they are. Along with other highly important stuff like speed garage – is it the future? Tell us what you think at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/forum/forum.html**

"The best things in life are free," sang Janet Jackson and Luther Vandross. They were right. We've got loads of free stuff to give away and we do it every week at **http://www.uploaded.com/site/compy/compy.html**

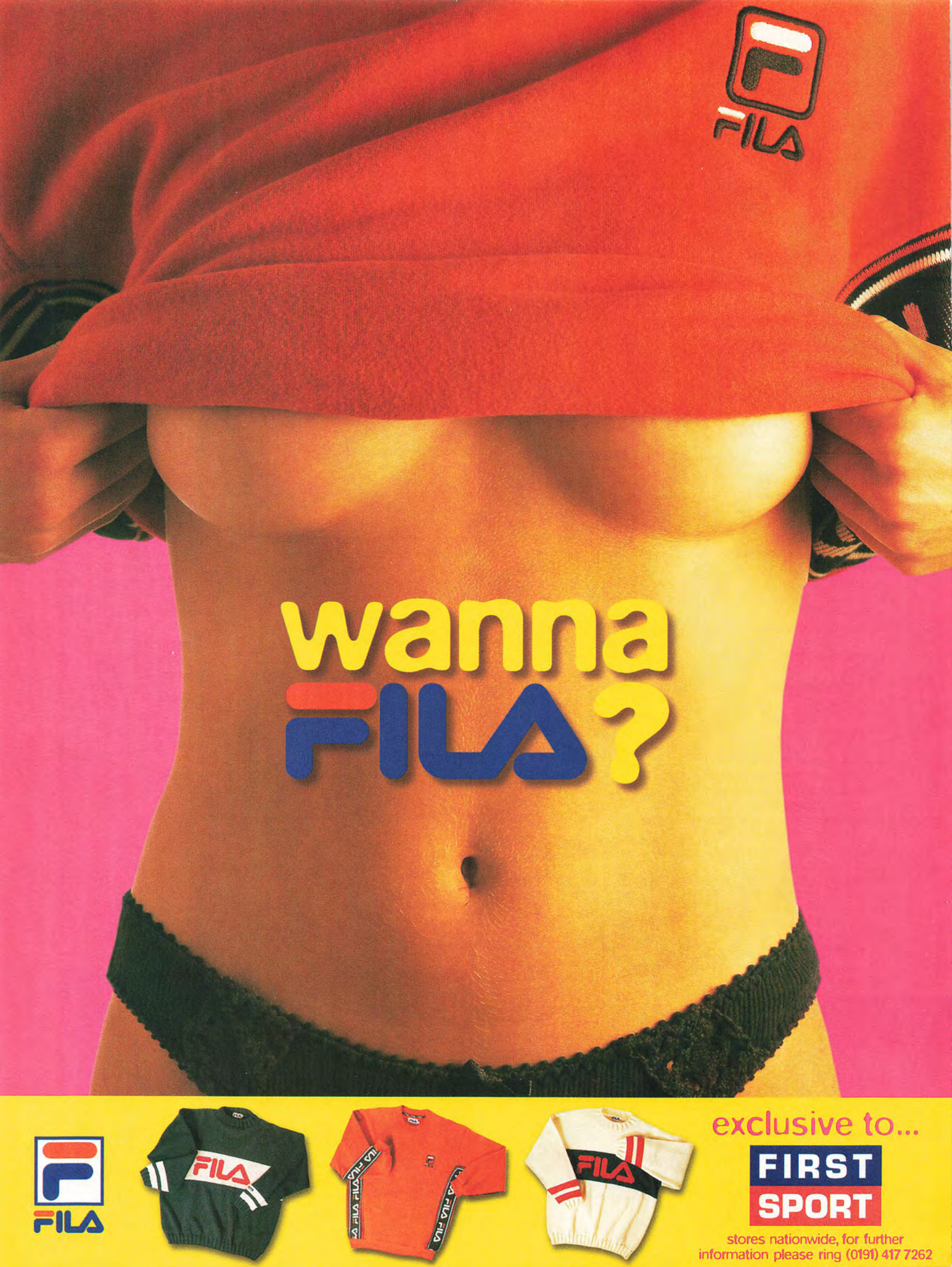
Don't forget that we're now appearing on BT's Touchpoint machines. They're big, boxy-looking things that hang around in pubs, clubs etc. A bit like doormen, but smaller and electronic. Anyway, you can take part in our wonderful world of quiz, design your own cover of **loaded**, or check out the latest instalment of the soon to be BAFTA nominated *Cheeky's Way*.

UPLOADED'S DEBATING FORUM

We Take The Big Points Of The Day And Make Them Shiny

Kate Jacobs says Man Utd players shouldn't be sent off.

Adam Porter says Man Utd players should all be sent off.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Mars attracts

NASA's strange tales from outer space

In Texas, the home of cowboys and JR, sprawls NASA's Mission Control. **loaded** jetted out to the Johnson Space Centre in Houston – the focus for America's space missions, its research departments and the training programme for 2,600 astronauts – and spoke to John F Connolly, who has the enviable job of working out the next giant step for mankind.

What's NASA planning at the moment?

There are two goals, one following the other. The first is the 13-nation International Space Station, the ISS. The first stage of sending parts up begins next year, and hopefully it'll be operational around 2003. The second is the mission to Mars, scheduled for about 2015.

What does NASA need for this?

We'll need the ISS to test a crew and the systems over a six-month period in readiness for the six-month flight to Mars. We're also testing a Mars spacesuit in the TC135. This is the plane that drops 10,000ft at high altitude to simulate the conditions of a weightless environment. It gives about 30 seconds zero gravity. After the 20th time on the flight, everyone gets sick. When it was first used it was called the Weightless Wonder, but the astronauts realised what it would be like, so they call it The Vomit Comet. We're also testing machines that use the mostly carbon dioxide atmosphere of Mars to make fuel. Through some basic technology and chemistry, you can make liquid oxygen from it. With some water as well, you can manufacture almost any kind of plastic or rocket fuel. Once we get to Mars, we want that machine to start sucking in Martian air and pumping rocket fuel out the other end, so we can get home. It would be impossible to cart enough fuel all the way out there for our return journey, so we'll have to make it while we're there.

Why bother going to Mars?

Several reasons. The most basic is to do science, to carry out a host of experiments, from biology to engineering. Another is to find what we call 'the rock'; that piece of Martian or space rock that proves there's some form of extraterrestrial life. It's one of the ultimate goals of any space exploration. In about four months, some academic papers will shed more light on what we've found from the Mars Pathfinder data.

What if there's an accident on board the station?

We're developing a crew rescue vehicle, the X38. It's a mini shuttle. Docking with the space station, it'll bring a crew member back if they're sick, or everybody back in the event of an emergency. It's our equivalent of the Soyuz escape craft on the Russian Space Station, Mir. Theoretically, it can do this within 24 hours.

Who becomes an astronaut?

People who are generalists, who can fix just about anything. You have to be a focused technical specialist. We've learnt from the Moon landings to Mir what aspects of personality and expertise we need. Preferably, you'll have a PhD to be a crew member. For a pilot you need thousands of flying hours in high-performance aircraft. Obviously, they look for any weaknesses in your health. If you've had a joint injury, then they tend to be the places you get the bends when you're depressurising.

Is space bad for your health?

Long periods of weightlessness can have severe effects such as weight and bone-mass loss, and perhaps even more serious effects. Some people get real sick. We still don't know the exact long-term consequences of spending time in space. When the astronauts came down from the Moon in 1969, they were placed in a kind of metallic trailer for 21 days in case of contamination from unknown organisms. Ultimately, if they had contracted anything, they were going to be gassed. We just couldn't take the risk of anything entering our atmosphere that wasn't 100 per cent safe.

"If they'd contracted anything on the Moon, they were going to be gassed"

What happens if you're exposed to zero atmosphere?

Theoretically, it's like drowning; you have a small amount of conscious time. When you get conditions that are near vacuums, there are problems other than asphyxiation. Firstly, the air pressure is so low, all the capillaries in your whole body will burst. You'll become a mass of red and purple haemorrhaging. Your eyes will go fairly quickly as well, so you won't be able to see. It would be far from comfortable, even before you died from lack of air.

Any provisions for 'how's your father' up there?

Do they masturbate in space?! Most astronauts won't discuss it, but they're only human. It must have crossed their minds, some of them have been up there a long time. A married couple were sent up on the same crew once and they went below the main deck for a while. But that's not the official line, only rumour.

Is it *really* likely that we're going to put astronauts on Mars?

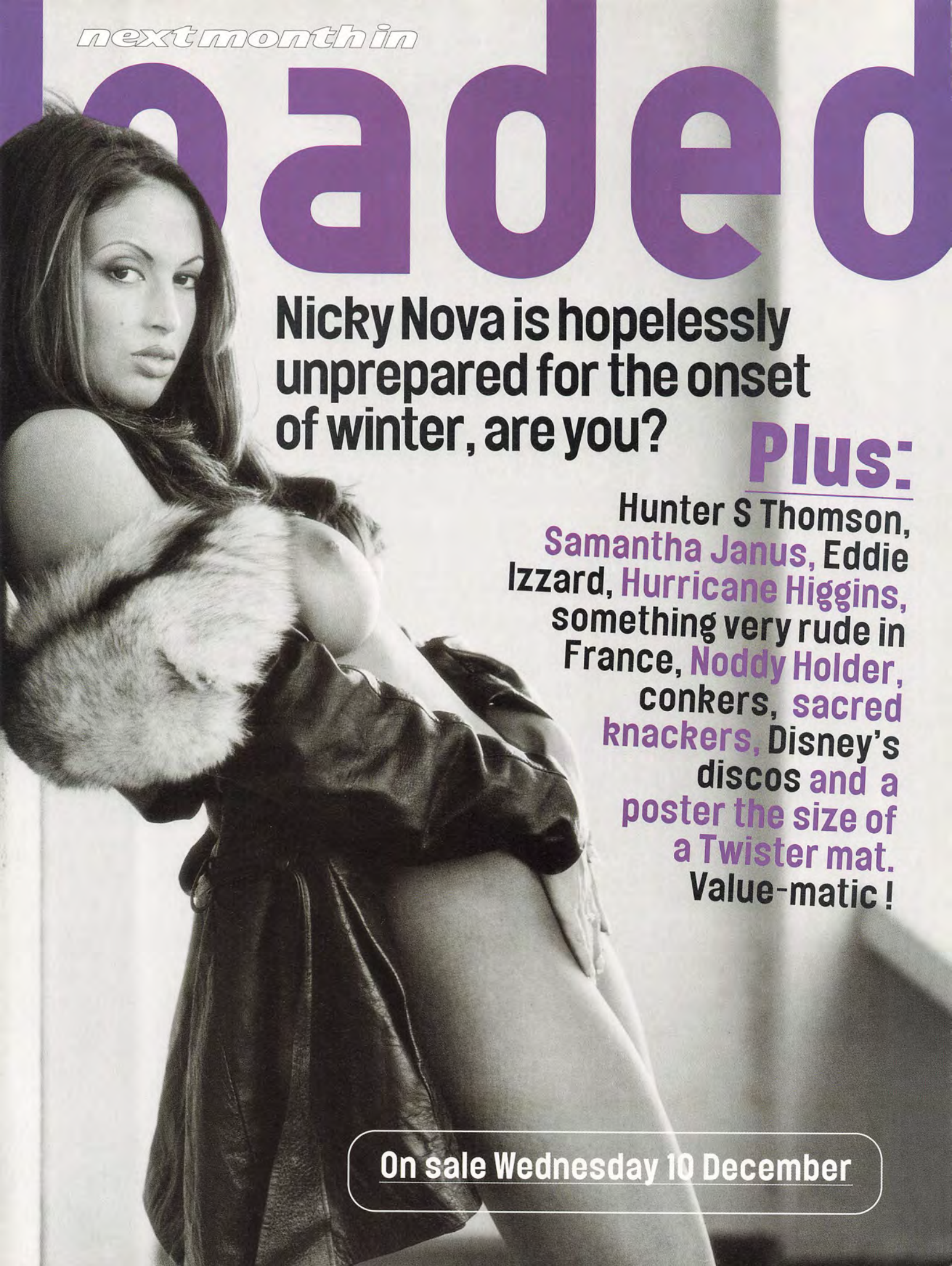
This will happen. It might take longer than we planned, but sometime, relatively early into the next century, there *will* be a Mars mission.

PIERS TOWNLEY

Thanks to Psygnosis and their brilliant new Playstation game, Colony Wars.

next month in

Loaded



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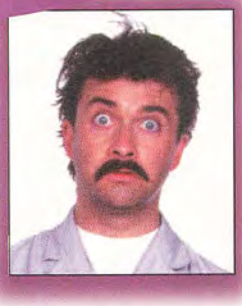

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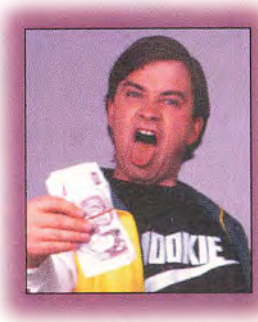

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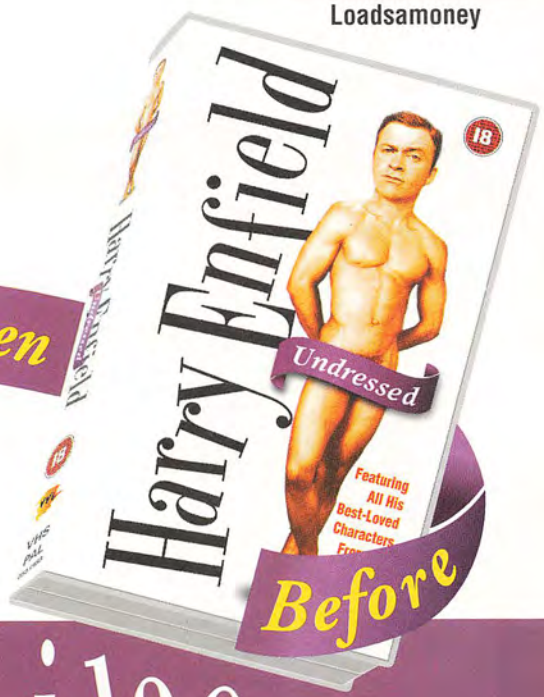

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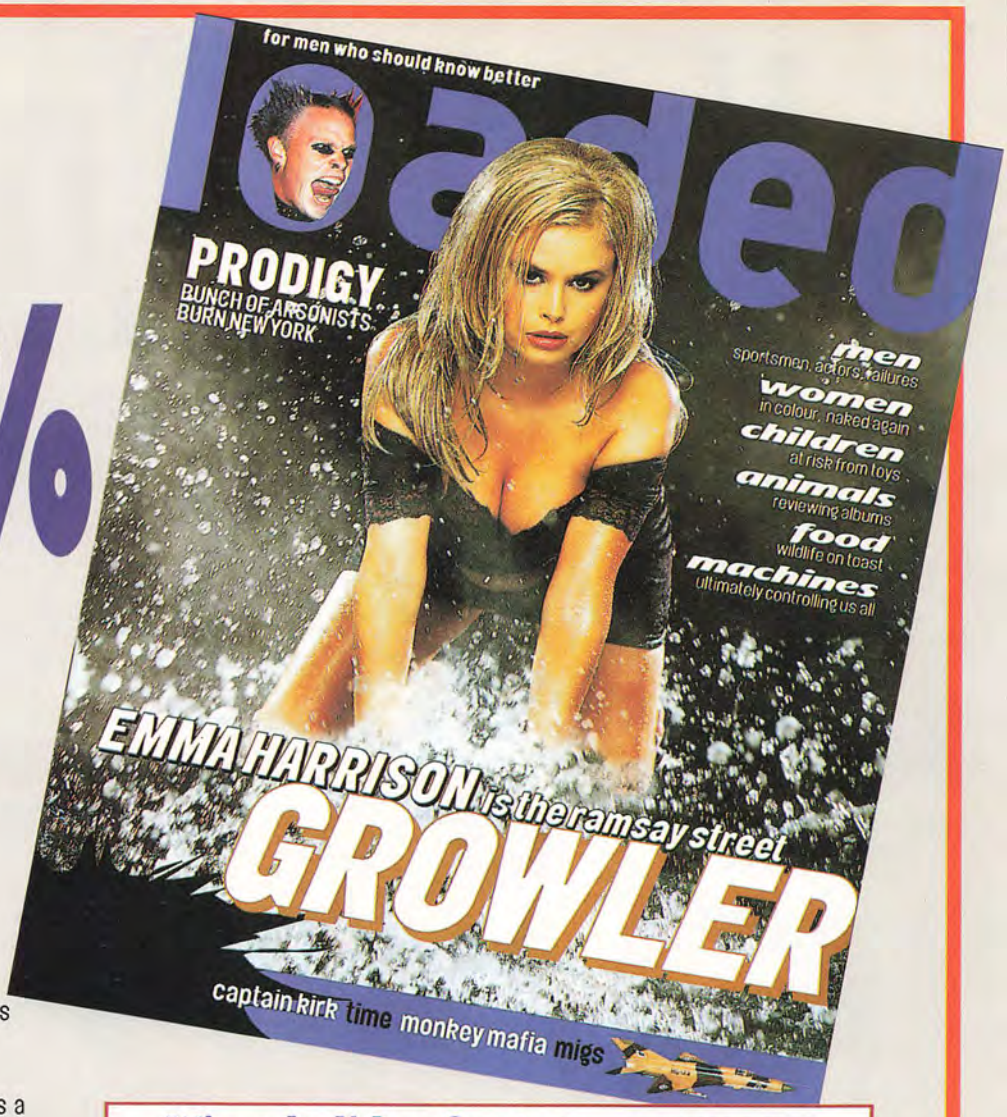

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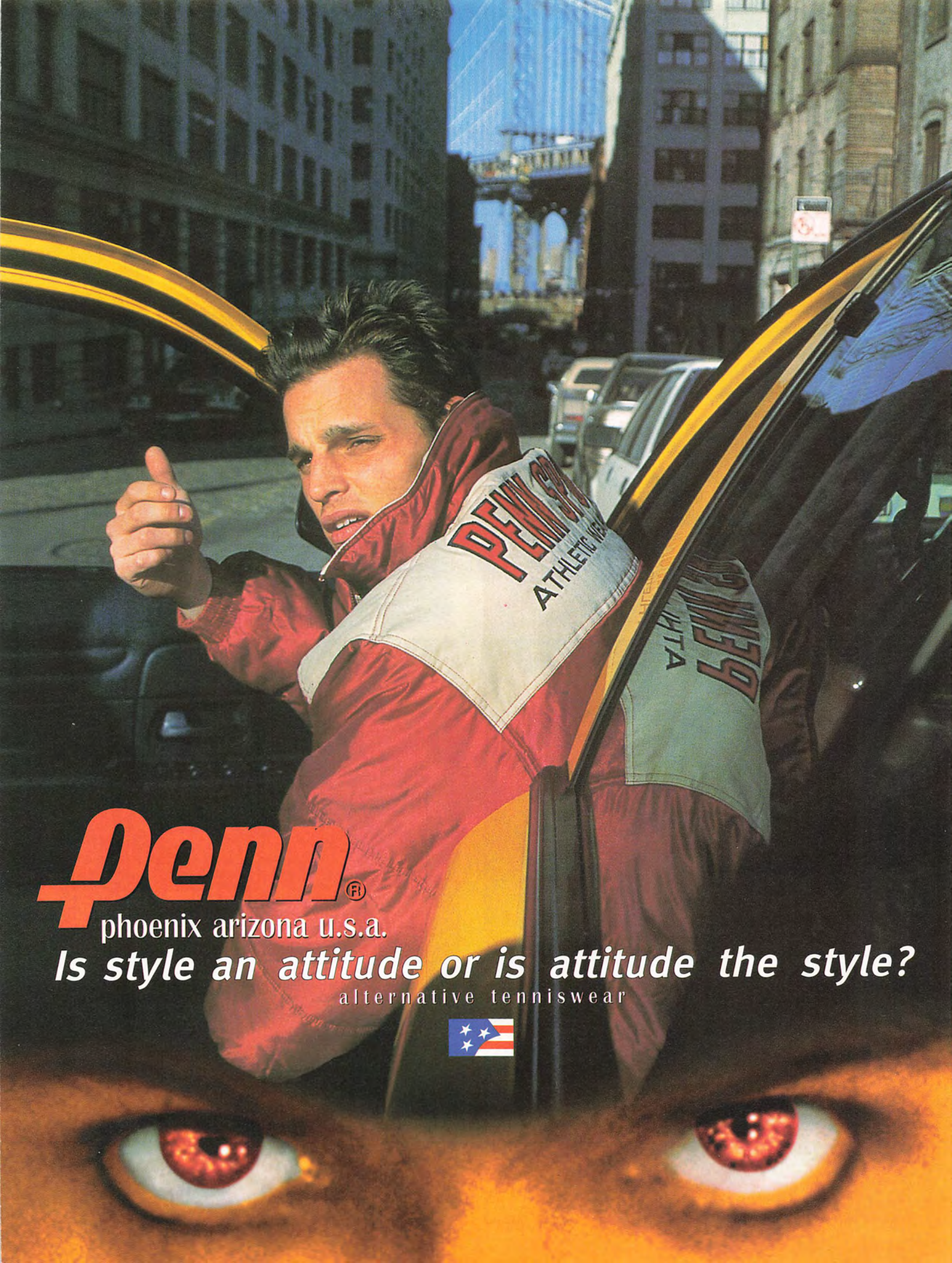
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Mon 8	Glasgow Plaza (CPL PRESENTS)	C.C: 0141 339 8383
Tues 9	Newcastle University	B/O: 0191 261 2606
Wed 10	Hull University	B/O: 01482 466264
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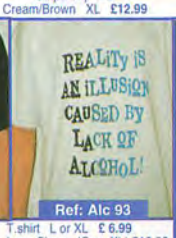

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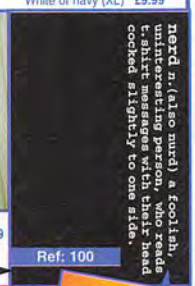

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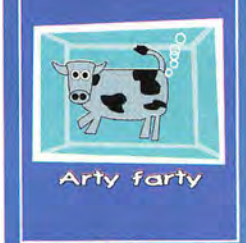

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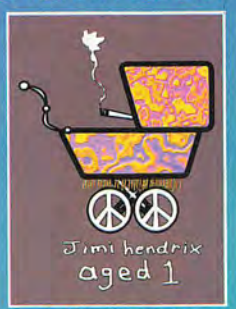

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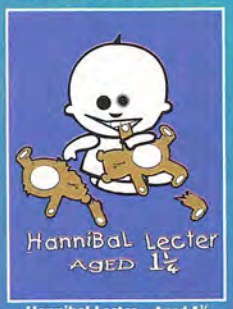

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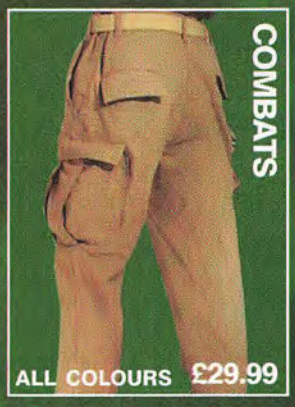

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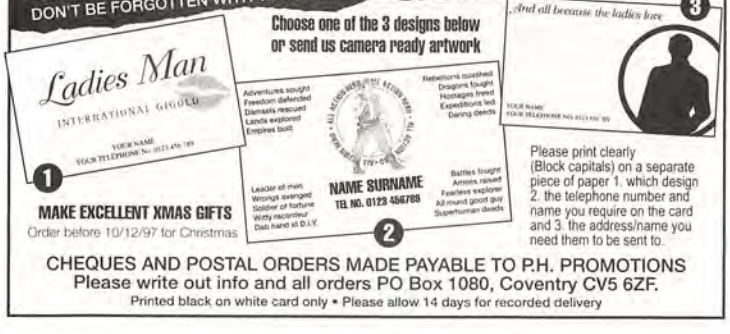

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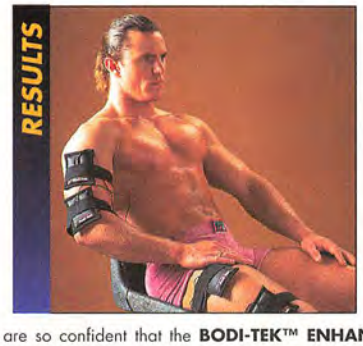

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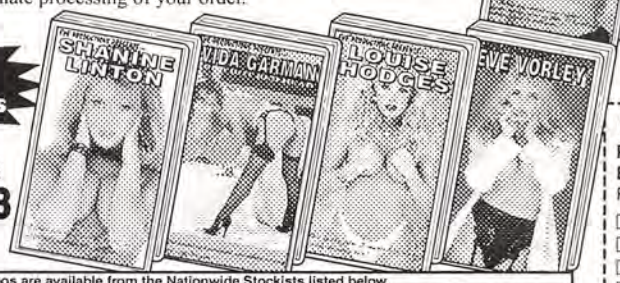

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Modern day Casanovas, and narrow-minded cynics, please stop reading now. For the rest of us a FACT: OVER 99% of women admit to having faked an orgasm, several, if not most times, in their life. Has yours?...You probably don't know, and maybe never will.

'How to take a woman to orgasm every time - and have her ache for more' is the title of an explosive new book by leading American Author Cheryl Kramer. The book *doesn't* tell you about how to attract females, the art of conversation, whether or not you should talk about religion or politics on a first date or what scent to wear. There are a million sex manuals (full of waffle) on the market that do this.

It comprehensively covers one topic - how to take a woman to orgasm. You may say this sounds too clinical, too methodical, and perhaps the bedroom isn't the place for such "rules". Rubbish! The surefire techniques taught are so simple, yet staggeringly effective, after learning them you can add your own improvisational extras. Fast, highly effective methods of preventing premature ejaculation are also explained. The book clearly explains how to recognise and deliver not one but several types of intensely explosive orgasms in your lover (including multiple orgasm). Any heterosexual male who truly values the woman in his life cannot be without this essential investment. Although the emphasis is focused on women. This new edition also contains a chapter on how men themselves can achieve multiple orgasm (now a scientifically proven phenomenon). Read it to believe it. Another new chapter deals with "The G-Spot", giving full details on this elusive, and (until now), mysterious female "hot spot". Most men are definitely inept lovers, but through no fault of their own - it feels good to him, so he reckons it feels good to her...but it doesn't! You can't blame him, how is he to know any better? The girlfriends aren't much help. So the men keep pushing, and the women keep faking. This is your chance to be different from "most men". Good lovers are so rare most women don't know what one is. Just the fact that you are reading this shows that you are willing to learn how to give her the best love she's ever had (this is no exaggeration). After reading this book, you'll be a different person. You'll wonder how you ever did without it! Sex-wise, we honestly believe this is the best investment you will *ever* make. Cheryl's method has made thousands of couples very, very happy, and probably prevented just as many couples breaking up. We are so confident of this miraculous system that we ask customers to write in and tell us how they got on! Amazingly over 70% do! Here are a few excerpts:

– "The greatest thrill ever is to have a woman helpless with joy in your arms!" - L.S. Boston.
– "Your method saved my marriage." - K.K. New York.
– "I was unhappy with my girlfriend's lack of responsiveness, sexually, after applying your technique she's now a total maniac in bed. How can I thank you enough?" - J.N. Herts.
– "You have given me a power I never thought I'd possess." - L.K. London.
– "I have the power to drive my woman totally out of her mind - what a turn on!" - J.S. Leeds.
– "You changed my life! I only wish all couples had access to this literature." - M.S. Norfolk.

And there are thousands more! When you learn to give your lover an orgasm - it is the greatest gift of love that you can give (not to mention the immeasurable pleasure and high self esteem it will give you) and if you can do this every time you make love, she will be yours forever. And once you've seen a real orgasm in a woman, you'll know the difference between faking it and the real thing.

Order your copy of this essential volume today, we honestly believe sex-wise, you'll never look back, it'll be the best investment you've ever made. Even if you are reading this in an old publication, you can still order with confidence, we are a well established distributors. Prices and delivery times will be the same. Please send us your name, address and the book title along with a cheque for £29.99, payable to KNIGHTSBRIDGE BOOKS. The price is fully inclusive of postage, secure packing and handling charges. All parcels are sent under plain cover. Please note: For order accuracy it is essential that you state the name and cover date of the magazine from which you are ordering.

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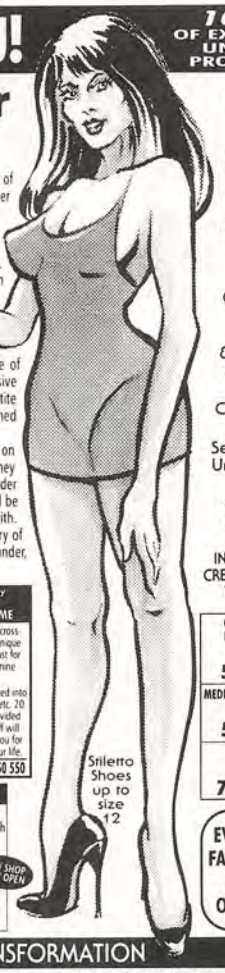

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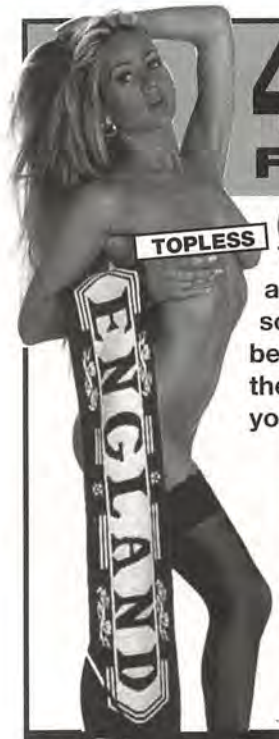

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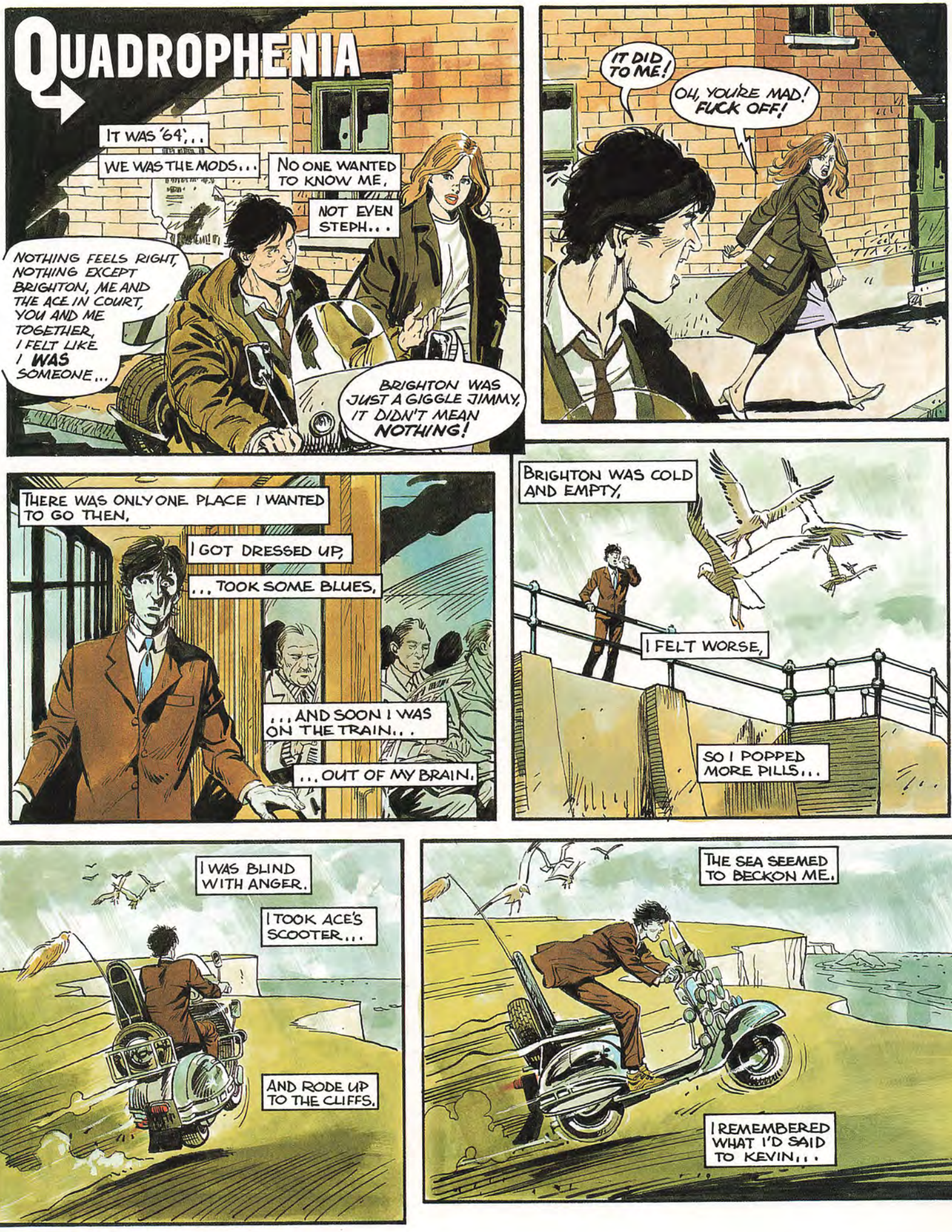
QUADROPHENIA
IT WAS '64'...
WE WAS THE MODS...
NO ONE WANTED TO KNOW ME,
NOT EVEN STEPH...
NOTHING FEELS RIGHT, NOTHING EXCEPT BRIGHTON, ME AND THE ACE IN COURT, YOU AND ME TOGETHER, I FELT LIKE I WAS SOMEONE...
BRIGHTON WAS JUST A GIGGLE JIMMY, IT DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING!
IT DID TO ME!
OH, YOU'RE MAD! FUCK OFF!
THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE I WANTED TO GO THEN,
I GOT DRESSED UP,
... TOOK SOME BLUES,
... AND SOON I WAS ON THE TRAIN...
... OUT OF MY BRAIN.
BRIGHTON WAS COLD AND EMPTY,
I FELT WORSE,
SO I POPPED MORE PILLS...
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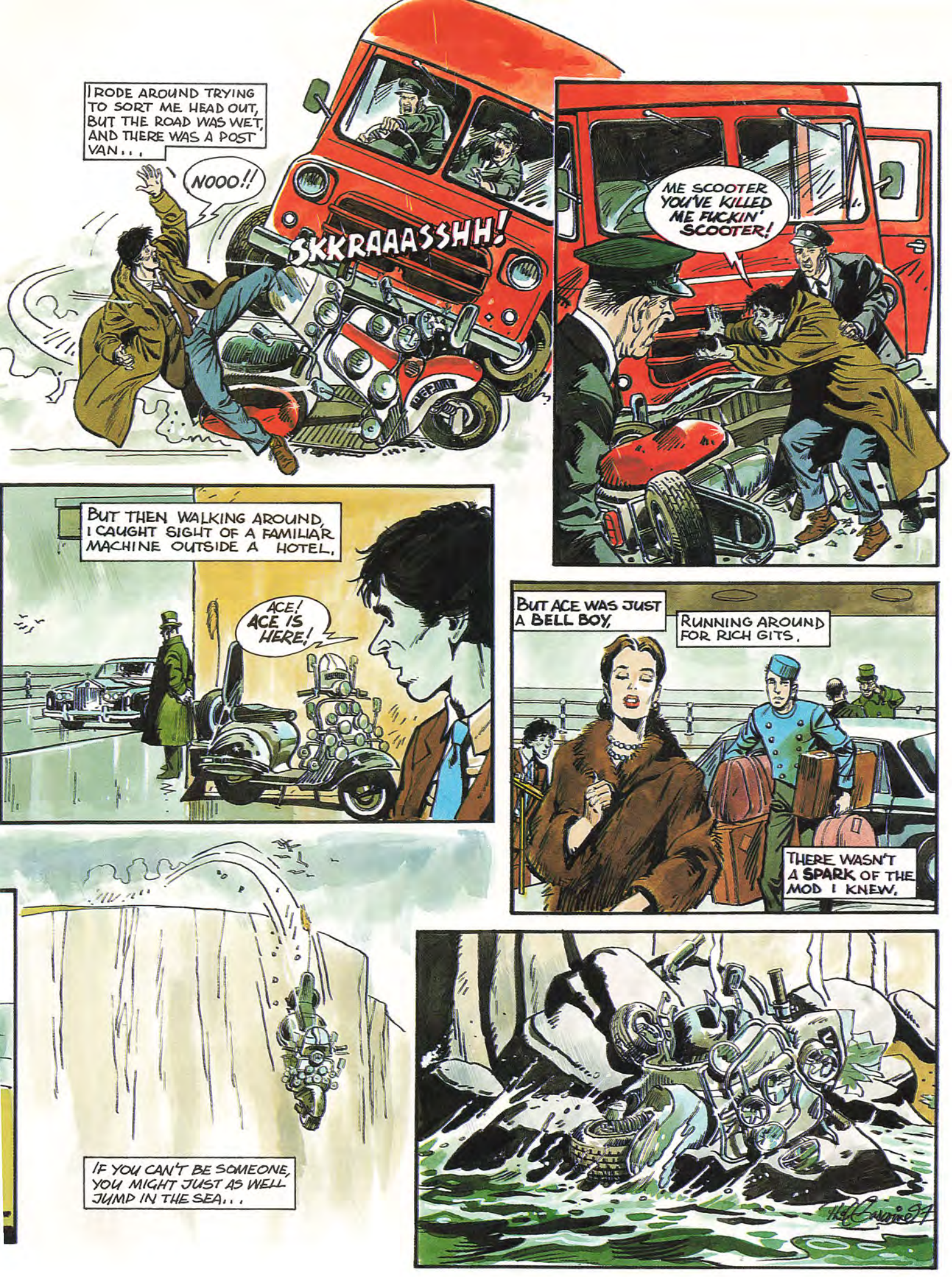

I RODE AROUND TRYING TO SORT ME HEAD OUT, BUT THE ROAD WAS WET, AND THERE WAS A POST VAN...
NOOO!!
SKKRAAASSHH!
ME SCOOTER YOU'VE KILLED ME FUCKIN' SCOOTER!
BUT THEN WALKING AROUND, I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A FAMILIAR MACHINE OUTSIDE A HOTEL.
ACE! ACE IS HERE!
BUT ACE WAS JUST A BELL BOY,
RUNNING AROUND FOR RICH GITS.
THERE WASN'T A SPARK OF THE MOD I KNEW.
IF YOU CAN'T BE SOMEONE, YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL JUMP IN THE SEA...

Dr Mick

Ever tried yoga? I did. Just the other day as a matter of fact. Some of my patients have been on at me for ages about it. 'You ought to offer it in your clinic,' they were going. Well, I'm a broad-minded chap, like to be up there on the cutting edge so to speak, so I tried it myself just to make sure it's kosher. Can't see what all the fuss is about to be honest. Don't get much in the pot, do you...? Still,very tasty. Apple and Blackcurrant I think. Sour milk or something. Never catch on, will it? Likewise this so-called Alternative Medicine business. Some bloke phoned me up last week asking if I practised the Alternative Medicine lark. Suppose I do, I said. Well, it's certainly not the sort of treatment you'd expect from a conventional doctor, is it? Not at these prices anyway! Ha! Not what he was on about though, apparently. Said he had a bad back and thought he might need to get in touch with a qualified homeopath. I told him I didn't think it sounded that bloody serious. Anyway, since then I've been reading up and I reckon I've been missing out on a potential goldmine. Here's the gen...

Acupuncture

The practice of curing a dodgy leg or whatever by sticking nails into random bits of your body. Bit like pin the tail on the donkey. That's all very well with donkeys, isn't it.They're not going to turn round and sue you are they? Might give you a nasty kick though. Can't see this catching on. Chinese idea apparently. Like rice. Rather have a sandwich to be honest. Come to think of it, I did meet a girl with a bolt through her nose just the other day. She had a lazy eye. Can't imagine a bloody bolt'll have done that much good.

Reflexology

This sounds good. Once again it's your Chinese who've cooked this one up. Apparently each area on the sole of your foot corresponds to a part of your body. And it's all laid out for you like a map of Barbados. If you've got a broken arm you have to find the right area on your foot then massage it till you feel better. All fine and dandy. Hang on Confuscious. Where do rub if you've got a pain in your foot? Your bloody arse?!

Colonic Irrigation

Now this does work because I've seen it done. The trick is keeping the rubber tube up your arse while you nip upstairs to turn the tap on. One slip up there and there'll be hell to pay from the couple in the basement flat. Oof ! Lucky they were out the day I tried it. I told them I thought some cats must have got in.

Shiatsu

Just kidding! It's a make of dog.

Colour Therapy

Never underestimate the impact of certain colours on a sick man. I've had my surgery painted black floor to ceiling. Worked out fine. You can't see a thing. People wander in to make an appointment for a headache or something. Then crack! Straight into a door. Nice one. That's 25 quid right there to fix his busted nose. It's not till he gets outside in the daylight that he realises I've had his leg off as well and flogged it to some Greeks over the Internet.

Aromatherapy

Now every doctor knows that smells are a key element in the healing process. I always use an expensive aftershave. Its reassuring, isn't it? Gives punters the impression you've got a bath in your flat. I keep a big tub of the watered-down stuff in the stock cupboard. If they like it I scoop a mug-full into a milk bottle and flog it to them on the way out. Nice little sideline. I get it duty free on the ferry so I'm quids in.

Drinking your own urine

Christ Almighty! At least try a couple of aspirins first.

Floatation Tank

Hmmn. Not so sure about these at all. Saw one advertised in a catalogue. Ex-Russian Army. Two grand. Took it out for a spin and it sank. Load of rubbish.

Hypnotism

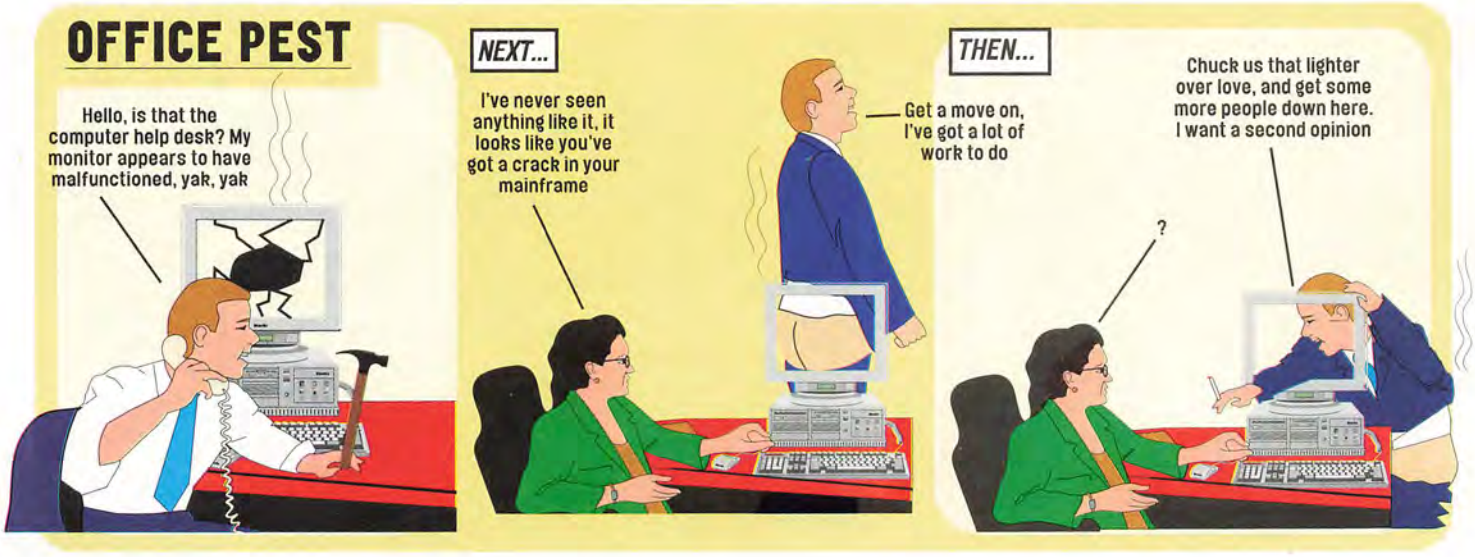
Now this I'm all in favour of. Went to see that Paul McKenna at the Palladium and I must say I was very impressed. Had a chat with him afterwards and he gave me a few pointers. Next day some bloke strolls into the clinic claiming he'd been traumatised during childhood. Within 20 minutes I had him on his hands and knees pretending to be a chicken. Hilarious. Got it all on video. Beadle loved it, apparently.

Laying On Of Hands

Aha, at last. I've been campaigning for this to be acknowledged as acceptable medical practice for years.

Alexander Technique

Doesn't he play for Chelsea?


OFFICE PEST
Hello, is that the computer help desk? My monitor appears to have malfunctioned, yak, yak
NEXT...
I've never seen anything like it, it looks like you've got a crack in your mainframe
Get a move on, I've got a lot of work to do
THEN...
Chuck us that lighter over love, and get some more people down here. I want a second opinion
?

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VERSACE FRAGRANCES